The Music Hour

Third Book

Dedicated to Theodore Thomas

AWRENCEVILLE EL MENTARY SCHOOLS

tudent or No._____ Date_____

Classroom Teacher_____ Year_____

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The Music Hour

Third Book

by

Osbourne McConathy

Formerly Director of the Department of Public School Music, Northwestern University

W. Otto Miessner

Chairman, Department of School Music, School of Fine Arts, University of Kansas

Edward Bailey Birge

Professor of Public School Music, Indiana University

Mabel E. Bray

Director of Music, New Jersey State Teachers College
Trenton, New Jersey

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Shirley Kite

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New York Boston Chicago San Francisco

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New York Public Library for the picture "Pilgrims Going to Church" by Boughton.

Newman Publishing Company, N.Y.C., for "A Christmas Procession in Merrie England."

Grateful acknowledgment is also due Dr. Emma Grant Meader, formerly instructor in Elementary Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, for her selection and supervision of the choice of poetry; Miss Mary Wood Hinman, of New York, for the description of rhythm plays and dances; Mrs. Shirley Kite Smith for her illustrations; The Boston Public Library for the use of the reproduction of Psalm 100, known as "Old Hundred"; and especially the poets and composers who have so graciously contributed to this book.

Piano accompaniments for the Third Book may be found in the Intermediate Teacher's Book.

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△

To
Theodore Thomas
who taught America to
love good music

Theodore Thomas

The Music Hour

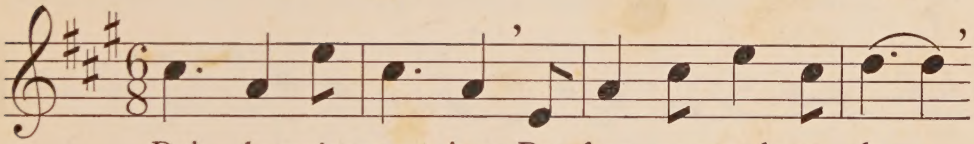
THIRD BOOK

Good Morning

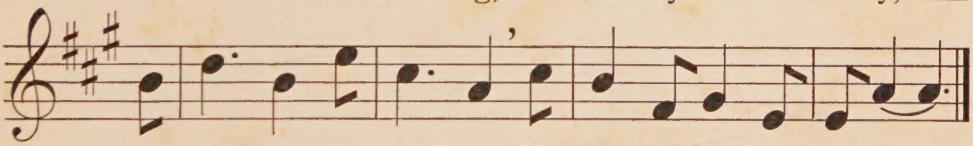
Rote Song

JULIA W. BINGHAM

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
From the Sixth Symphony



Dai - ly we're meet - ing, Be - fore our work or play,
Some-times it's rain - ing, Or cloud - y is the day,



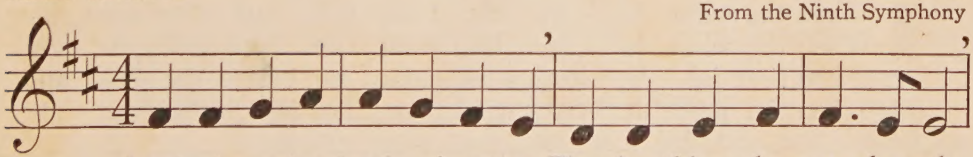
And al - ways in greet - ing We sing a glad "Good morn-ing."
But we're not com-plain-ing; We still can sing, "Good morn-ing."

A Hymn of Thanks

Rote Song

NANCY NORWOOD

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
From the Ninth Symphony



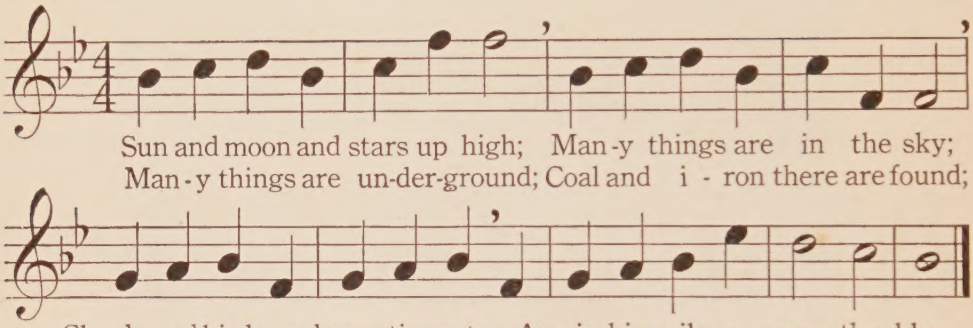
Lord of ev - 'ry land and na-tion, Thou hast blessed us won-drous-ly;

For our growth and pres-er-va-tion Heart-y thanks we give to Thee.

Many Things

Reading Song

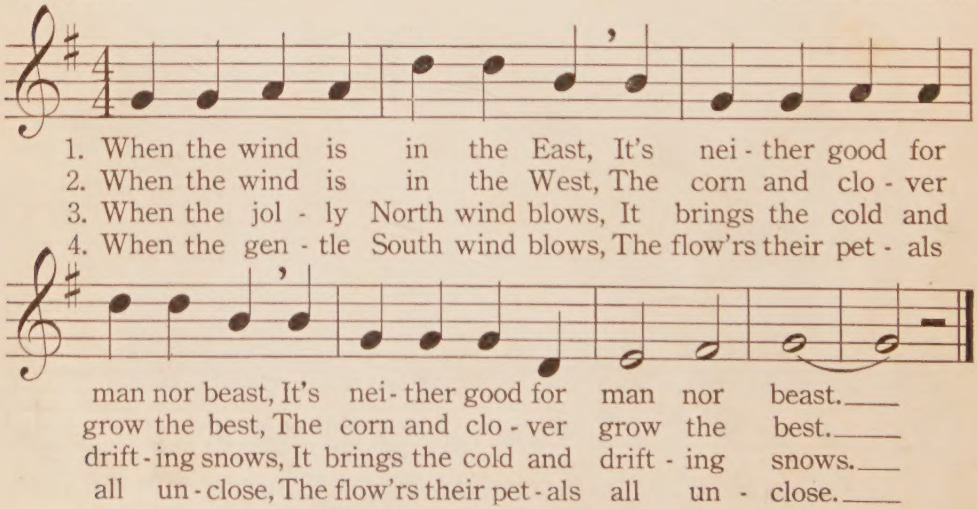
ALICE HIRSH — W. OTTO MIESSNER


Sun and moon and stars up high; Man-y things are in the sky;
Man-y things are un-der-ground; Coal and i - ron there are found;
Clouds, and birds, and sometimes, too, An airship sails a - cross the blue.
There the seeds be - gin to grow, And there the springs be-gin to flow.

The Wind

Reading Song

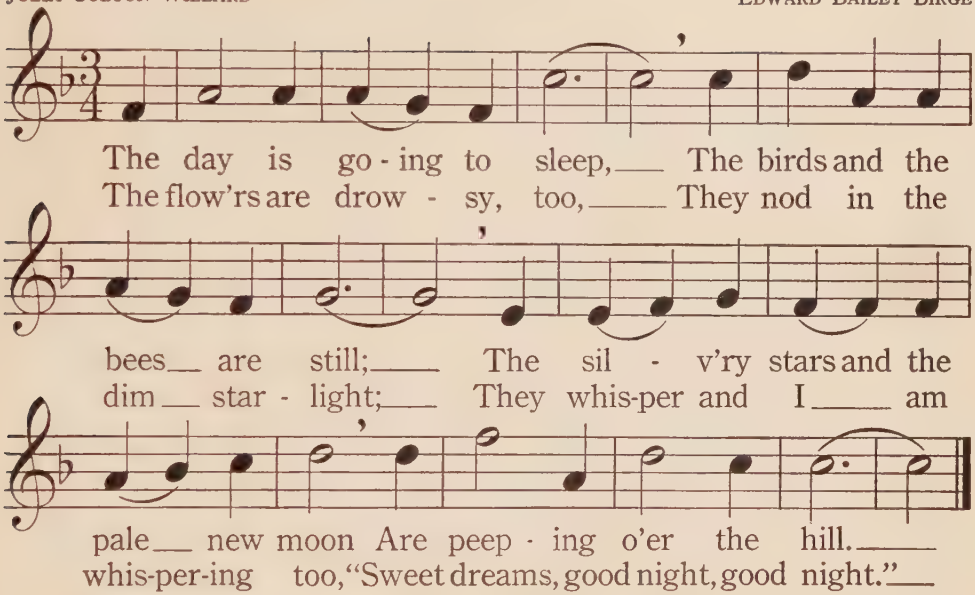
TRADITIONAL — ENGLISH FOLK SONG


1. When the wind is in the East, It's nei - ther good for
2. When the wind is in the West, The corn and clo - ver
3. When the jol - ly North wind blows, It brings the cold and
4. When the gen - tle South wind blows, The flow'rs their pet - als
man nor beast, It's nei - ther good for man nor beast.
grow the best, The corn and clo - ver grow the best.
drift - ing snows, It brings the cold and drift - ing snows.
all un - close, The flow'rs their pet - als all un - close.

Good Night

Reading Song

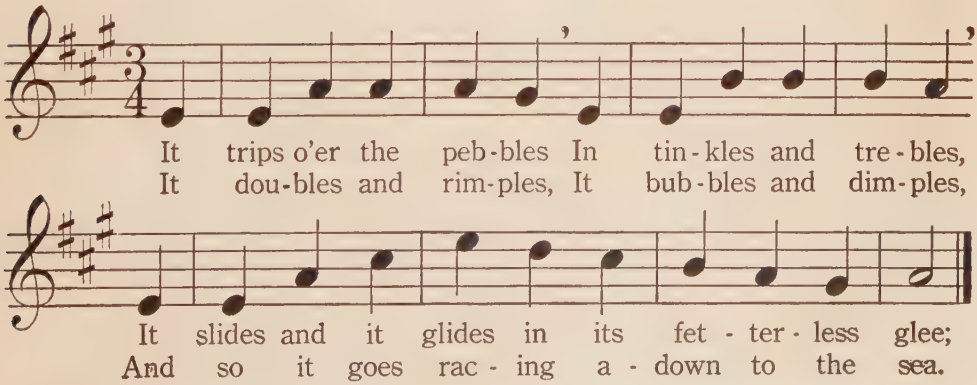
JULIA COLTON WILLARD — EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE


The day is go - ing to sleep, The birds and the
The flow'rs are drow - sy, too, They nod in the
bees are still; The sil - v'ry stars and the
dim star - light; They whis-per and I am
pale new moon Are peep - ing o'er the hill.
whis-per-ing too, "Sweet dreams, good night, good night."

Brook Song

Reading Song

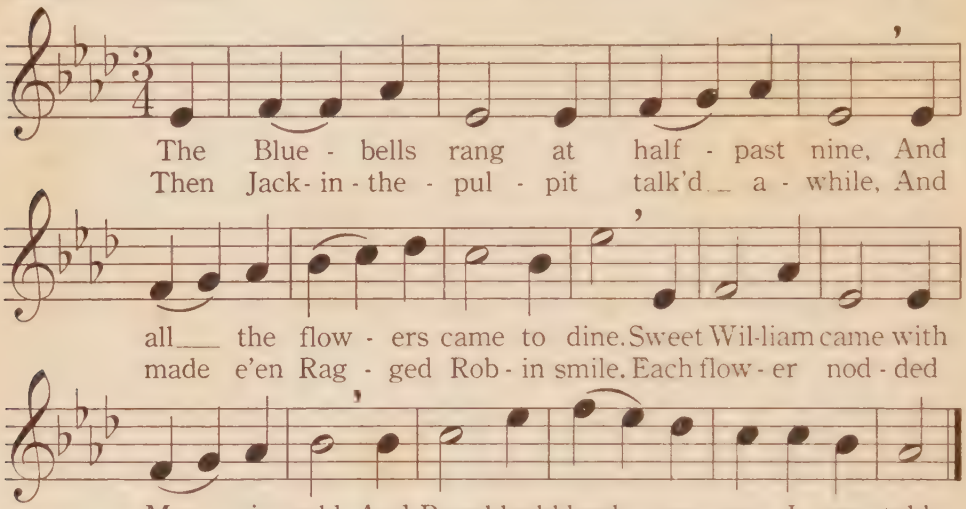
CLINTON SCOLLARD — ADOLF WEIDIG


It trips o'er the peb-bles In tin-kles and tre-bles,
It dou-bles and rim-ples, It bub-bles and dim-ples,
It slides and it glides in its fet - ter - less glee;
And so it goes rac - ing a - down to the sea.

A Flower Song

Reading Song

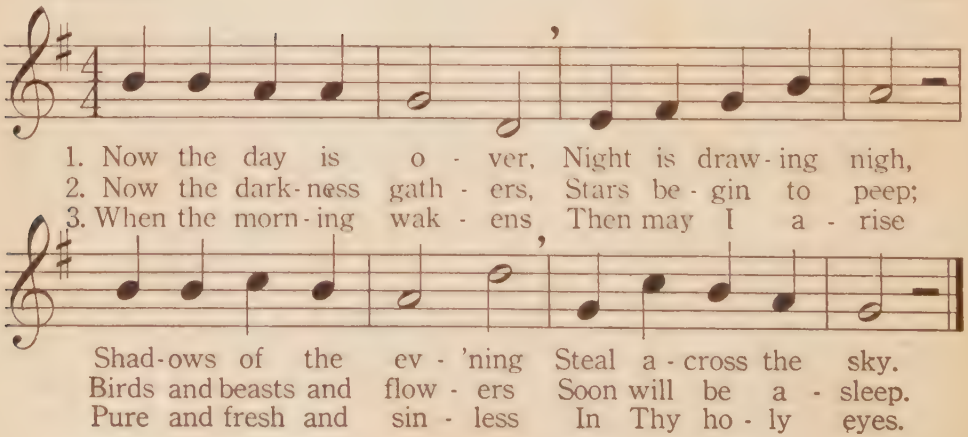
REBECCA B. FORESMAN — ENGLISH FOLK SONG


The Blue - bells rang at half - past nine, And
Then Jack - in - the - pul - pit talk'd a - while, And
all the flow - ers came to dine. Sweet Wil-liam came with
made e'en Rag - ged Rob - in smile. Each flow - er nod - ded
Mar - i - gold, And Rose blush'd red or so I am told.
mer - ri - ly When some one men - tion'd Four-o'-clock tea.

Now the Day Is Over

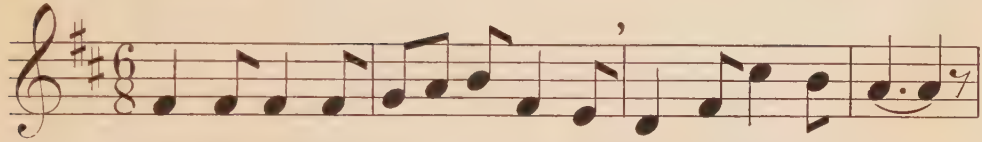
Reading Song

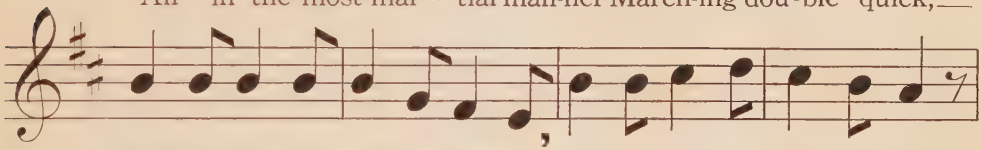
S. BARING-GOULD — C. H. RINCK


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep;
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens Then may I a - rise
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

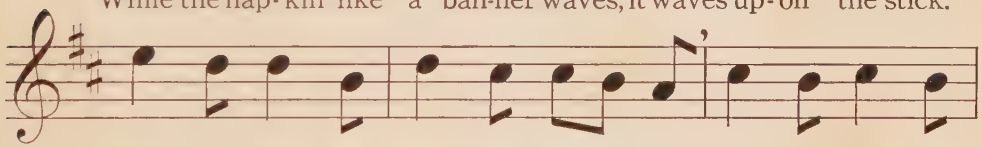
Marching Song

Rote Song

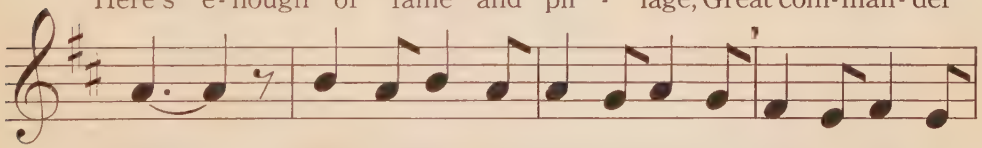
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — REGINALD DEKOVEN

Bring the comb and play up - on it, March-ing here we come;
All in the most mar - tial man-ner March-ing dou - ble quick;



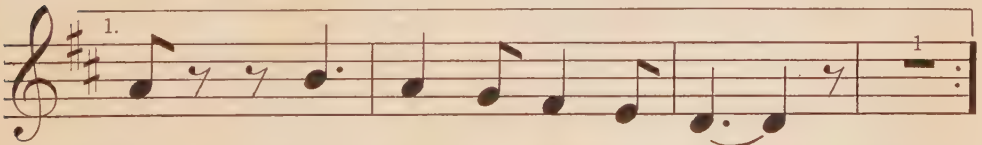
Wil-lie cocks his high-land bon-net, John-nie, John-nie beats the drum.
While the nap - kin like a ban-ner waves, it waves up - on the stick.



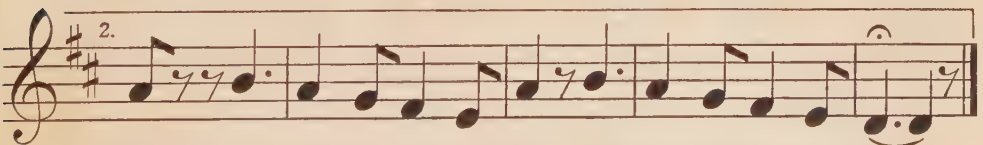
Ma - ry Jane com - mands the par - ty, Pe - ter leads the
Here's e - nough of fame and pil - lage; Great com - man - der



rear; Feet in time, a - lert and heart-y, Each a Gren - a-
Jane, Now that we've been round the vil - lage, Let's go home a-



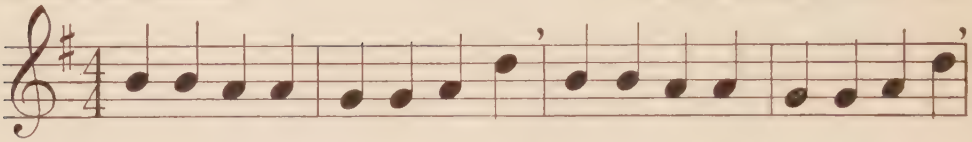
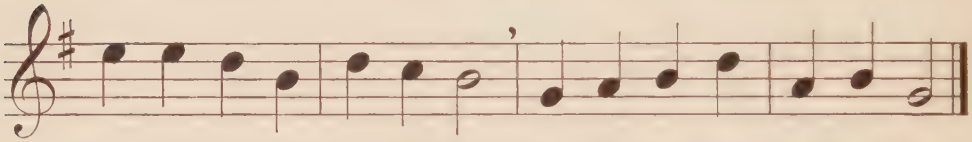
dier, Yes, each a Gren - a - dier.



gain, Oh! let's go home a - gain, Oh! let's go home a - gain.

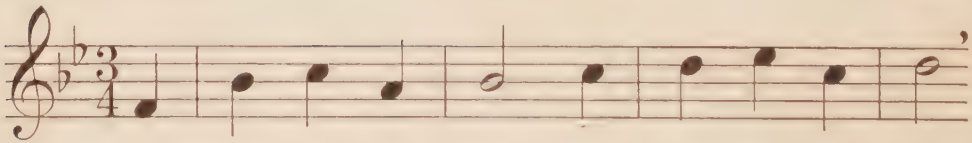
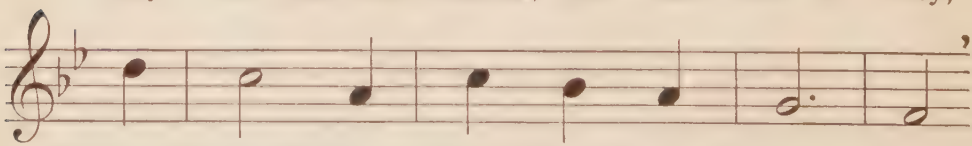
The Summer Sun

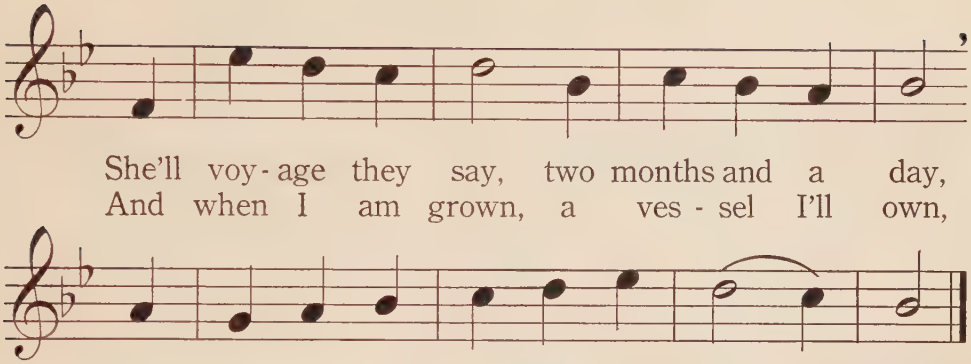
Reading Song

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY — From The Modern Music Series

Sum-mer rolls the warm sun o - ver Rows of corn and fields of clo - ver;
Sum-mer rolls the warm sun o - ver Rows of corn and fields of clo - ver;

Corn shakes out its tas-sels red, Clo - ver lifts its crim-son head.
Fly - ing comes the hon - ey bee. "I choose clo - ver," buzz - es he.

My Boat

Reading Song

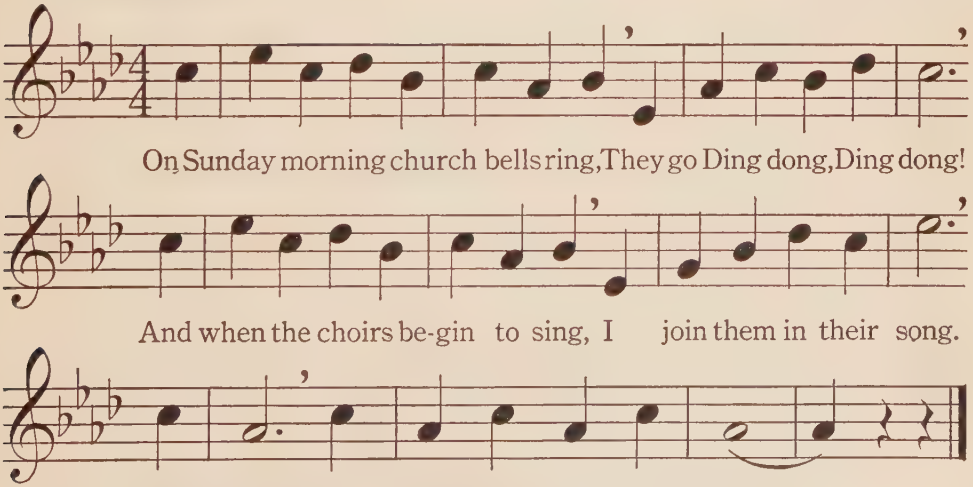
EDNA COBB DUTCHER — H. G. NÄGELI

I watched the big boat sail out to the sea,
My fa - ther com - mands, the sail - ors o - bey;

One fine cold day in Sep - tem - ber.
No cap - tain ev - er was grand - er;


She'll voy - age they say, two months and a day,
And when I am grown, a ves - sel I'll own,
And come sail - ing home in No - vem - ber.
And stand on the bridge as com - mand - er.

Sunday Morning

Reading Song

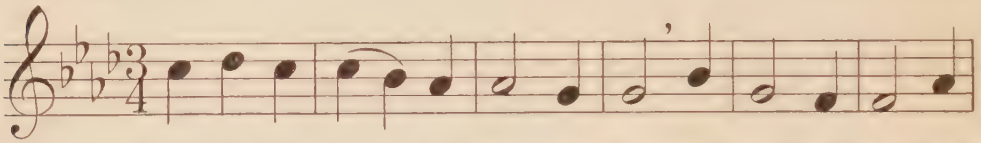
ANNA L. WHITMORE W. OTTO MIESSNER

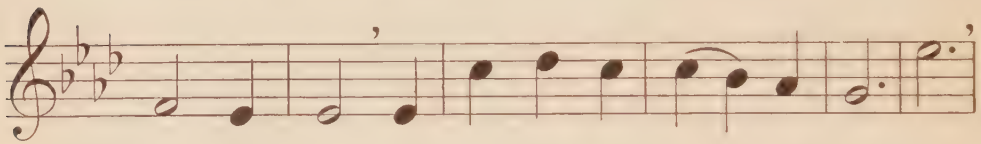

On Sunday morning church bells ring, They go Ding dong, Ding dong!
And when the choirs be-gin to sing, I join them in their song.
Ding dong! Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong!

Which Is The Way to Somewhere Town?

Rote Song

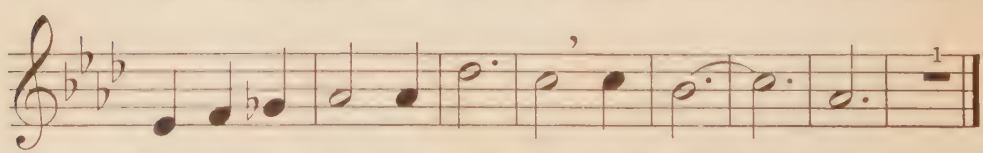
KATE GREENAWAY HORATIO PARKER



Which is the way to Somewhere Town, to Somewhere Town, to
Which is the door to Somewhere Town, to Somewhere Town, to

Some-where Town? Oh, up in the morn - ing ear - ly;
Some-where Town? Oh, up in the morn - ing ear - ly;

In the morn - ing ear - ly. O - ver the tiles and
In the morn - ing ear - ly. The round red sun is the

chim - ney pots, and chim - ney pots, and chim - ney pots.
o - pen door, the o - pen door, the o - pen door.



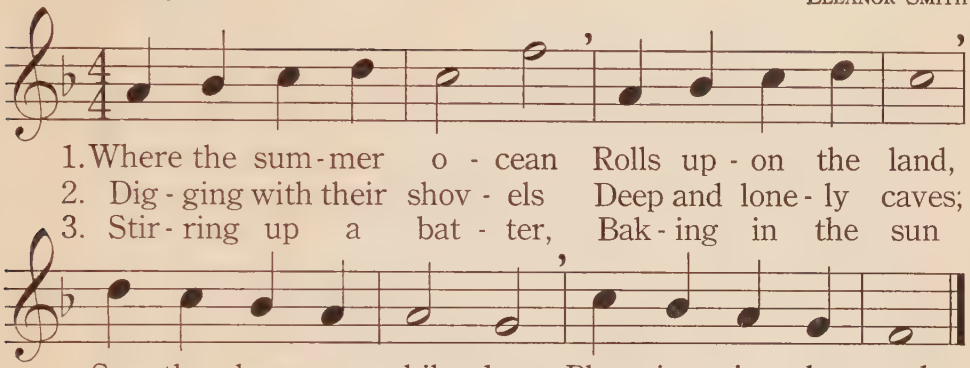
That is the way quite clear - ly, quite clear - ly.
That is the way quite clear - ly, quite clear - ly.

When sung with accompaniment observe the rests

Seashore Days

Reading Song

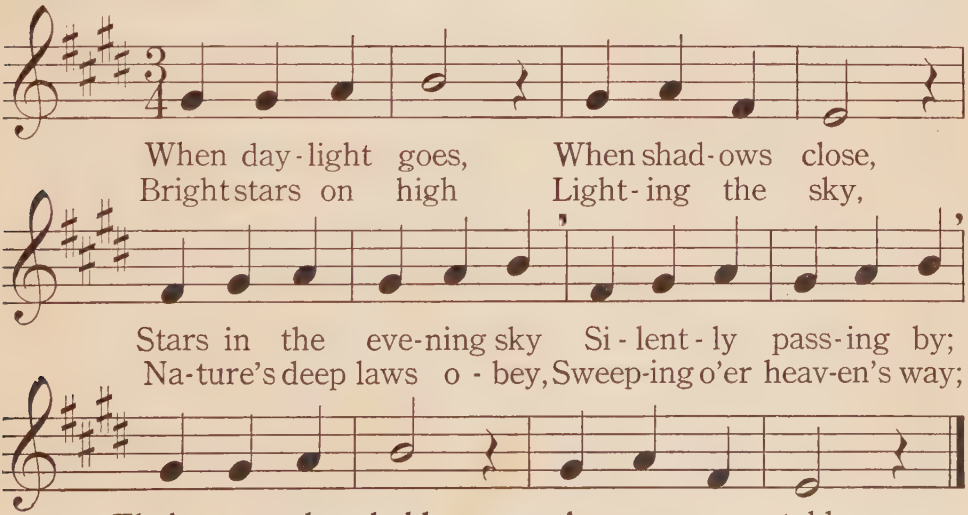
ANNA M. PRATT — ELEANOR SMITH


1. Where the sum - mer o - cean Rolls up - on the land,
2. Dig - ging with their shov - els Deep and lone - ly caves;
3. Stir - ring up a bat - ter, Bak - ing in the sun
See the hap - py chil - dren Play - ing in the sand.
Play - ing they are sail - ors Ship-wrecked by the waves.
Sand-cakes by the bush - el, Sand - pies by the ton.

Stars

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — BENEDICT WIDMANN

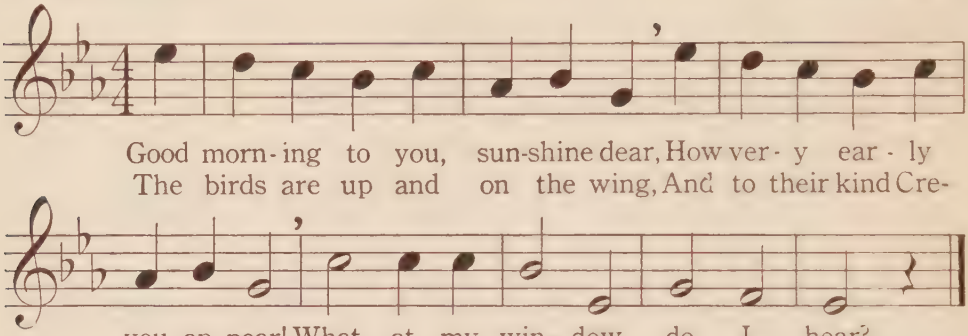

When day - light goes, When shad - ows close,
Bright stars on high Light - ing the sky,
Stars in the eve-ning sky Si - lent - ly pass - ing by;
Na-ture's deep laws o - bey, Sweep-ing o'er heav-en's way;
Their course they hold A - ges un - told.
Their course they hold A - ges un - told.

A Sunshine Song

Reading Song

ECKELMAN-CALDWELL

ELEANOR SMITH

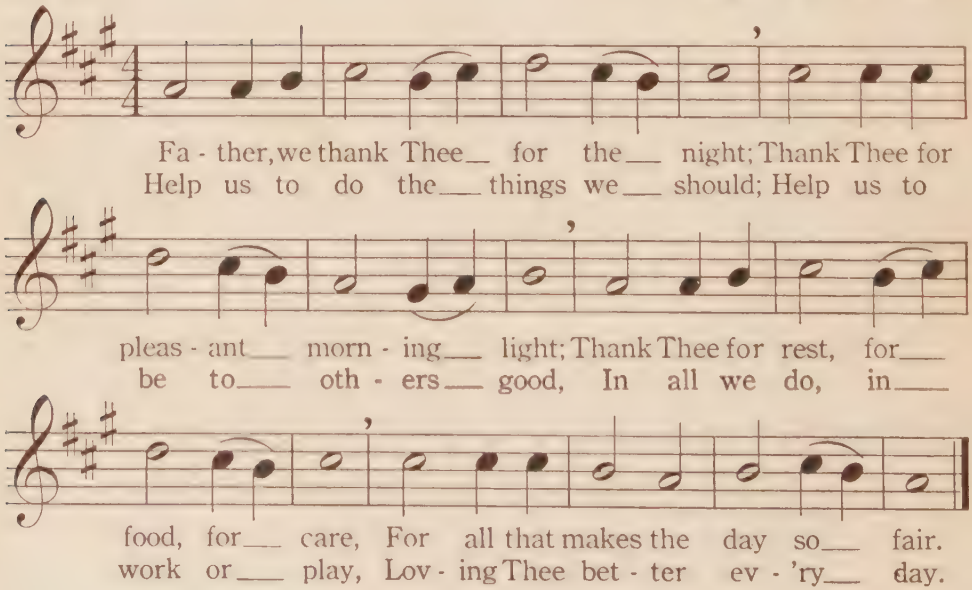

Good morn-ing to you, sun-shine dear, How ver-y ear-ly
The birds are up and on the wing, And to their kind Cre-
you ap-pear! What at my win-dow do I hear?
a-tor bring Glad morn-ing's tune-ful of-fer-ing.

A Morning Hymn

Reading Song

OLD HYMN

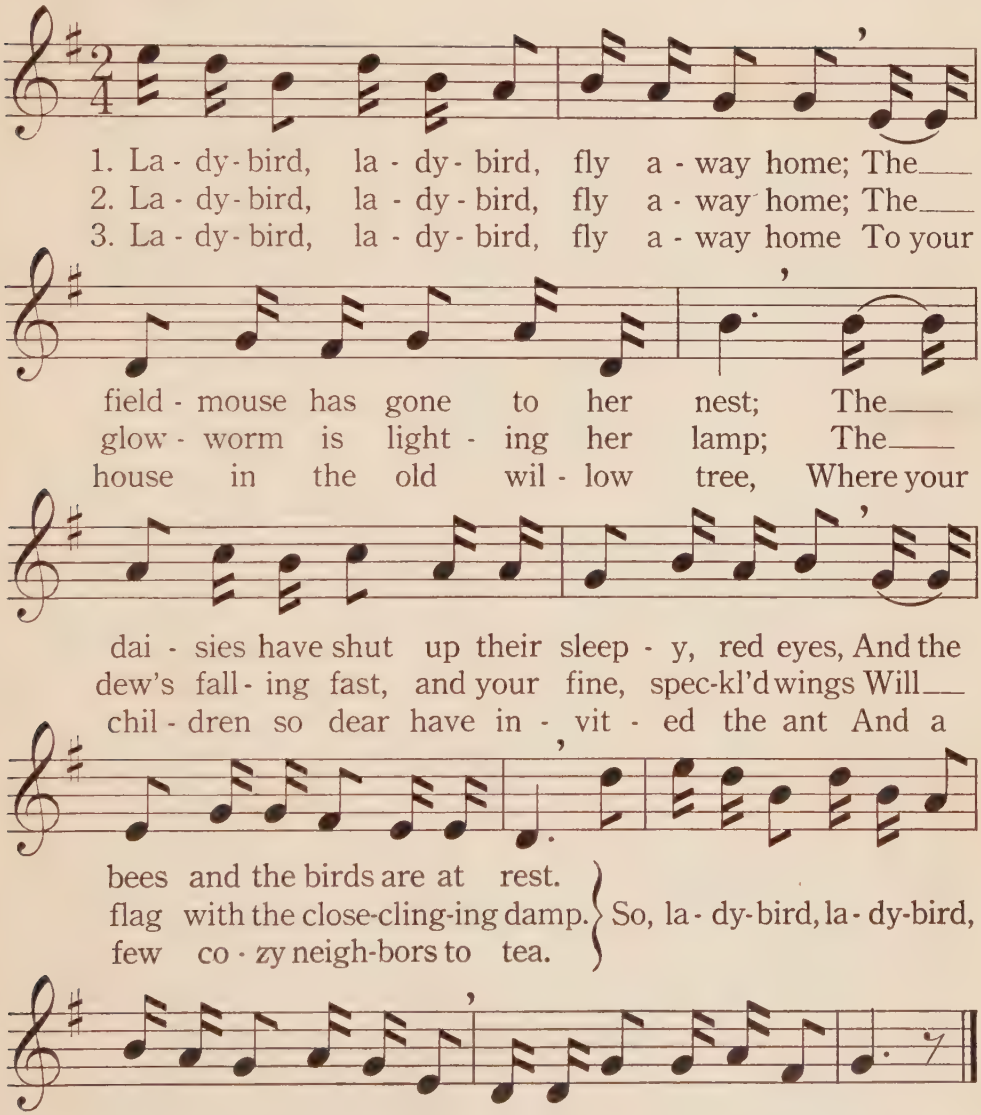
GREGORIAN CHANT
Arranged by LOWELL MASON


Fa-ther, we thank Thee for the night; Thank Thee for
Help us to do the things we should; Help us to
pleas-ant morn-ing light; Thank Thee for rest, for
be to oth-ers good, In all we do, in
food, for care, For all that makes the day so fair.
work or play, Lov-ing Thee bet-ter ev-'ry day.

Ladybird

Rote Song

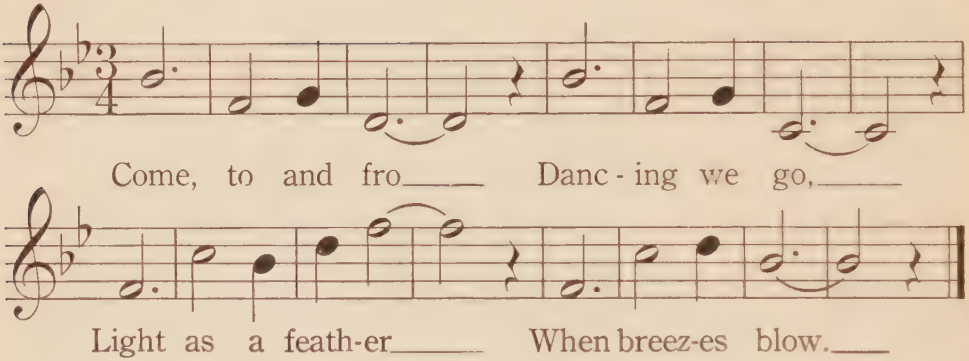
CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY — G. W. CHADWICK


1. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home; The___
2. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home; The___
3. La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home To your
field - mouse has gone to her nest; The___
glow - worm is light - ing her lamp; The___
house in the old wil - low tree, Where your
dai - sies have shut up their sleep - y, red eyes, And the
dew's fall - ing fast, and your fine, spec-kl'd wings Will___
chil - dren so dear have in - vit - ed the ant And a
bees and the birds are at rest.
flag with the close-cling-ing damp.
few co - zy neigh-bors to tea.
So, la - dy-bird, la - dy-bird,
fly a-way, fly a-way, la - dy-bird, fly a-way home.

Light as a Feather

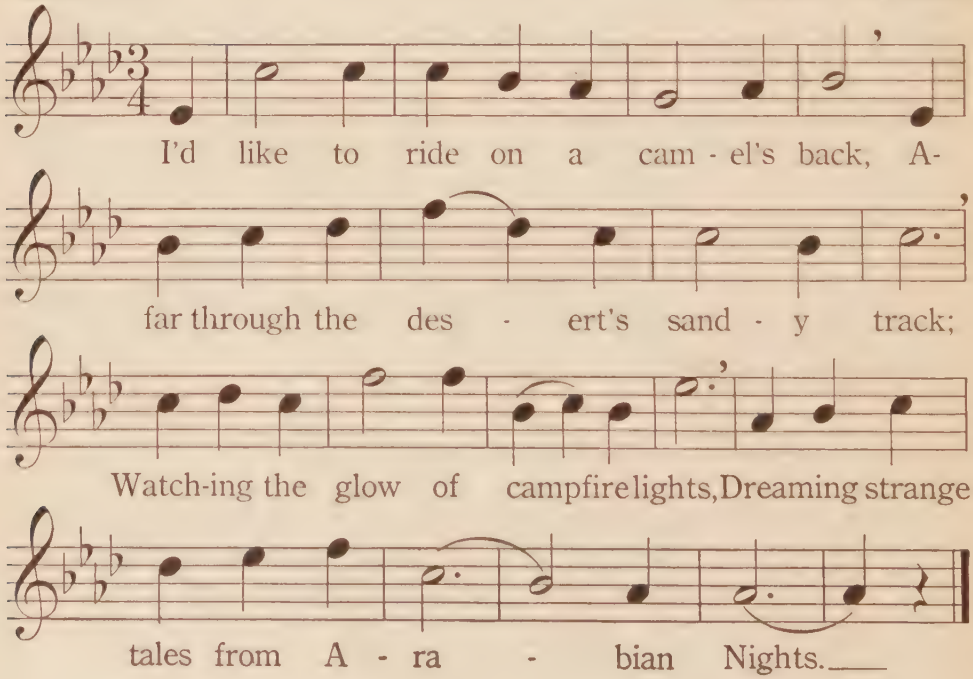
Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER — EMIL WALDTEUFEL



The Desert

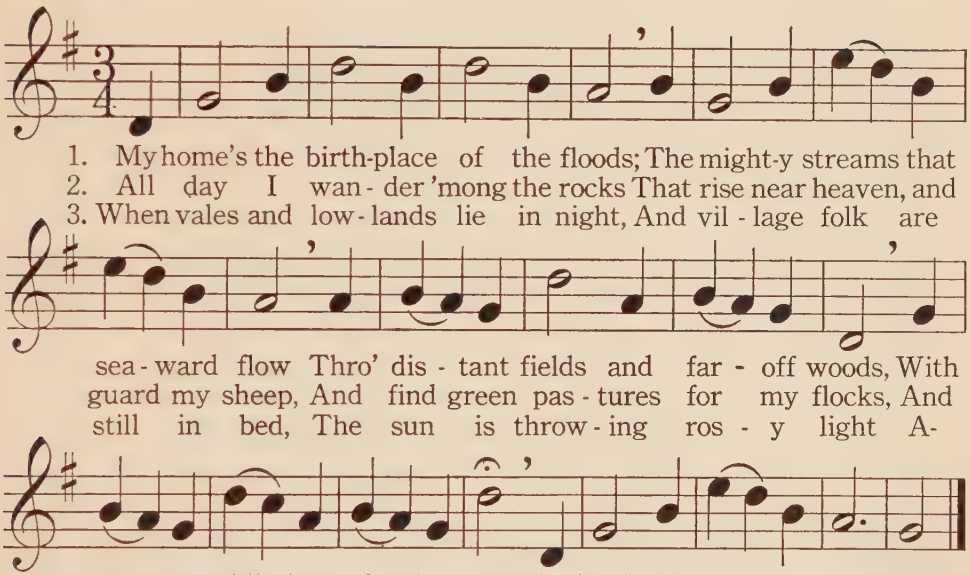
Reading Song

FLORENCE FOX — CATHARINA VAN RENNES

I'd like to ride on a cam - el's back, A-
far through the des - ert's sand - y track;
Watch-ing the glow of campfire lights, Dreaming strange
tales from A - ra - bian Nights.

The Herd Boy's Song

Reading Song

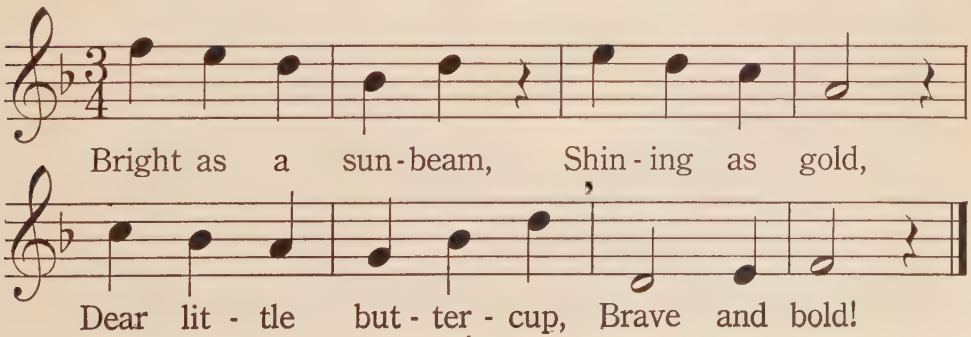
From the German by F. M. GROOS


1. My home's the birth-place of the floods; The might-y streams that
2. All day I wan-der 'mong the rocks That rise near heaven, and
3. When vales and low-lands lie in night, And vil-lage folk are
sea-ward flow Thro' dis-tant fields and far-off woods, With
guard my sheep, And find green pas-tures for my flocks, And
still in bed, The sun is throw-ing ros-y light A-
me are chil-dren of the snow, And fall with ten-der sing-ing.
guide the lit-tle lambs to sleep When night its shades is bring-ing.
bout me on the moun-tain head, And clear my horn is ring-ing.

Buttercups

Reading Song

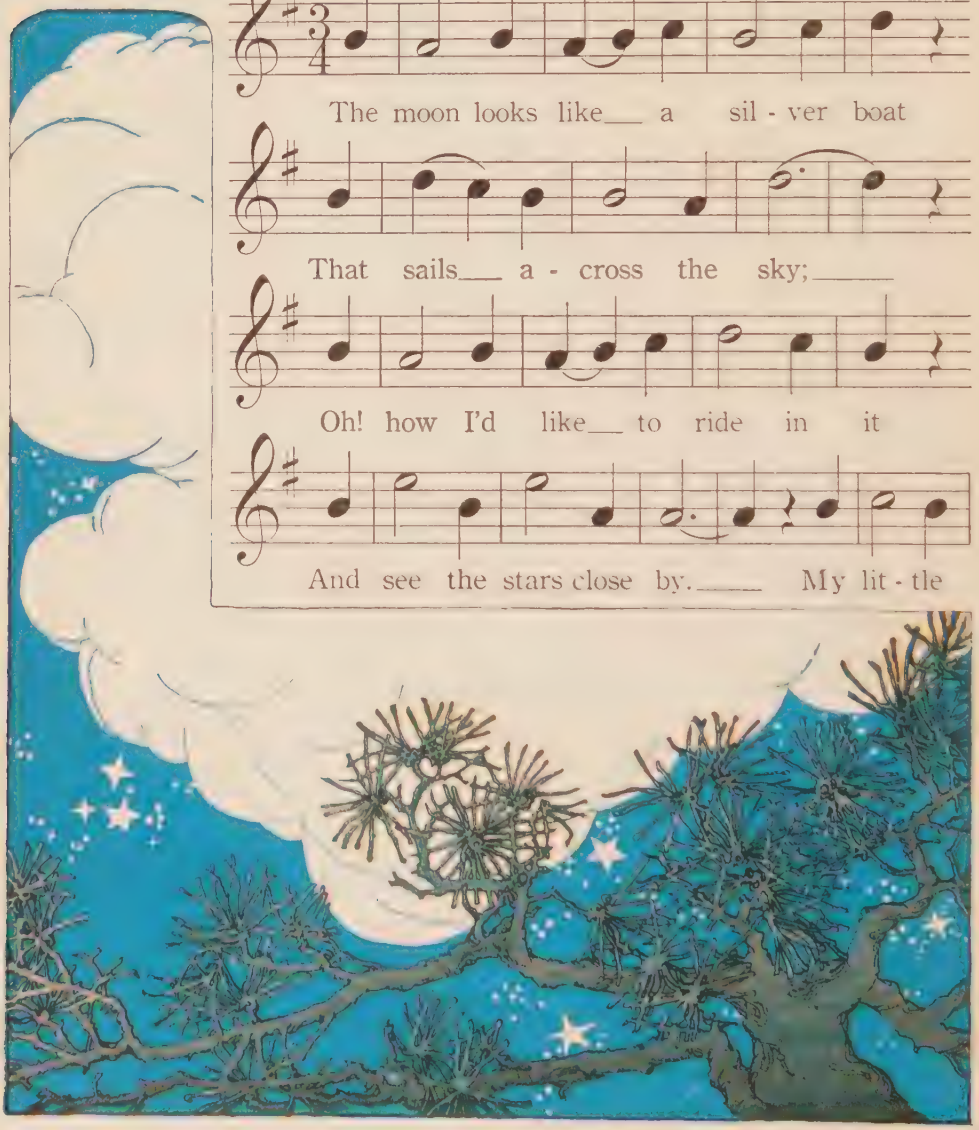
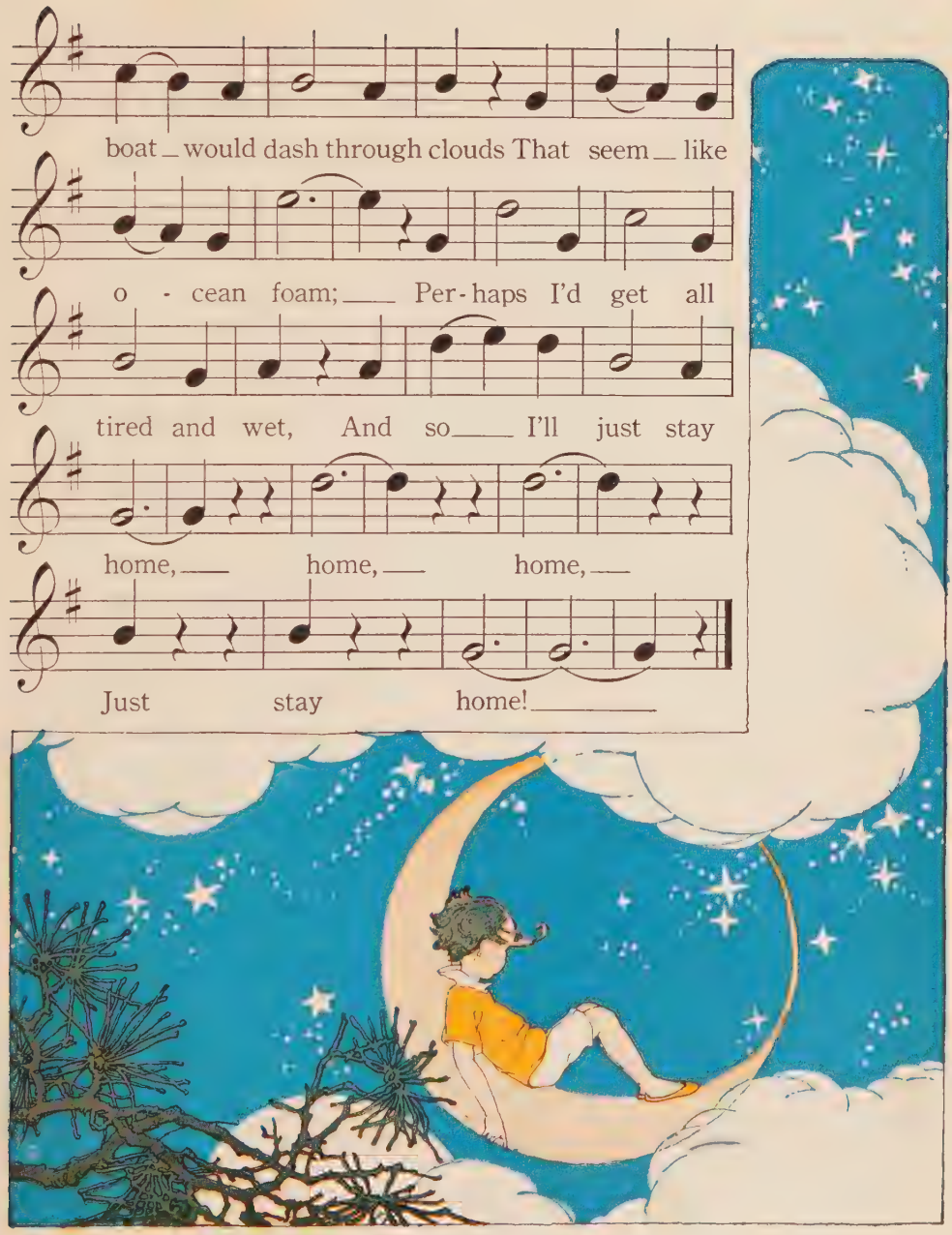
ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER



The Moon Boat

Reading Song

ELLA D. WATKINS

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH

boat _ would dash through clouds That seem _ like
o - cean foam; _ Per - haps I'd get all
tired and wet, And so _ I'll just stay
home, _ home, _ home, _
Just stay home! _

Song of Columbus

ANNETTE WYNNE — Reading Song — GERMAN FOLK SONG

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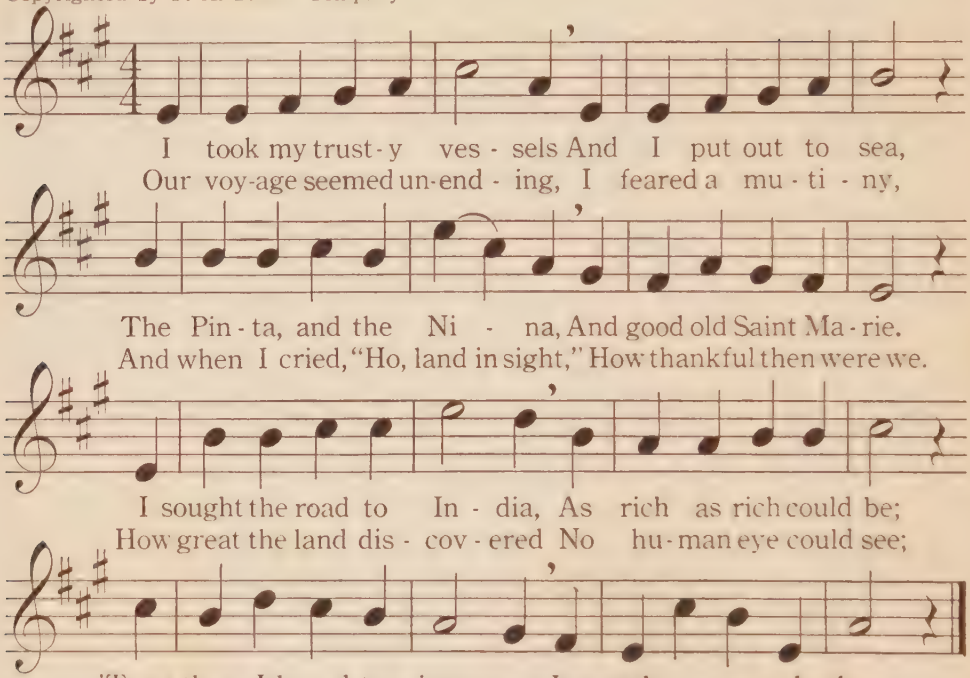
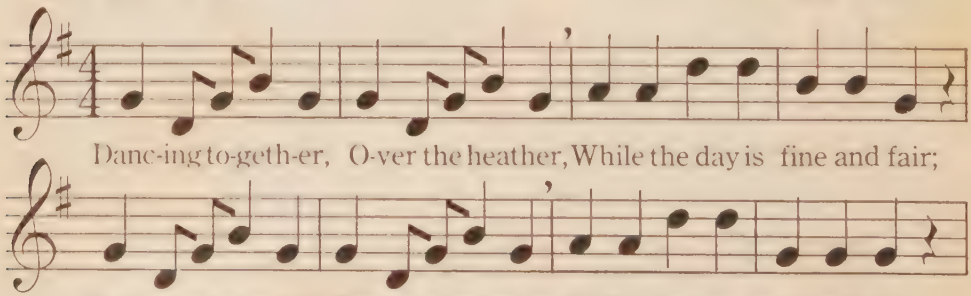
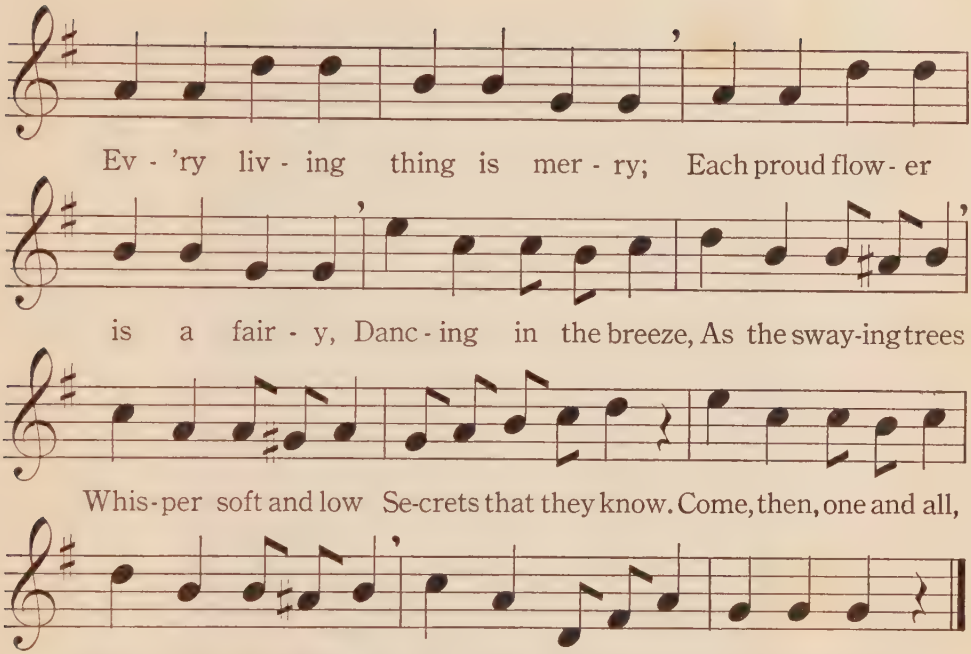

I took my trust-y ves-sels And I put out to sea,
Our voy-age seemed un-end-ing, I feared a mu-ti-ny,
The Pin-ta, and the Ni-na, And good old Saint Ma-rie.
And when I cried, "Ho, land in sight," How thankful then were we.
I sought the road to In-dia, As rich as rich could be;
How great the land dis-cov-ered No hu-man eye could see;
'Twas there I hoped to jour-ney In my brave ves-sels three.
All praise to Pin-ta, Ni-na, And good old Saint Ma-rie.

Over the Heather

Rote Song

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE — SWEDISH FOLK SONG

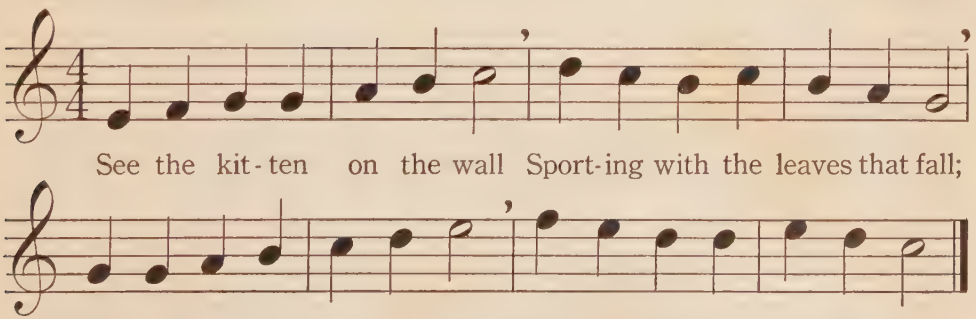

Danc-ing to-geth-er, O-ver the heather, While the day is fine and fair;
Robins are winging, Each one is singing Mel-o-dy so rich and rare.


Ev - 'ry liv - ing thing is mer - ry; Each proud flow - er
is a fair - y, Danc - ing in the breeze, As the sway-ing trees
Whis - per soft and low Se-crets that they know. Come, then, one and all,
Hear the mu - sic call To each lass and lad, Gay and glad.

The Kitten at Play

Reading Song

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH — LOUIS REBBELING

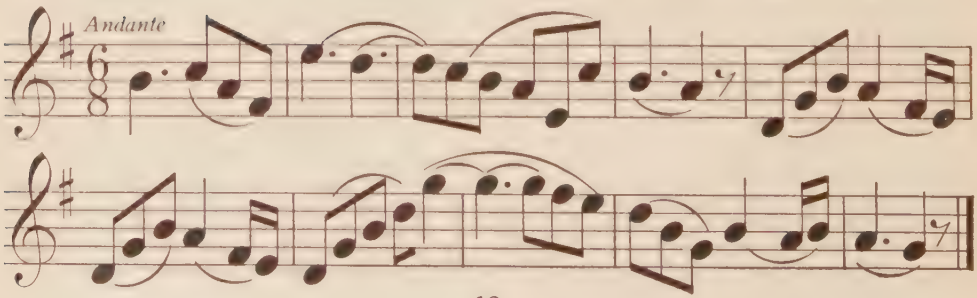

See the kit - ten on the wall Sport-ing with the leaves that fall;
With-ered leaves, one, two, and three, Fall - ing from the el - der - tree.

FRITZ KREISLER WITH HIS VIOLIN

Theme from Violin Concerto

(Original in Key of C)

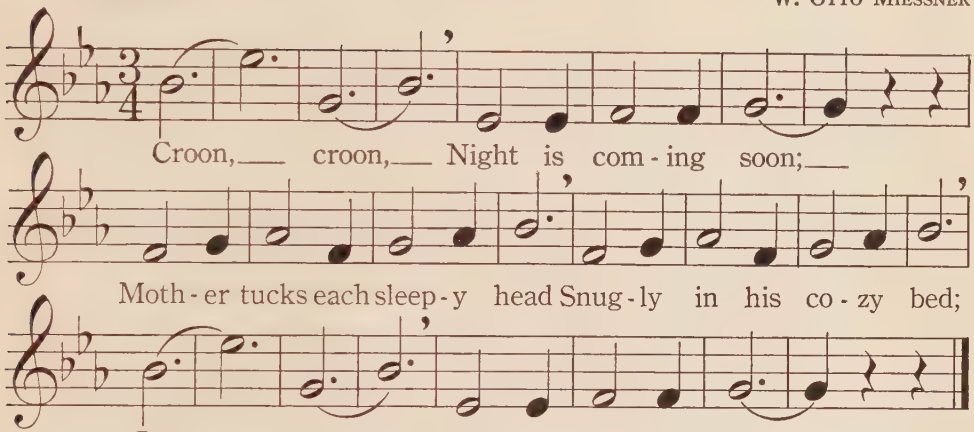
VIOLIN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

A Sleepy Song

Reading Song

W. Otto Miessner

W. Otto Miessner

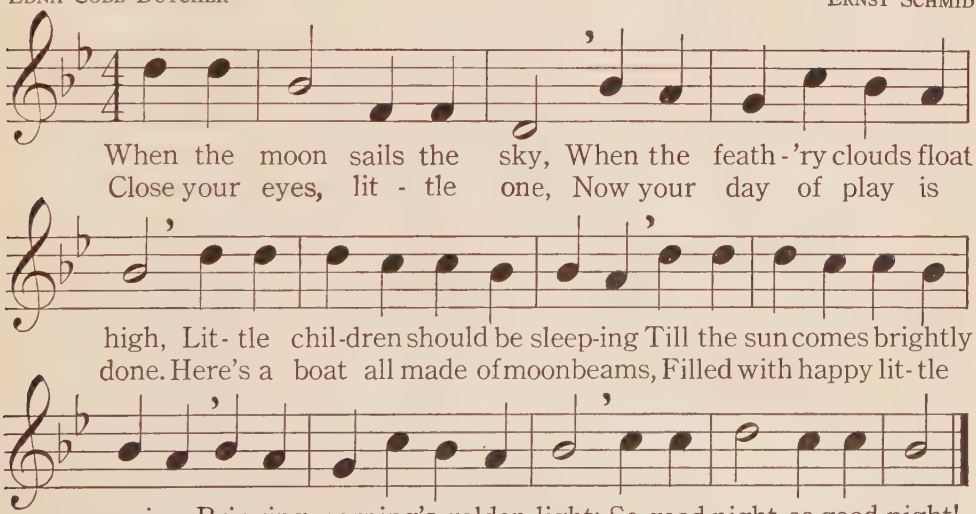


Now Good Night

Reading Song

Edna Cobb Dutcher

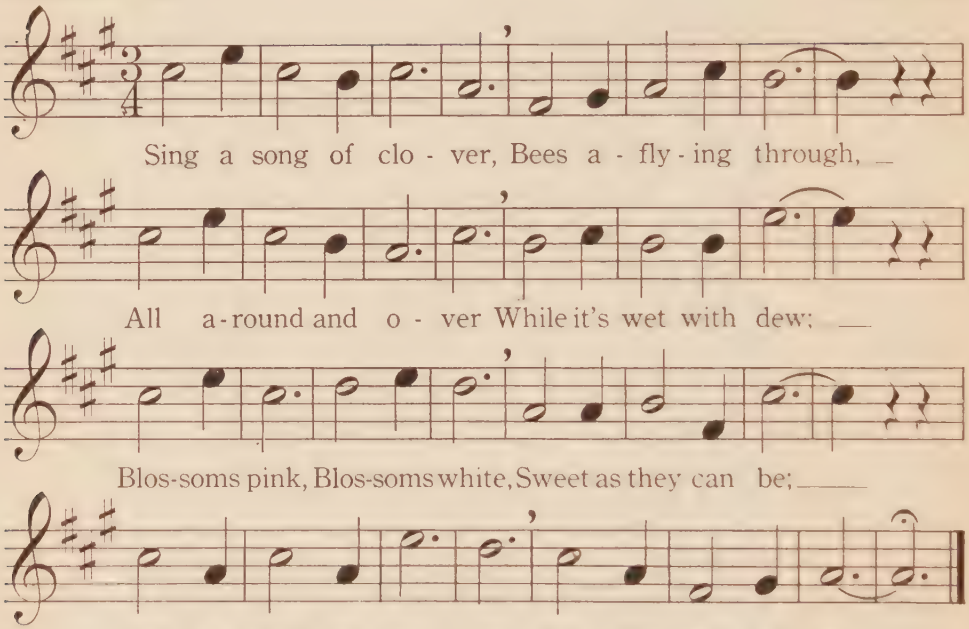
Ernst Schmid


When the moon sails the sky, When the feath - 'ry clouds float
Close your eyes, lit - tle one, Now your day of play is
high, Lit - tle chil-dren should be sleep-ing Till the sun comes brightly
done. Here's a boat all made of moonbeams, Filled with happy lit - tle
peeping, Bringing morning's golden light; So good night, so good night!
child-dreams; Sail a - way un - til the light; Now good night, now good night!

Sing a Song

Reading Song

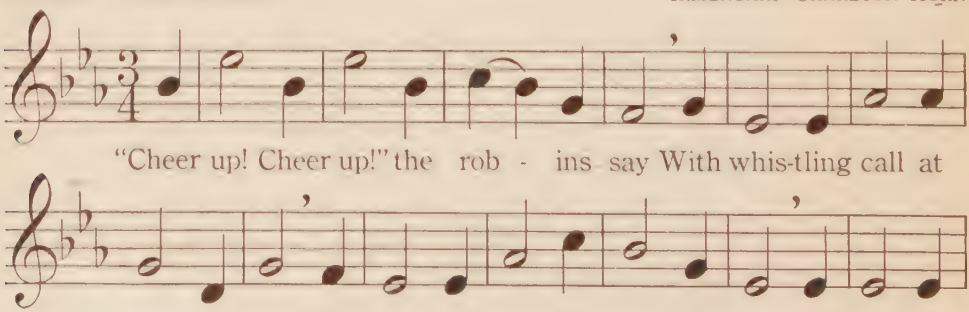
MARGARET FASSITT — CARL BUSCH

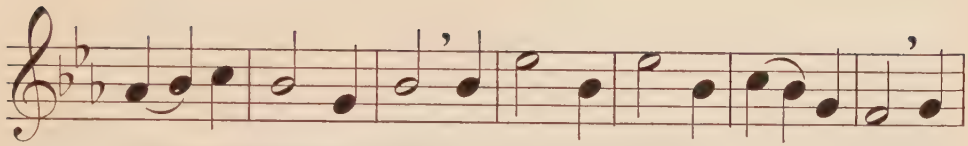

Sing a song of clo - ver, Bees a - fly - ing through, _
All a - round and o - ver While it's wet with dew; _
Blos-soms pink, Blos-soms white, Sweet as they can be; _____
Just a cloud of beau - ty, All for you and me. _____

The Robins' Call

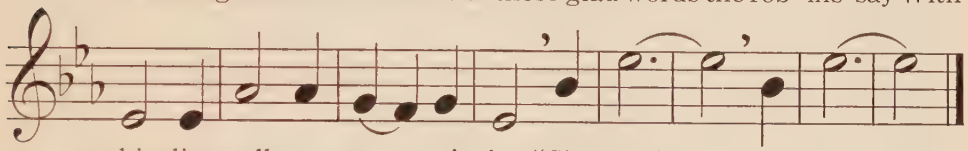
Reading Song

RICHARD WALTER CARRUTH — IRMENGARD CHARLTON HORN





bless-ings with-out cease." All these glad words the rob - ins say With



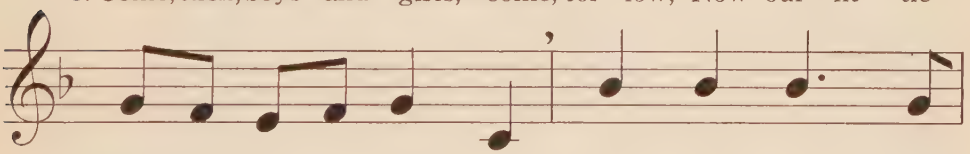
whist-ling call at peep_ o' day. "Cheer up!___ Cheer up!"___

In the Straw Stack

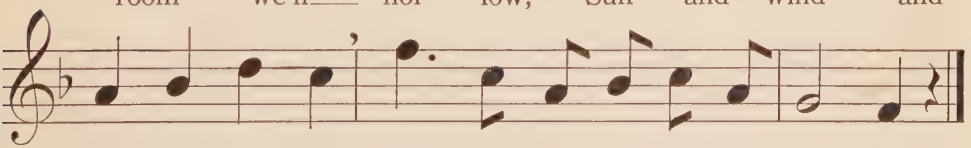
Rote Song

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY ELEANOR SMITH

1. Boys and girls, now fol - low,_ fol - low; In the straw stack
2. If 'tis cloud - y that's no___ mat - ter, Let the rain-drops
3. Come, then, boys and girls, come, fol - low, Now our lit - tle



we___ will___ hol - low Just the place for
pat - ter,___ pat - ter; We'll keep dry all
room we'll___ hol - low; Sun and wind and



us to sit in, Large e-nough for all to fit in.
safe - ly hid - den Where they can - not come un - bid - den.
rain are say - ing, "Straw stack is the place for play - ing."

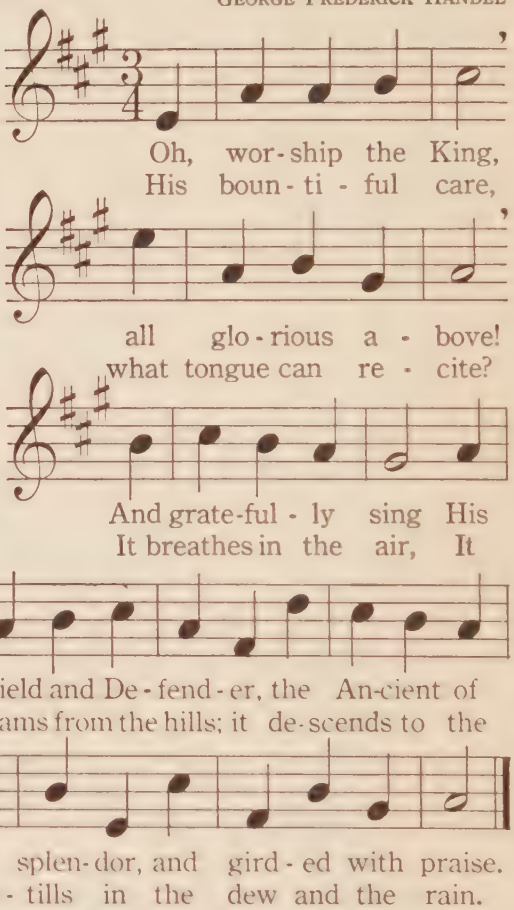
Oh, Worship the King

Reading Song

SIR R. GRANT

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

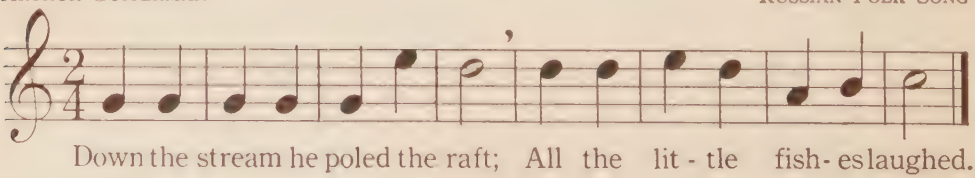
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL


Oh, wor - ship the King,
His boun - ti - ful care,
all glo - rious a - bove!
what tongue can re - cite?
And grate-ful - ly sing His
It breathes in the air, It
pow'r and His love! Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An-cient of
shines in the light; It streams from the hills; it de-scends to the
Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

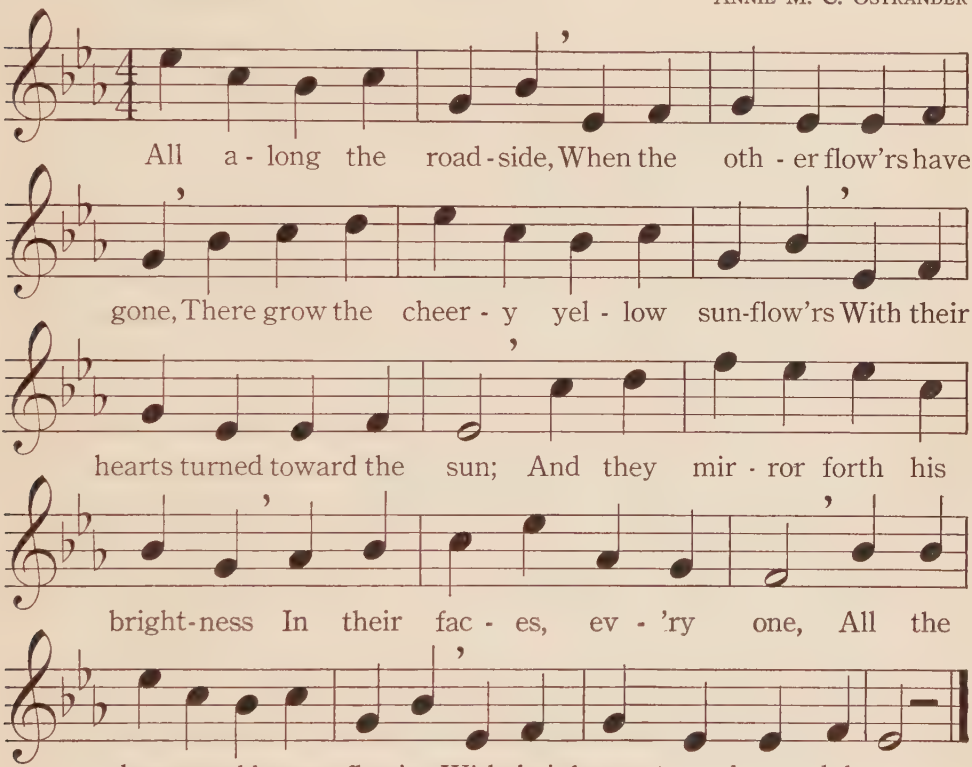
Down the Stream

Reading Song

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

Wild Sunflowers

Reading Song

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

All a - long the road - side, When the oth - er flow'rs have
gone, There grow the cheer - y yel - low sun-flow'rs With their
hearts turned toward the sun; And they mir - ror forth his
bright-ness In their fac - es, ev - 'ry one, All the
cheer-y yel-low sunflow'rs, With their hearts turned toward the sun.

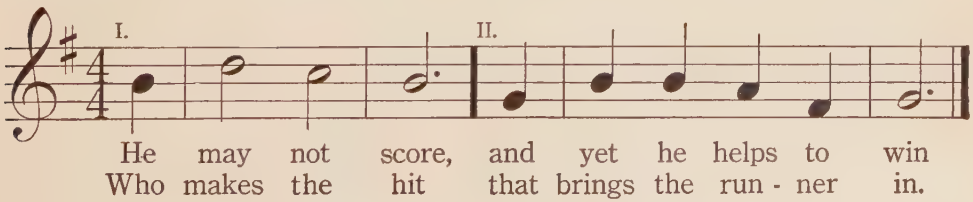
ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

Playing the Game

Two-Part Round

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

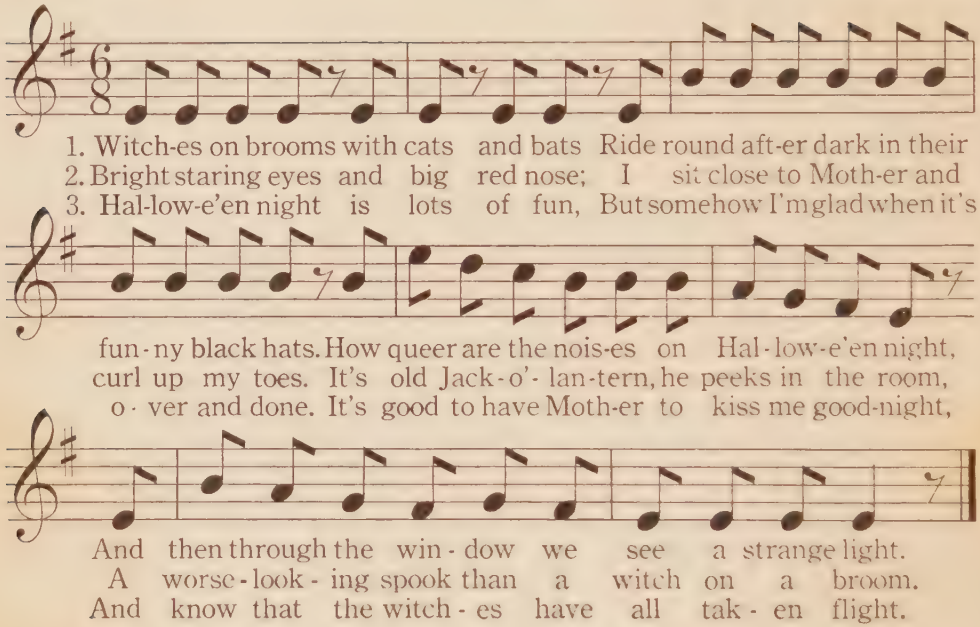
SCHÄUBLIN



Hallowe'en Night

Rote Song

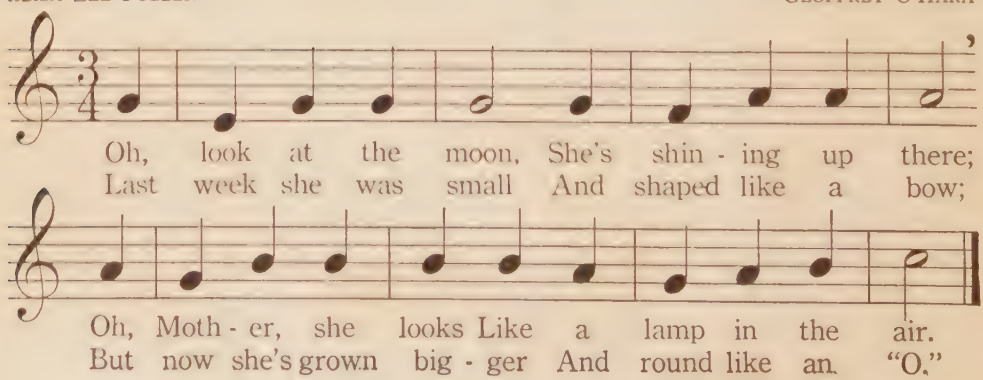
LILLIAN MOHR LILLIAN MOHR


1. Witch-es on brooms with cats and bats Ride round aft-er dark in their
2. Bright staring eyes and big red nose; I sit close to Moth-er and
3. Hal-low-e'en night is lots of fun, But somehow I'm glad when it's
fun-ny black hats. How queer are the nois-es on Hal-low-e'en night,
curl up my toes. It's old Jack-o'-lan-tern, he peeks in the room,
o-ver and done. It's good to have Moth-er to kiss me good-night,
And then through the win-dow we see a strange light.
A worse-look-ing spook than a witch on a broom.
And know that the witch-es have all tak-en flight.

The Moon

Reading Song

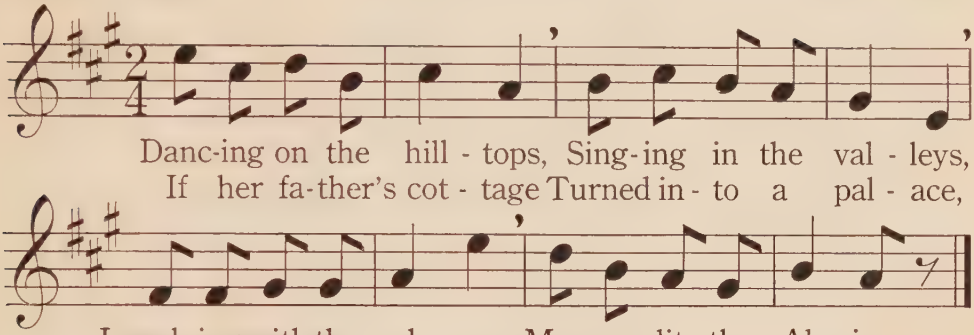
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN GEOFFREY O'HARA


Oh, look at the moon, She's shin-ing up there;
Last week she was small And shaped like a bow;
Oh, Moth-er, she looks Like a lamp in the air.
But now she's grown big-ger And round like an "O."

Happy Little Alice

Reading Song

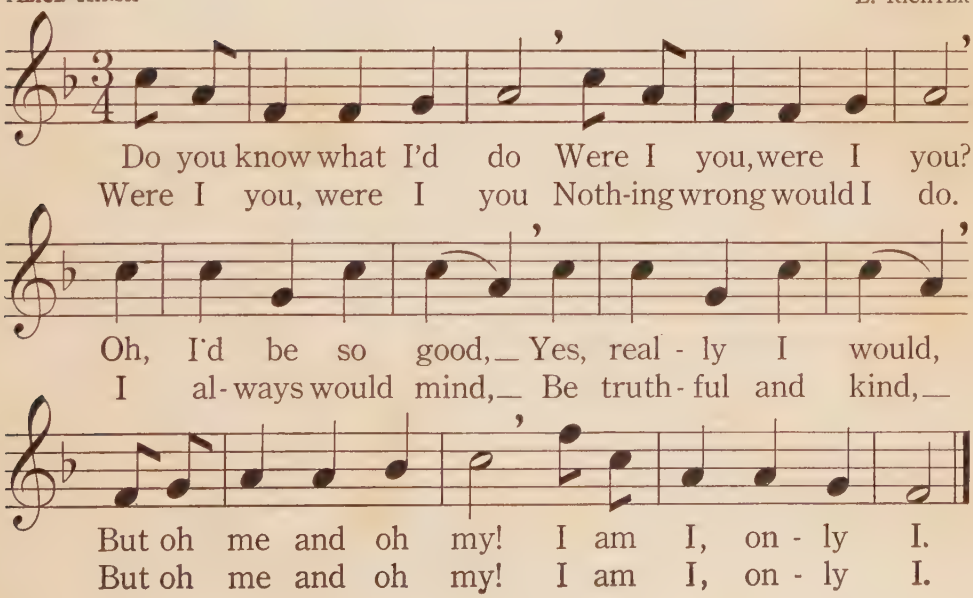
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI — ELEANOR SMITH


Danc-ing on the hill - tops, Sing-ing in the val - leys,
If her fa-ther's cot - tage Turned in - to a pal - ace,
Laugh-ing with the ech - oes, Mer-ry lit - tle Al - ice.
She'd be none the hap - pier, Mer-ry lit - tle Al - ice.

If I Were You

Reading Song

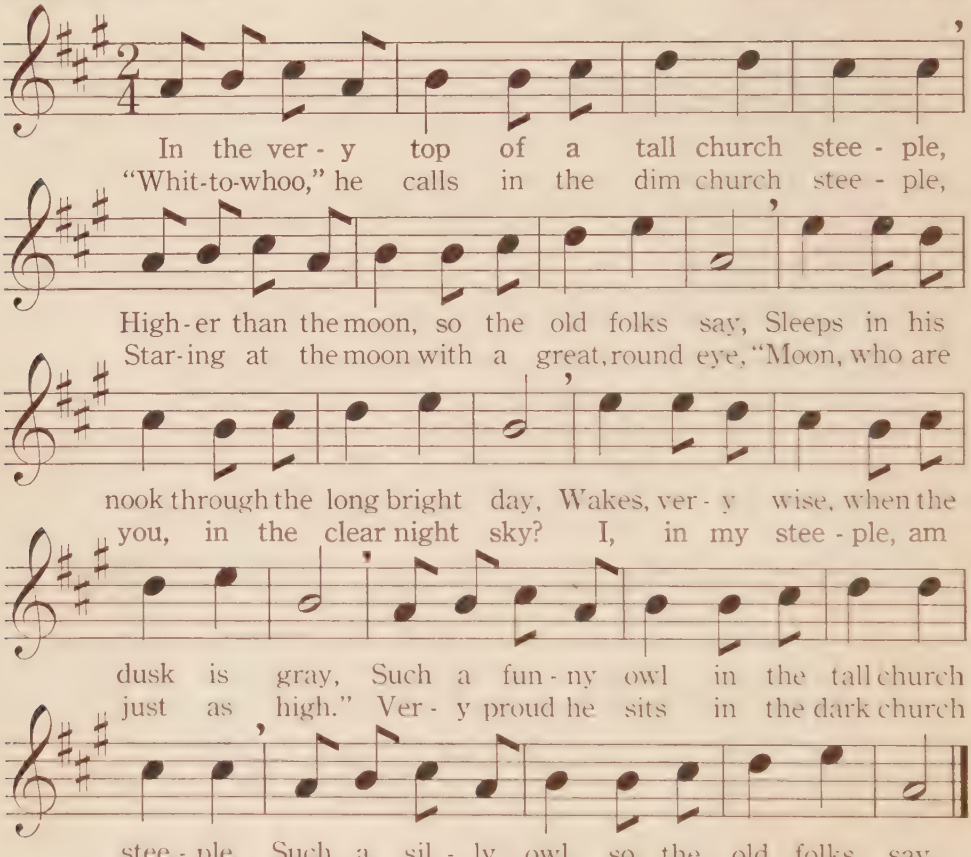
ALICE HIRSH — E. RICHTER


Do you know what I'd do Were I you, were I you?
Were I you, were I you Noth-ing wrong would I do.
Oh, I'd be so good,_ Yes, real - ly I would,
I al-ways would mind,_ Be truth - ful and kind,_
But oh me and oh my! I am I, on - ly I.
But oh me and oh my! I am I, on - ly I.

The Owl and the Moon

Reading Song

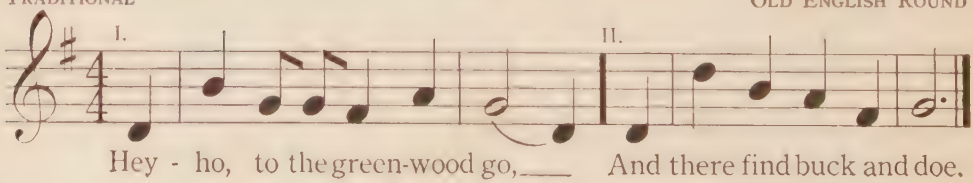
NANCY BYRD TURNER — FRENCH POPULAR AIR


In the ver - y top of a tall church stee - ple,
"Whit-to-whoo," he calls in the dim church stee - ple,
High - er than the moon, so the old folks say, Sleeps in his
Star - ing at the moon with a great, round eye, "Moon, who are
nook through the long bright day, Wakes, ver - y wise, when the
you, in the clear night sky? I, in my stee - ple, am
dusk is gray, Such a fun - ny owl in the tall church
just as high." Ver - y proud he sits in the dark church
stee - ple, Such a sil - ly owl, so the old folks say.
stee - ple, Call - ing to the moon in the clear night sky.

Hey-ho, to the Greenwood

Two-Part Round

TRADITIONAL — OLD ENGLISH ROUND



Courtesy of the New York Public Library

PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH, BY BOUGHTON

Pſalm. 100.

1. A pſalm for confeſſion:
SHowt ye-triumphantly to Ichovah, al the earth.

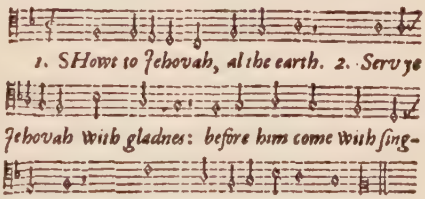
2. Serv ye Ichovah with gladnes: come before him, with ſinging-joy.

3. Know ye, that Ichovah he *is* God: he made us, and not we: his people, & ſheep of his paſture.

4. Enter ye his gates, with confeſſion; his courts with praiſe: confeſs ye to him, bleſs ye his name.

5. For Ichovah *is* good, his mercy *is* for ever: & his faith, unto generation & generation.

Pſalm. 100.



1. SHowt to Jehovah, al the earth. 2. Serv ye Jehovah with gladnes: before him come with ſing-ing-merth. 3. Know, that Jehovah he God is:
Its he that made us, and not wee;
his folk, and ſheep of his feeding.
4. O with confeſſion enter yee
his gates, his courtyards with praiſing:
confeſs to him, bleſs ye his name.
5. Becauſe Jehovah he good is:
his mercy ever is the ſame:
and his faith, unto al ages.

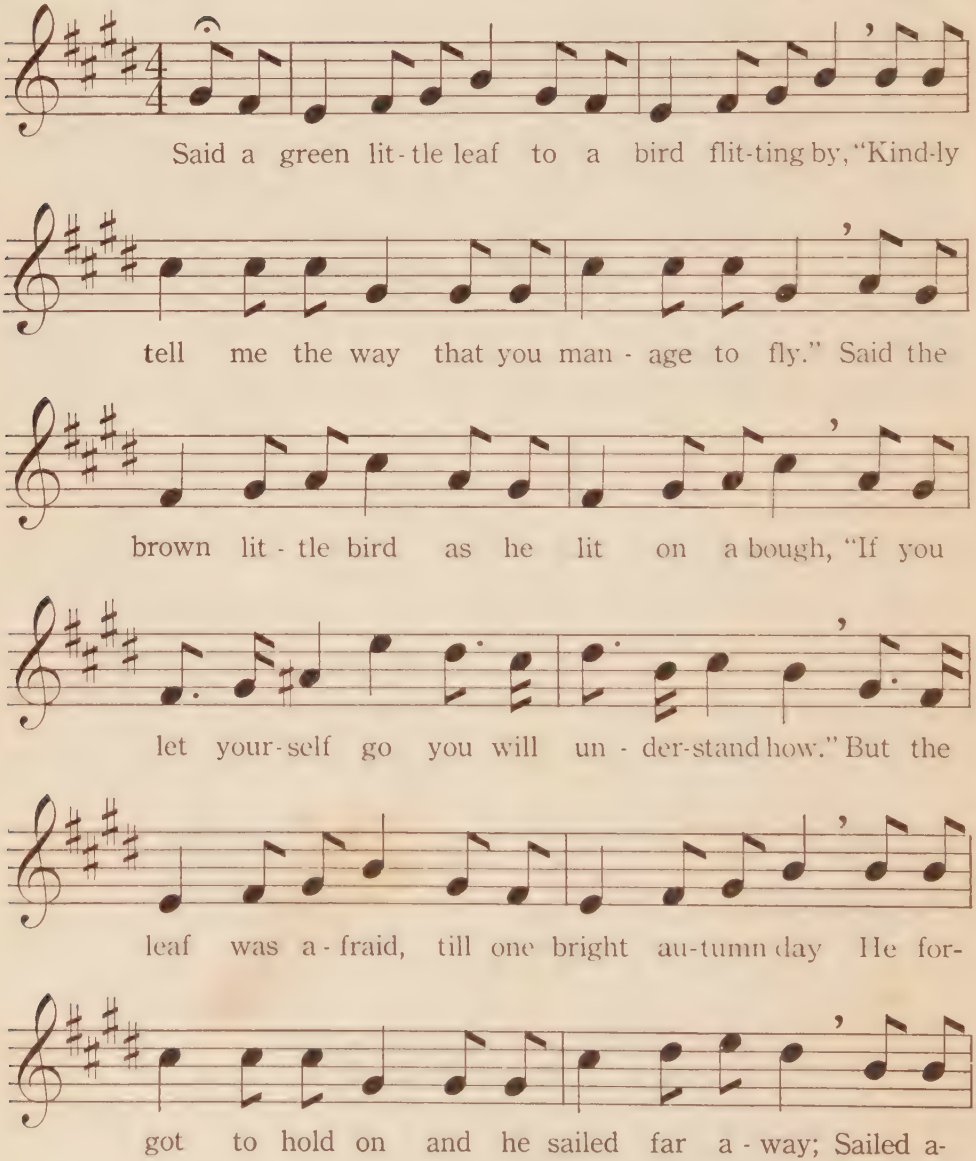
PSALM 100, KNOWN AS "OLD HUNDRED"

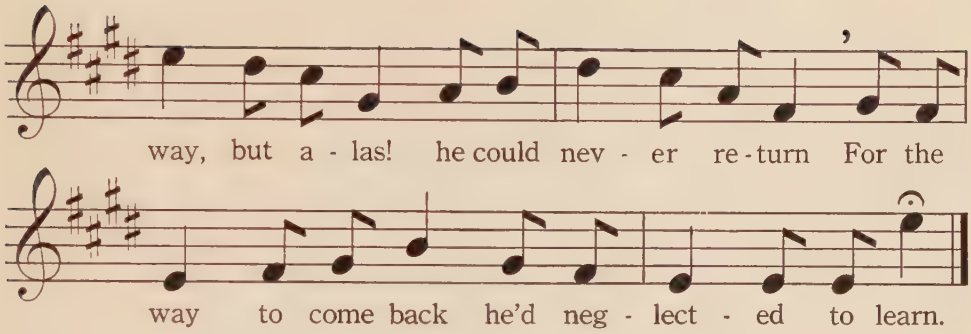
This picture shows a part of page 353 in an original Psalm Book used by the Pilgrims and now in the Boston Public Library. On the title page of the book appears the following statement, "The Book of Psalms, Englished both in prose and meter. Imprinted at Amsterdam by Giles Thorp, A. D. 1612."

The Leaf and the Bird

Rote Song

MAY MORGAN GEOFFREY O'HARA

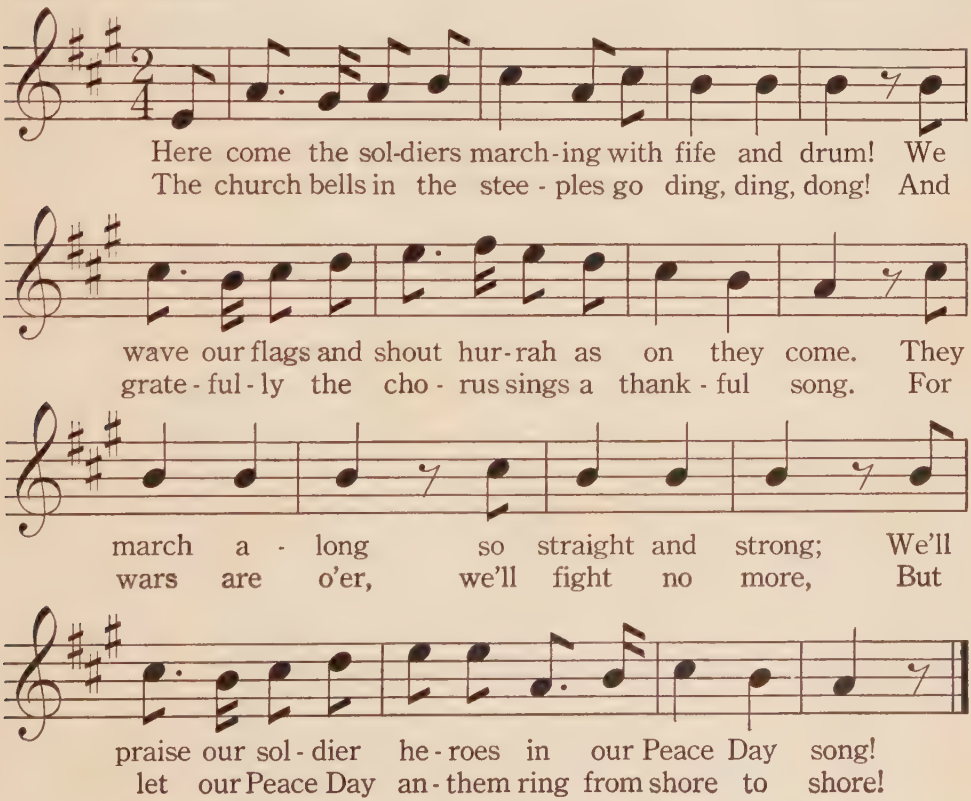

Said a green lit-tle leaf to a bird flit-ting by, "Kind-ly
tell me the way that you man-age to fly." Said the
brown lit-tle bird as he lit on a bough, "If you
let your-self go you will un-der-stand how." But the
leaf was a-fraid, till one bright au-tumn day He for-
got to hold on and he sailed far a-way; Sailed a-



The Armistice Day Parade

Rote Song

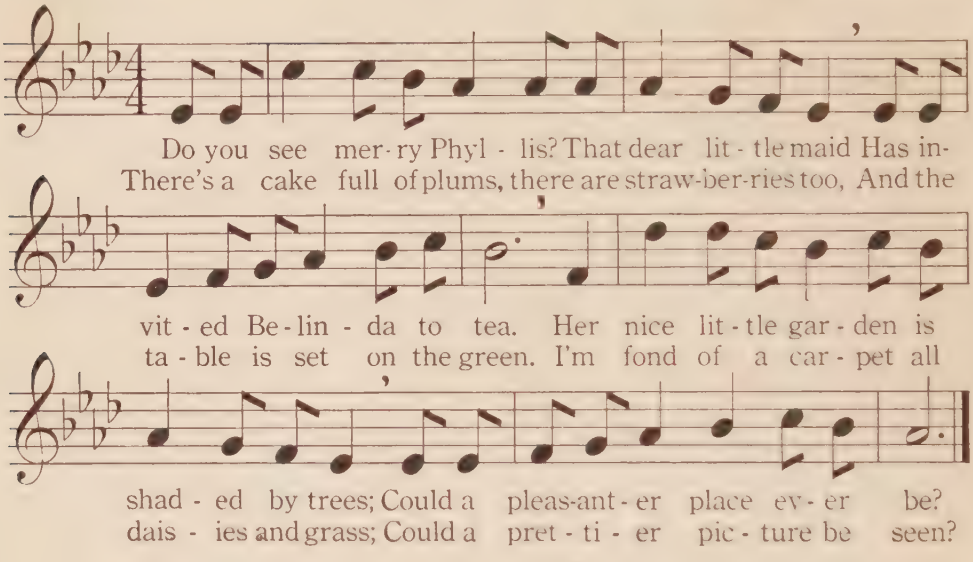
EDNA COBB DUTCHER — CARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER


Here come the sol-diers march-ing with fife and drum! We
The church bells in the stee - ples go ding, ding, dong! And
wave our flags and shout hur-rah as on they come. They
grate - ful - ly the cho - rus sings a thank - ful song. For
march a - long so straight and strong; We'll
wars are o'er, we'll fight no more, But
praise our sol - dier he - roes in our Peace Day song!
let our Peace Day an - them ring from shore to shore!

Do You See Merry Phyllis?

Reading Song

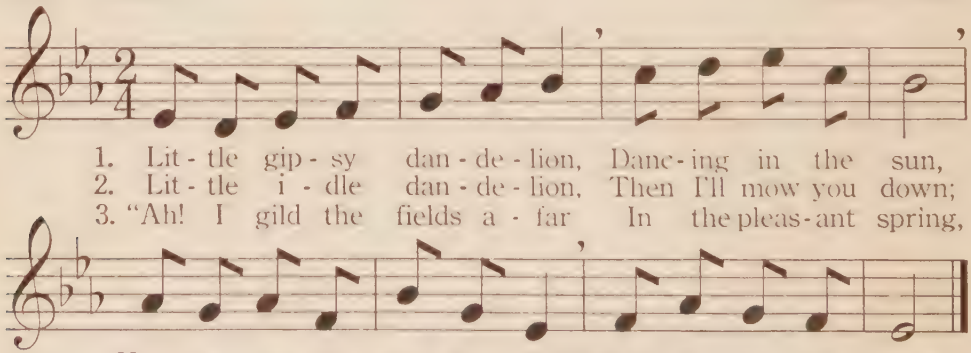
KATE GREENAWAY HORATIO PARKER


Do you see mer-ry Phyl-lis? That dear lit-tle maid Has in-
There's a cake full of plums, there are straw-ber-ries too, And the
vit-ed Be-lin-da to tea. Her nice lit-tle gar-den is
ta-ble is set on the green. I'm fond of a car-pet all
shad-ed by trees; Could a pleas-ant-er place ev-er be?
dais-ies and grass; Could a pret-ti-er pic-ture be seen?

Little Gipsy Dandelion

Reading Song

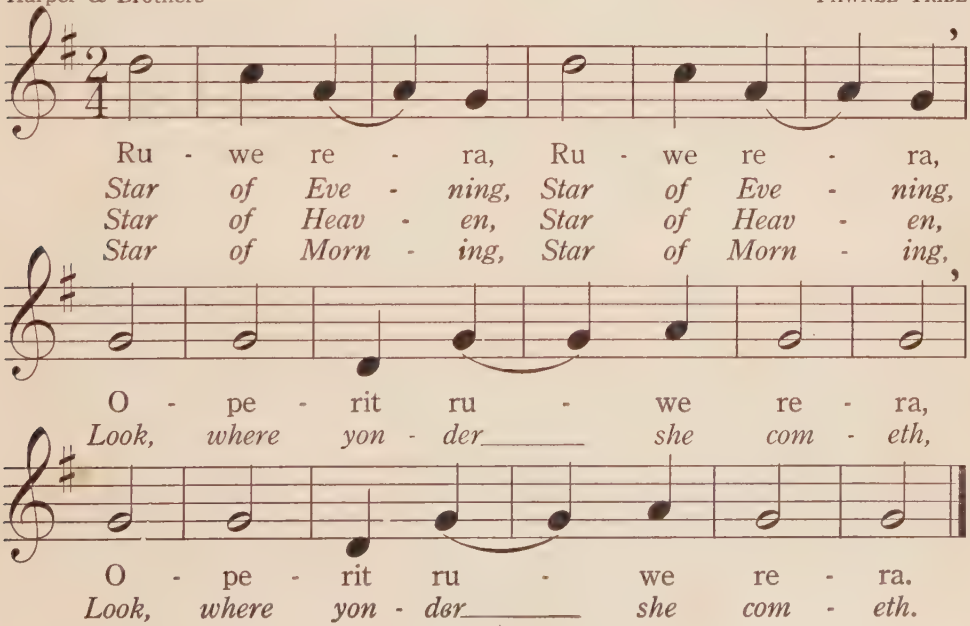
MARY N. PRESCOTT ELEANOR SMITH


1. Lit-tle gip-sy dan-de-lion, Danc-ing in the sun,
2. Lit-tle i-dle dan-de-lion, Then I'll mow you down;
3. "Ah! I gild the fields a-far In the pleas-ant spring,
Have you an-y curls to sell? "Not a sin-gle one."
What is it you're good for, pray, With your gold-en crown?
Shin-ing like the morn-ing star With the light I bring."

Kehare Katzaru

From "The Indians' Book" by NATALIE CURTIS, published by Harper & Brothers

Reading Song

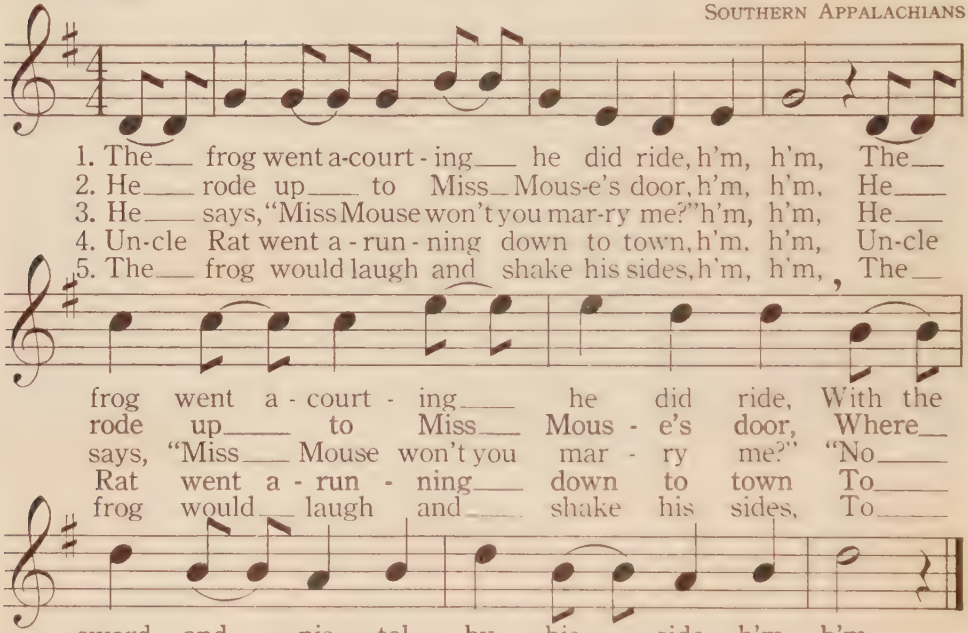
SONG OF THE SPIRIT DANCE (GHOST-DANCE SONG) PAWNEE TRIBE

Ru - we re - ra, Ru - we re - ra,
Star of Eve - ning, Star of Eve - ning,
Star of Heav - en, Star of Heav - en,
Star of Morn - ing, Star of Morn - ing,
O - pe - rit ru - we re - ra,
Look, where yon - der she com - eth,
O - pe - rit ru - we re - ra.
Look, where yon - der she com - eth.

A Frog He Went A-Courting

Reading Song

TRADITIONAL

FOLK SONG OF THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS

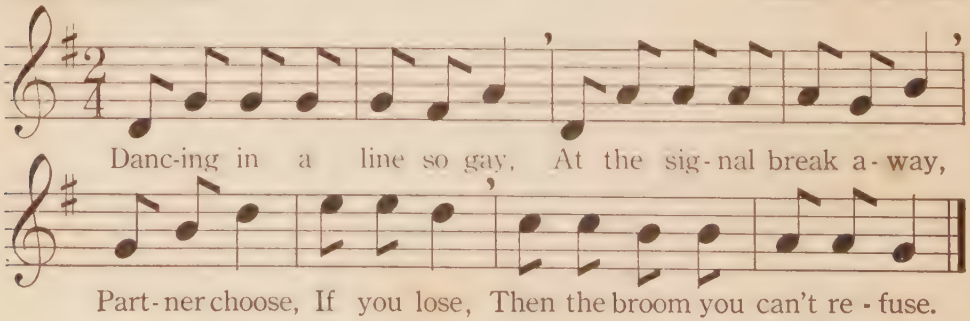

1. The frog went a-court-ing he did ride, h'm, h'm, The
2. He rode up to Miss Mous-e's door, h'm, h'm, He
3. He says, "Miss Mouse won't you mar-ry me?" h'm, h'm, He
4. Un-cle Rat went a-run-ning down to town, h'm, h'm, Un-cle
5. The frog would laugh and shake his sides, h'm, h'm, The
frog went a-court-ing he did ride, With the
rode up to Miss Mous-e's door, Where
says, "Miss Mouse won't you mar-ry me?" "No
Rat went a-run-ning down to town To
frog would laugh and shake his sides, To
sword and pis-tol by his side, h'm, h'm.
he had nev-er been be-fore, h'm, h'm.
not with-out Un-cle Rat will a-gree," h'm, h'm.
get his niece a wed-ding gown, h'm, h'm.
think Miss Mouse would be his bride, h'm, h'm.

Broom Dance

Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER

GERMAN FOLK SONG

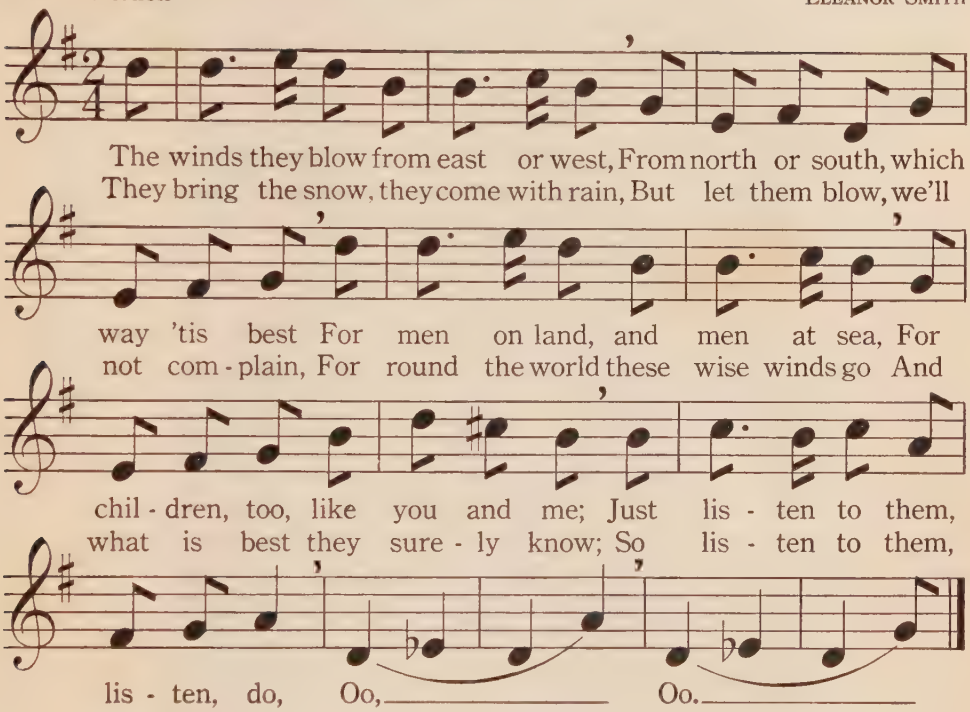


Wind Song

Rote Song

MARY E. SMITH

ELEANOR SMITH

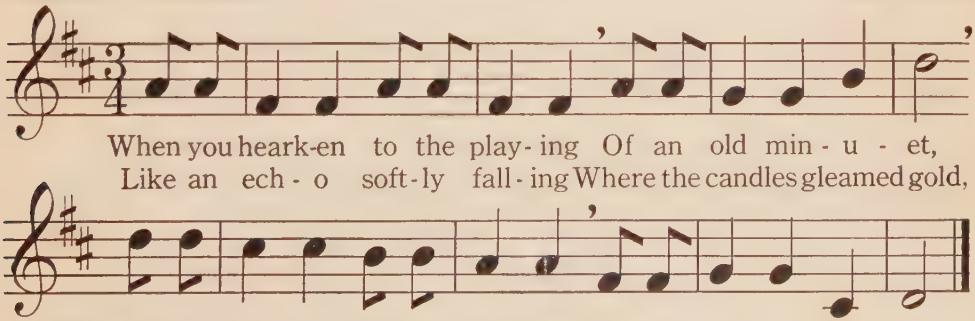

The winds they blow from east or west, From north or south, which
They bring the snow, they come with rain, But let them blow, we'll
way 'tis best For men on land, and men at sea, For
not com - plain, For round the world these wise winds go And
chil - dren, too, like you and me; Just lis - ten to them,
what is best they sure - ly know; So lis - ten to them,
lis - ten, do, Oo, Oo.

An Old Minuet

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

ALICE TEGNÉR

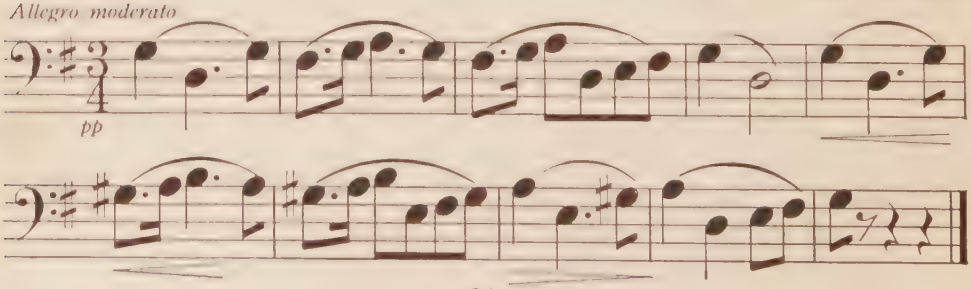

When you heark-en to the play-ing Of an old min - u - et,
Like an ech - o soft-ly fall - ing Where the candles gleamed gold,
Through its mu - sic faint-ly stray-ing Comes a note of re - gret.
State-ly danc-ers now re - call - ing From the brave days of old.

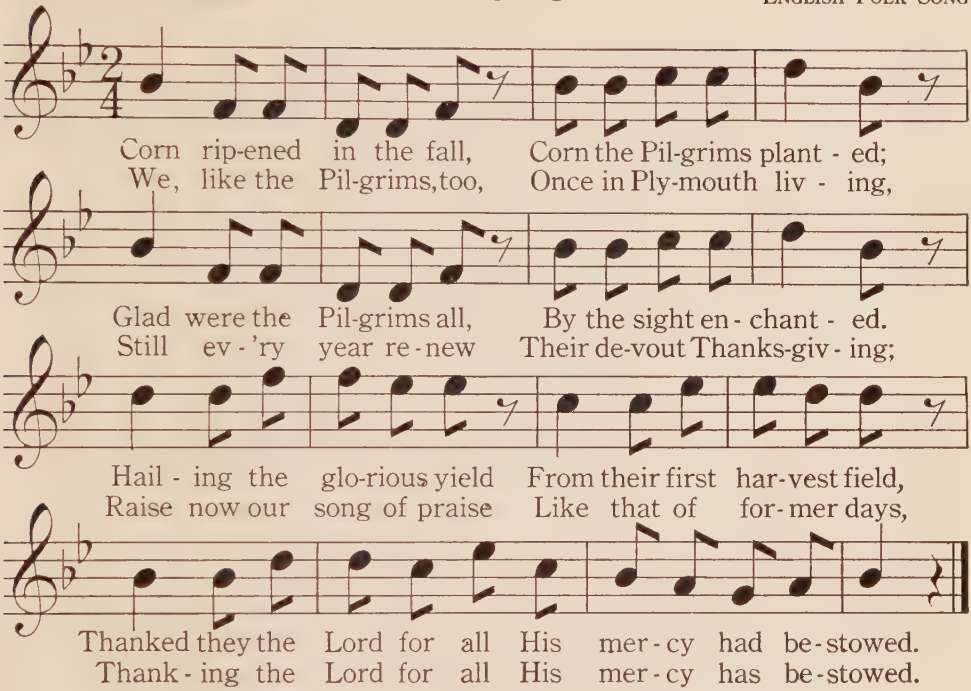
PABLO CASALS PLAYING THE VIOLONCELLO

Theme from the "Unfinished" Symphony

CELLOS

FRANZ SCHUBERT

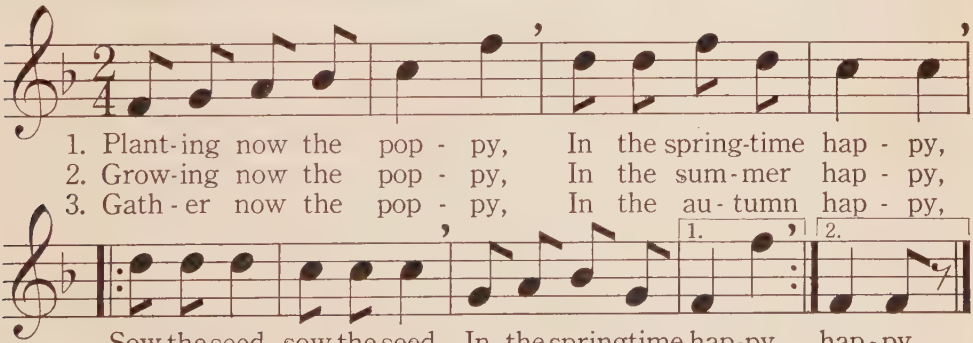
Allegro moderato

Thanksgiving

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — Reading Song — ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Corn rip-ened in the fall, Corn the Pil-grims plant - ed;
We, like the Pil-grims,too, Once in Ply-mouth liv - ing,
Glad were the Pil-grims all, By the sight en - chant - ed.
Still ev - 'ry year re - new Their de-vout Thanks-giv - ing;
Hail - ing the glo-rious yield From their first har-vest field,
Raise now our song of praise Like that of for-mer days,
Thanked they the Lord for all His mer - cy had be-stowed.
Thank - ing the Lord for all His mer - cy has be-stowed.

The Poppy

Reading Song

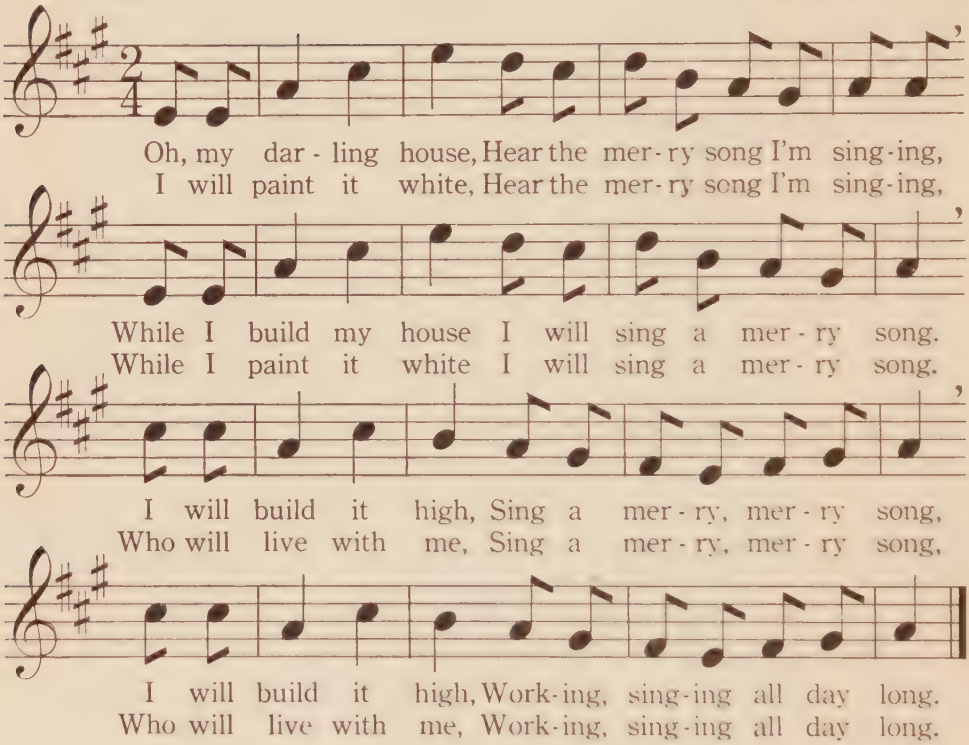
From Folk-Dances from Old Homelands — LITHUANIAN FOLK SONG


1. Plant-ing now the pop - py, In the spring-time hap - py,
2. Grow-ing now the pop - py, In the sum-mer hap - py,
3. Gath - er now the pop - py, In the au - tumn hap - py,
1.
2.
Sow the seed, sow the seed, In the springtime hap-py, hap - py.
Grow the plants, grow the plants, In the sum-mer hap-py, hap - py.
Gath-er pods, gath-er pods, In the au-tumn hap-py, hap - py.

My Darling House

Reading Song

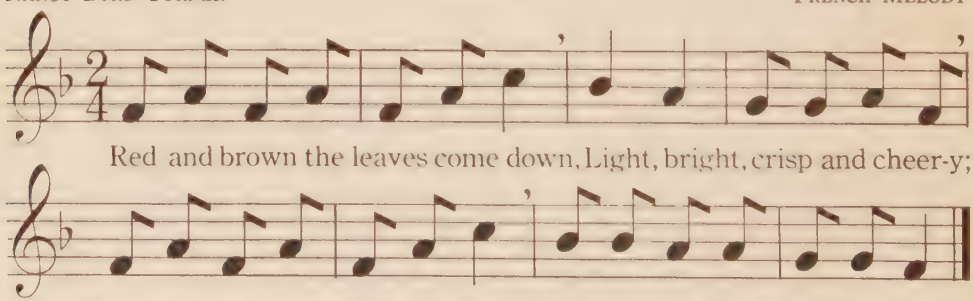
CAROL POWELL — FRENCH FOLK SONG


Oh, my dar - ling house, Hear the mer - ry song I'm sing - ing,
I will paint it white, Hear the mer - ry song I'm sing - ing,
While I build my house I will sing a mer - ry song.
While I paint it white I will sing a mer - ry song.
I will build it high, Sing a mer - ry, mer - ry song,
Who will live with me, Sing a mer - ry, mer - ry song,
I will build it high, Work - ing, sing - ing all day long.
Who will live with me, Work - ing, sing - ing all day long.

Falling Leaves

Reading Song

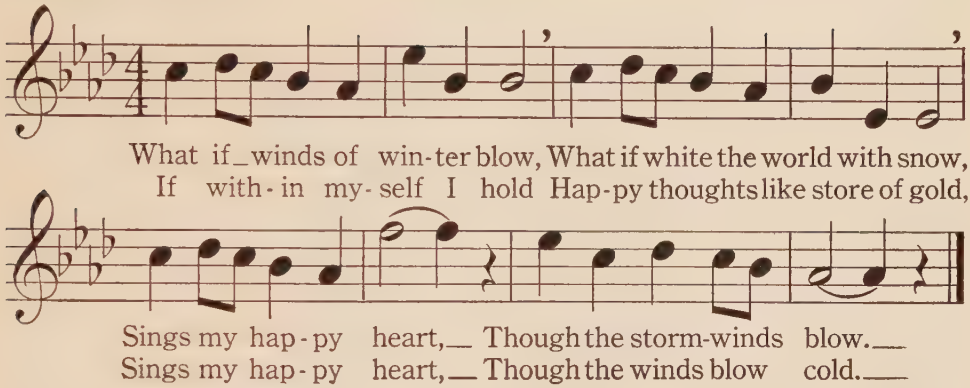
NANCY BYRD TURNER — FRENCH MELODY


Red and brown the leaves come down, Light, bright, crisp and cheer - y;
Whirl - ing, twirl - ing, leaves come down, Red and brown on hill and town!

Happy Heart

Reading Song

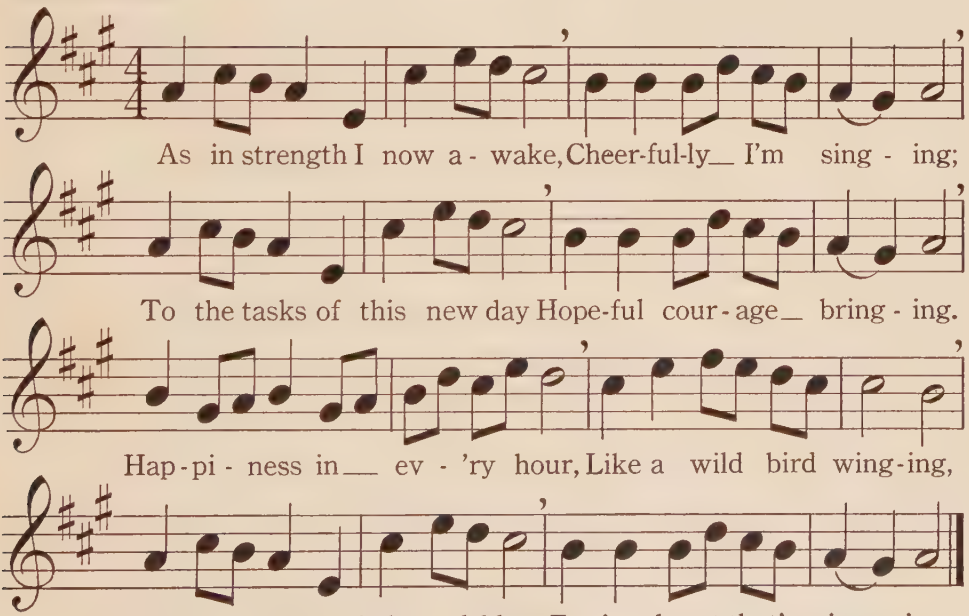
FREDERICK H. MARTENS — ADOLF WEIDIG


What if winds of win-ter blow, What if white the world with snow,
If with-in my-self I hold Hap-py thoughts like store of gold,
Sings my hap-py heart, Though the storm-winds blow.
Sings my hap-py heart, Though the winds blow cold.

A Cheerful Song

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS — GERMAN FOLK SONG

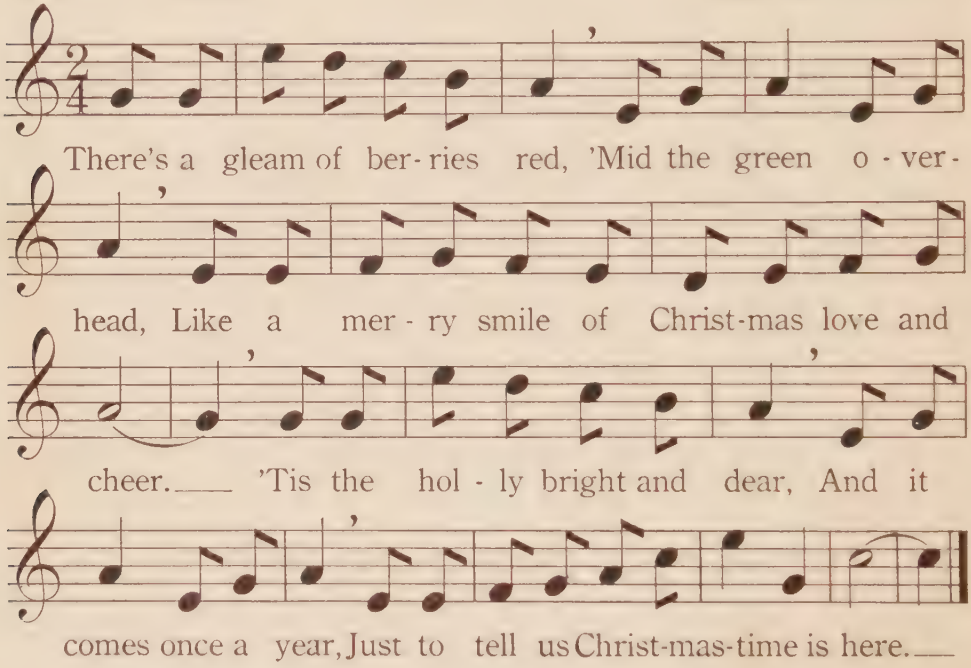

As in strength I now a-wake, Cheer-ful-ly I'm sing-ing;
To the tasks of this new day Hope-ful cour-age bring-ing.
Hap-pi-ness in ev-'ry hour, Like a wild bird wing-ing,
Sure-ly comes to help and bless Ev-'ry heart that's sing-ing.

California Holly

Reading Song

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER


There's a gleam of ber-ries red, 'Mid the green o-ver-
head, Like a mer-ry smile of Christ-mas love and
cheer. 'Tis the hol-ly bright and dear, And it
comes once a year, Just to tell us Christ-mas-time is here.

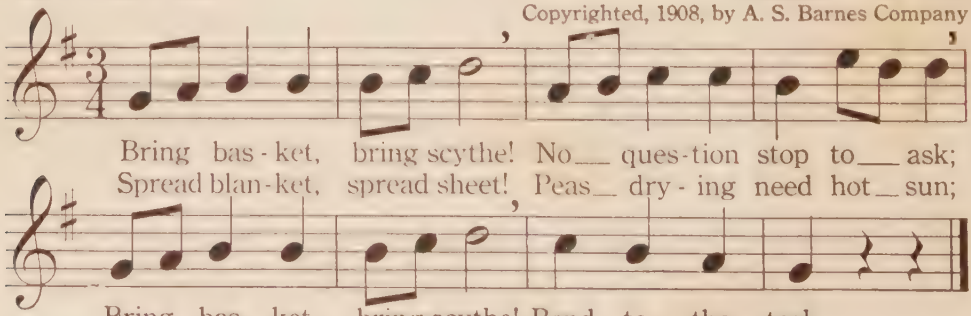
For the Peas Porridge

Reading Song

SARAH GRAMES CLARK

BOHEMIAN FOLK SONG

Copyrighted, 1908, by A. S. Barnes Company

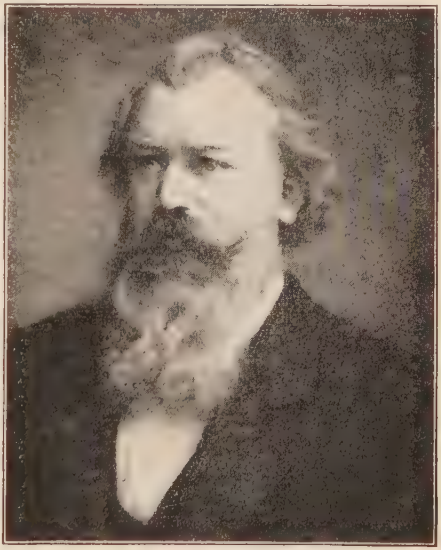

Bring bas-ket, bring scythe! No ques-tion stop to ask;
Spread blan-ket, spread sheet! Peas dry-ing need hot sun;
Bring bas-ket, bring scythe! Bend to the task.
Spread blan-ket, spread sheet! Work ev-'ry-one!

Lullaby

Rote Song

From the German

JOHANNES BRAHMS



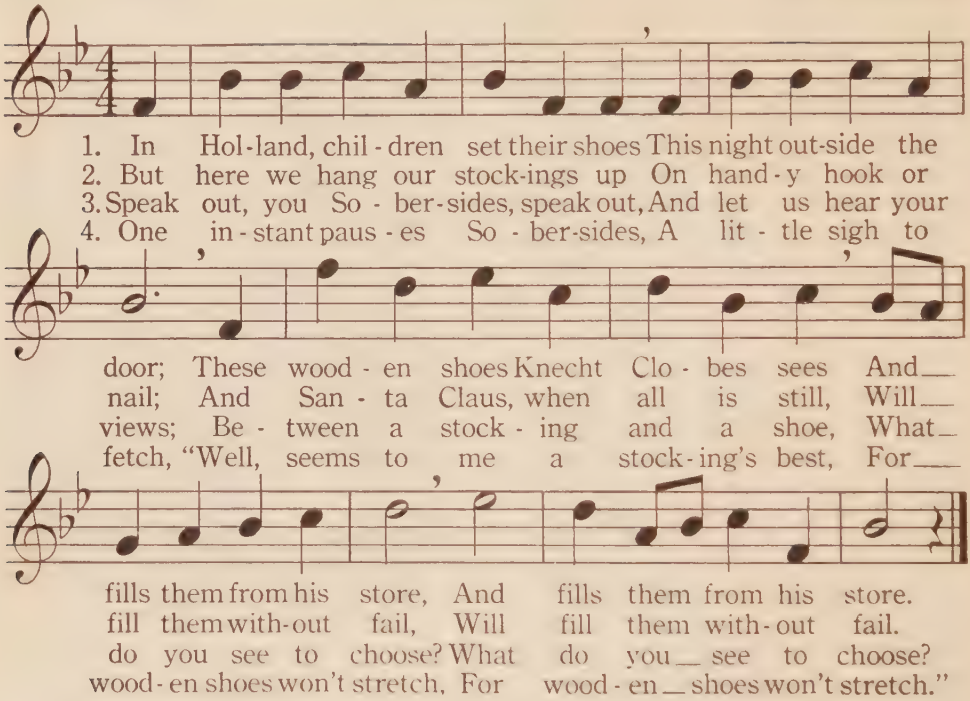
JOHANNES BRAHMS

Lull-a - by, and good-night,
Lull-a - by, and good-night,
with ros - es be - dight,
thy moth-er's de - light,
With lil - ies o'er-spread
Bright an - gels be - side
is___ ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and
my___ dar - ling a - bide; They will guard thee at
rest, may thy slum - ber be blest; Lay thee
rest, thou shalt wake on my breast; They will
down now and rest, may thy slum - ber be blest.
guard thee at rest, thou shalt wake on my breast.

Shoe or Stocking?

Reading Song

EDITH M. THOMAS — CARL ATTENHOFER

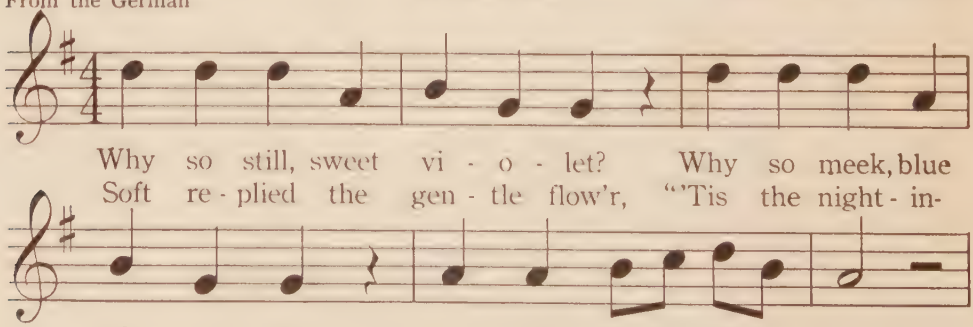

1. In Hol-land, chil-dren set their shoes This night out-side the door; These wood-en shoes Knecht Clo-bes sees And nail; And San-ta Claus, when all is still, Will views; Be-tween a stock-ing and a shoe, What fetch, "Well, seems to me a stock-ing's best, For
2. But here we hang our stock-ings up On hand-y hook or fill them with-out fail, Will fill them with-out fail.
3. Speak out, you So-ber-sides, speak out, And let us hear your do you see to choose? What do you see to choose?
4. One in-stant paus-es So-ber-sides, A lit-tle sigh to wood-en shoes won't stretch, For wood-en shoes won't stretch."
fills them from his store, And fills them from his store.

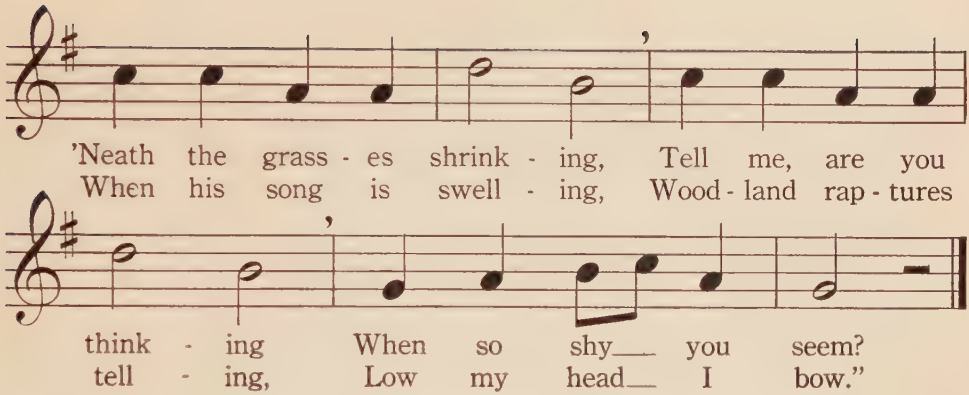
Violet and Nightingale

NANCY BYRD TURNER
From the German

Reading Song

JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI

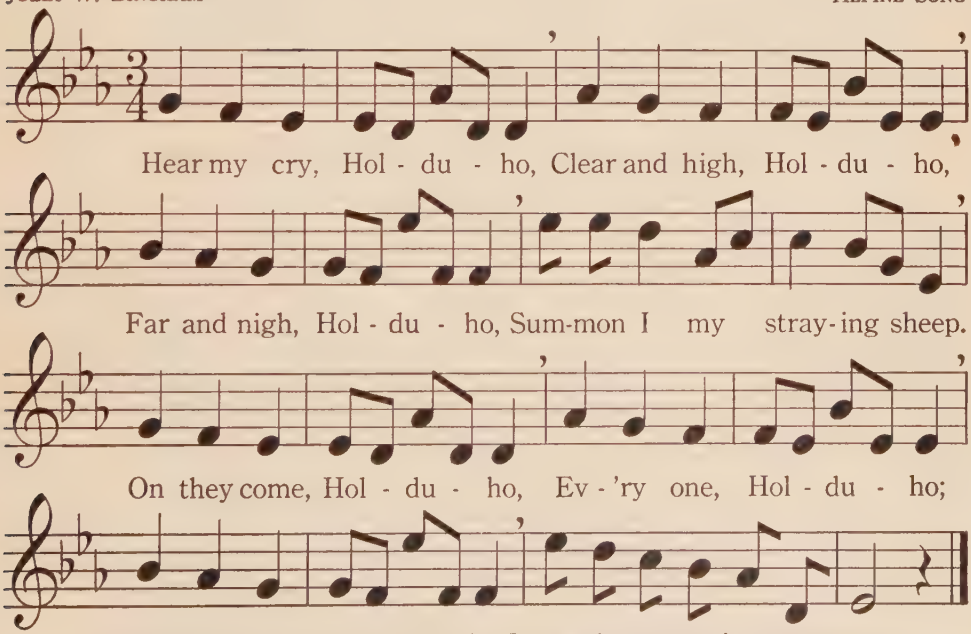

Why so still, sweet vi-o-let? Why so meek, blue vi-o-let,
Soft re-plied the gen-tle flow'r, "'Tis the night-in-gale's brief hour,
By the whis-p'ring stream? Hark! I hear him now.


'Neath the grass - es shrink - ing, Tell me, are you
When his song is swell - ing, Wood - land rap - tures
think - ing When so shy you seem?
tell - ing, Low my head I bow."

The Alpine Shepherd

Reading Song

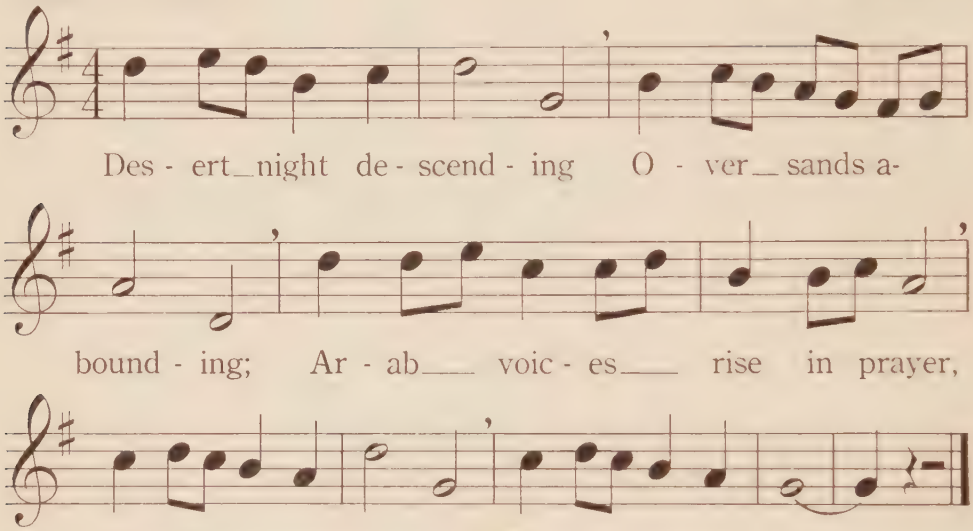
JULIA W. BINGHAM — ALPINE SONG


Hear my cry, Hol - du - ho, Clear and high, Hol - du - ho,
Far and nigh, Hol - du - ho, Sum-mon I my stray-ing sheep.
On they come, Hol - du - ho, Ev - 'ry one, Hol - du - ho;
Swift they run, Hol - du - ho, Down the mountain pass-es steep.

Desert Prayer

Reading Song

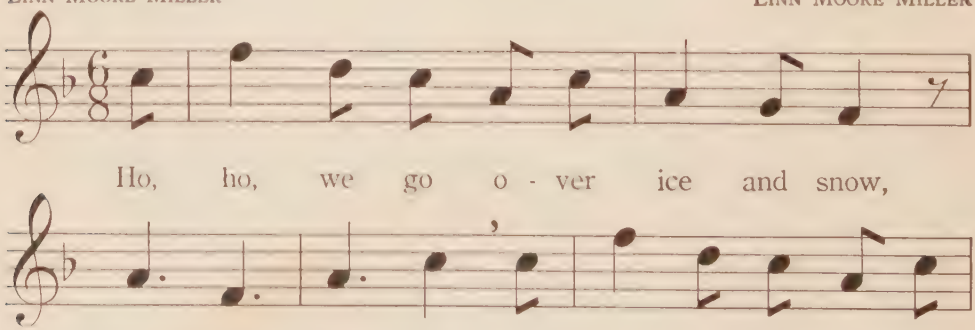
FREDERICK H. MARTENS — W. OTTO MIESSNER

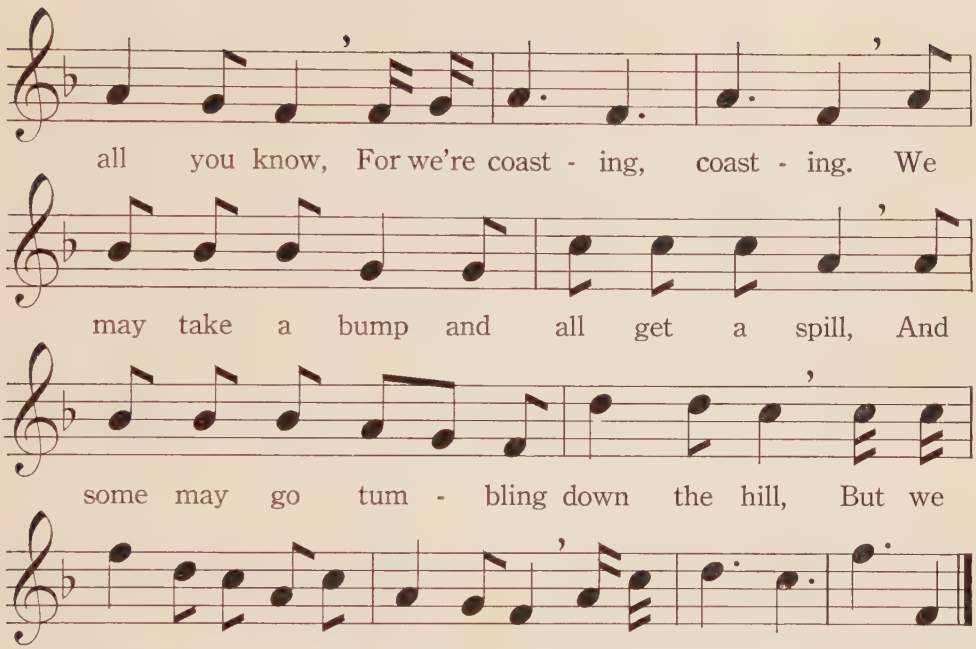


Coasting

Rote Song

LINN MOORE MILLER — LINN MOORE MILLER



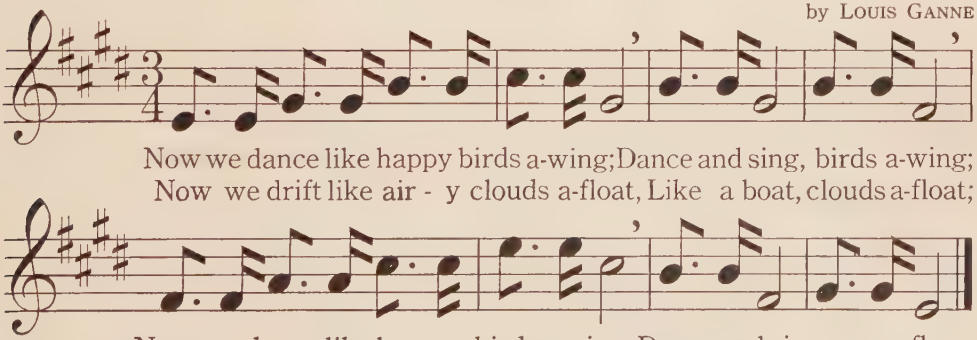

all you know, For we're coast - ing, coast - ing. We
may take a bump and all get a spill, And
some may go tum - bling down the hill, But we
laugh and shout with a mer - ry will When we're coast-ing, coast - ing.

Birds and Clouds

Rote Song

MARION PHILLIPS

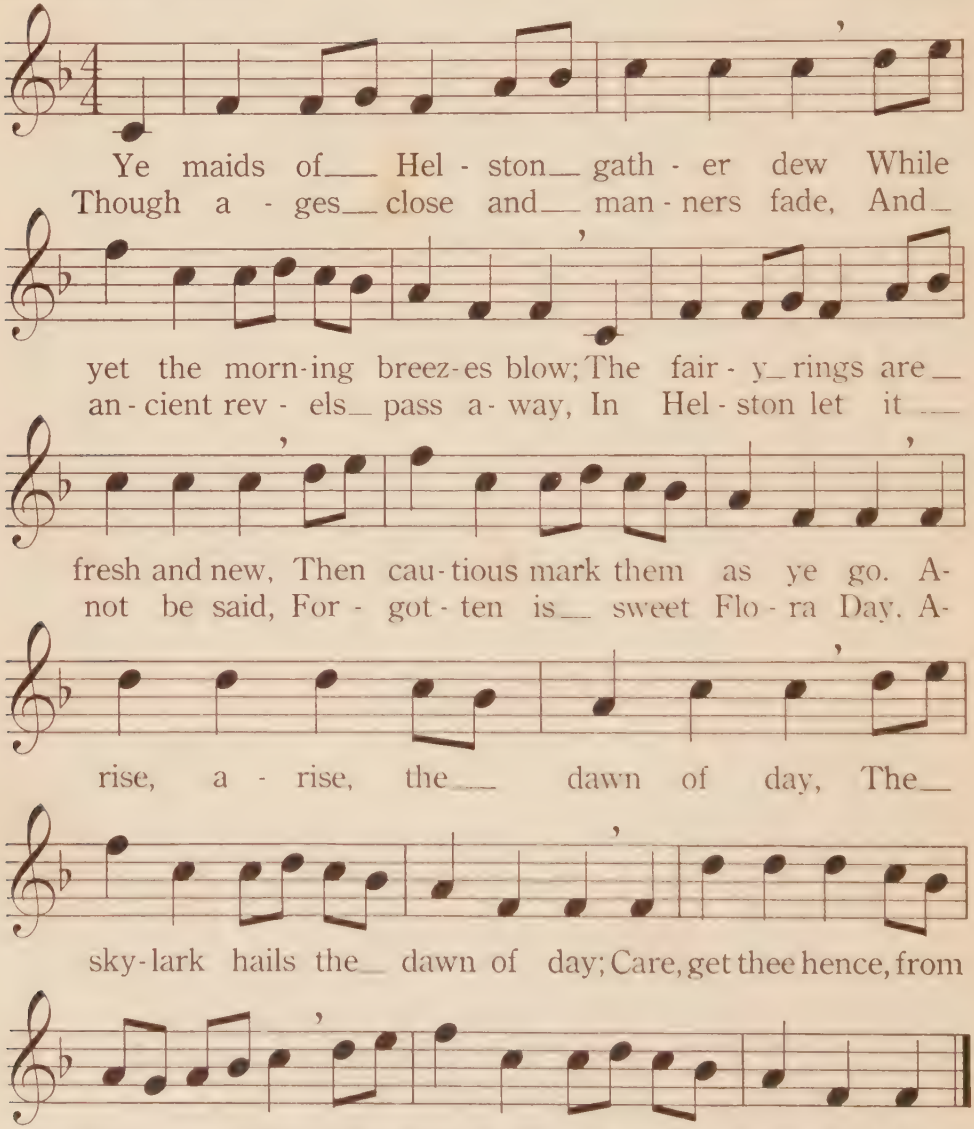
From "La Czarine"
by LOUIS GANNE


Now we dance like happy birds a-wing; Dance and sing, birds a-wing;
Now we drift like air - y clouds a-float, Like a boat, clouds a-float;
Now we dance like hap-py birds a-wing; Dance and sing as we fly.
Now we drift like air - y clouds a-float, Like a boat in the sky.

Cornish May Song

Reading Song

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL — ENGLISH FOLK DANCE


Ye maids of Hel - ston gath - er dew While
Though a - ges close and man - ners fade, And
yet the morn-ing breez-es blow; The fair - y rings are
an - cient rev - els pass a - way, In Hel - ston let it
fresh and new, Then cau - tious mark them as ye go. A-
not be said, For - got - ten is sweet Flo - ra Day. A-
rise, a - rise, the dawn of day, The
sky-lark hails the dawn of day; Care, get thee hence, from
Hel - ston fly! For mirth rules here this morn of May.

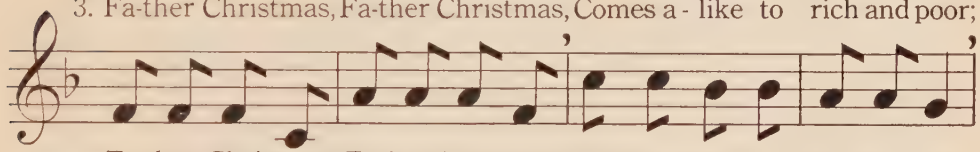
Father Christmas

Translated from the German
by ELEANOR SMITH

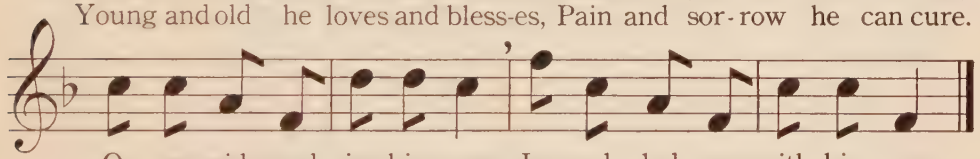
Reading Song

GERMAN FOLK SONG

1. Fa-ther Christmas, Fa-ther Christmas, Strides a-cross the froz-en moor;
2. Fa-ther Christmas, Fa-ther Christmas, He's a hale and heart-y one;
3. Fa-ther Christmas, Fa-ther Christmas, Comes a-like to rich and poor;



Fa-ther Christmas, Father Christmas, Knocks at ev-'ry wait-ing door.
Frost-y beard and brows that hide not Sparkling eyes that flash with fun;
Young and old he loves and bless-es, Pain and sor-row he can cure.



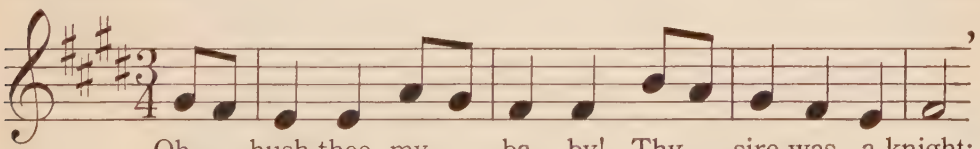
O-pen wide and give him room; Joy and glad-ness with him come.
Though his years are man-i-fold, Still his heart's a heart of gold.
Praise him for his good-ly cheer, Mak-ing bright the clos-ing year.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

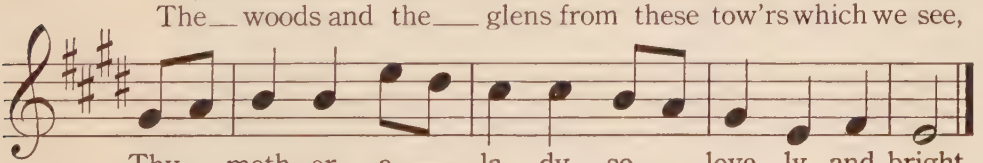
Reading Song

SIR WALTER SCOTT

EDWARD B. BIRGE



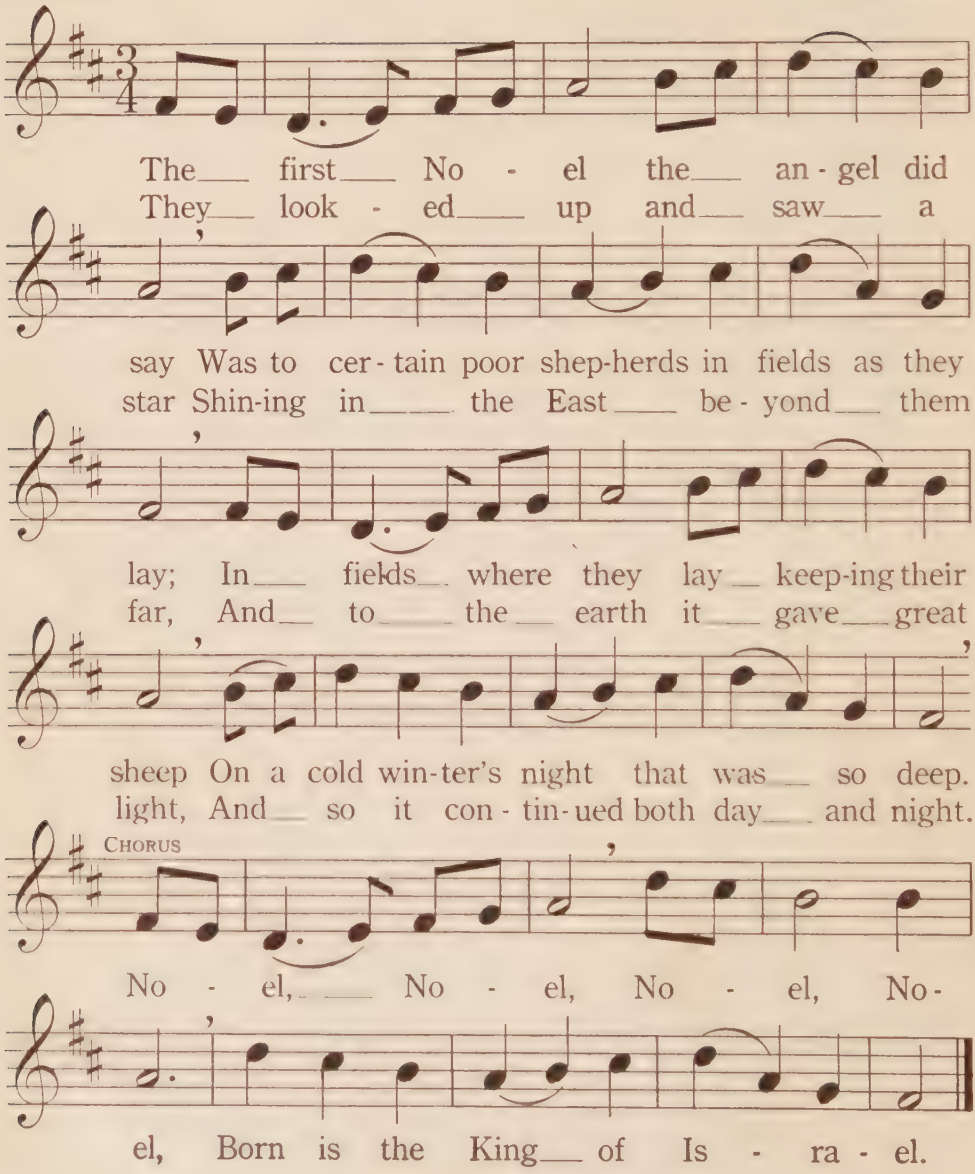
Oh, hush thee, my ba-by! Thy sire was a knight;
The woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see,



Thy moth-er a la-dy so love-ly and bright.
They all are be-long-ing, dear ba-by, to thee.

The First Noel

Rote Song

TRADITIONAL TRADITIONAL

The first No - el the an - gel did
They look - ed up and saw a
say Was to cer - tain poor shep-herds in fields as they
star Shin-ing in the East be - yond them
lay; In fields where they lay keep-ing their
far, And to the earth it gave great
sheep On a cold win-ter's night that was so deep.
light, And so it con - tin-ued both day and night.
CHORUS
No - el, No - el, No - el, No -
el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

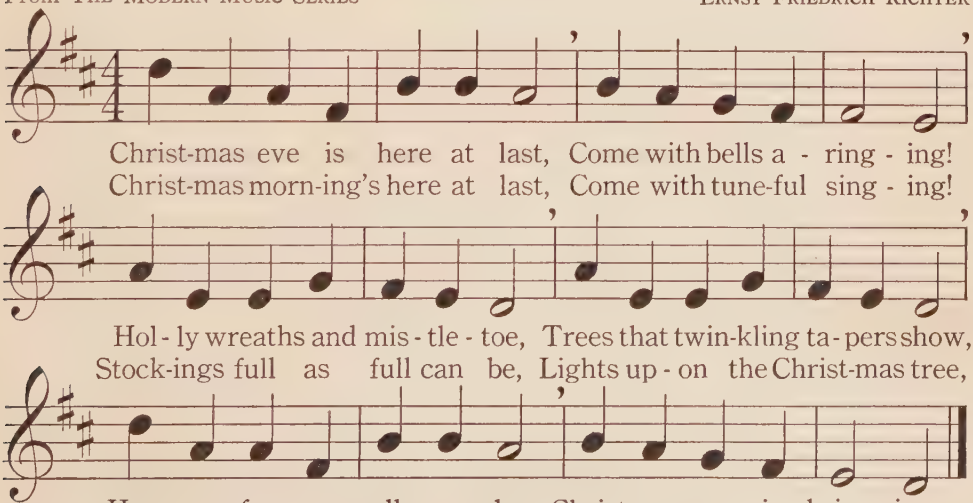
From an English Picture, XVII Century

A Christmas Procession in Merrie England

Christmas

Reading Song

From The Modern Music Series — Ernst Friedrich Richter

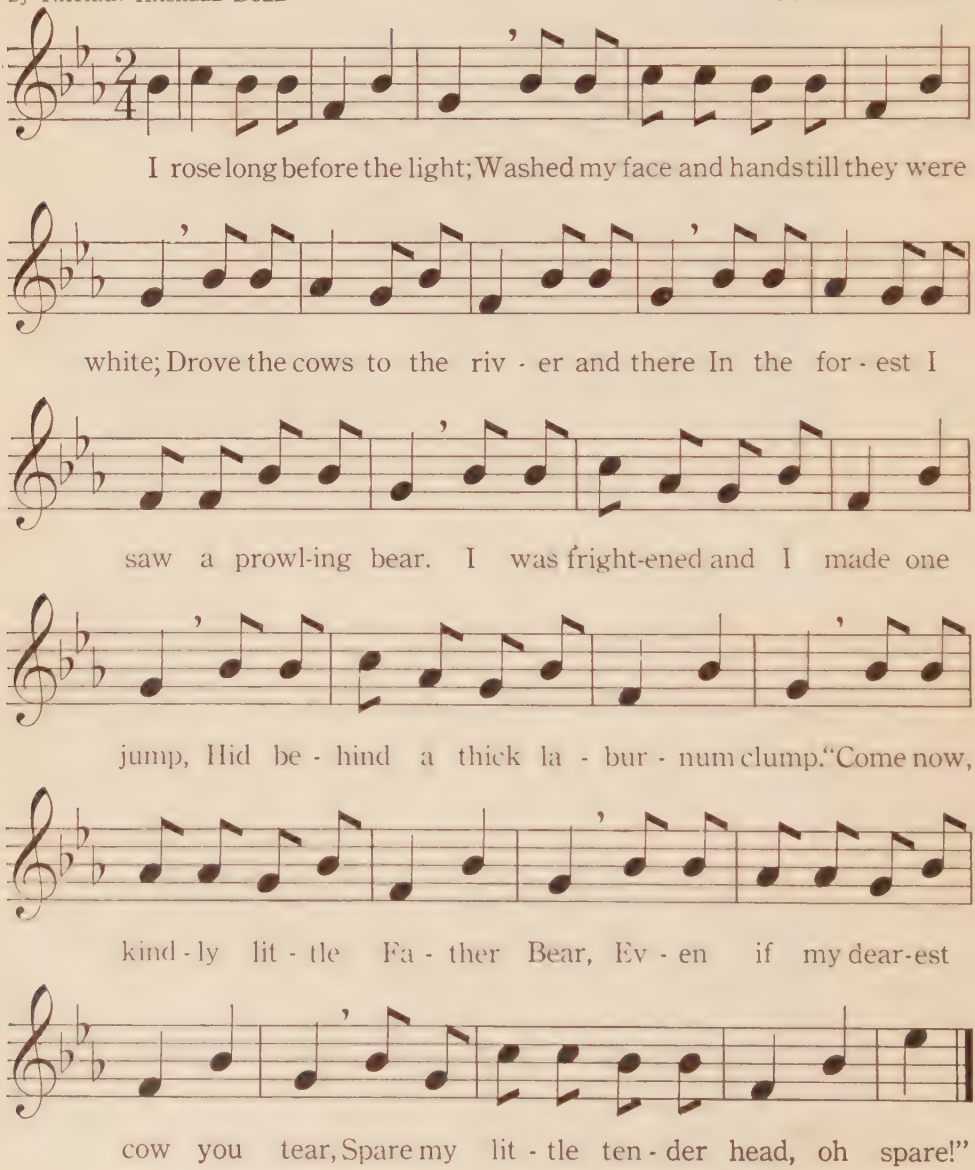

Christ-mas eve is here at last, Come with bells a - ring - ing!
Christ-mas morn-ing's here at last, Come with tune-ful sing - ing!
Hol - ly wreaths and mis - tle - toe, Trees that twin-kling ta - pers show,
Stock-ings full as full can be, Lights up - on the Christ-mas tree,
Hap - py fac - es all a - glow, Christ-mas eve is bring - ing.
Man - y gifts for you and me, Christ-mas eve is bring - ing.

Little Father Bear

Reading Song

From the Russian
by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

A. GRETCHANINOFF

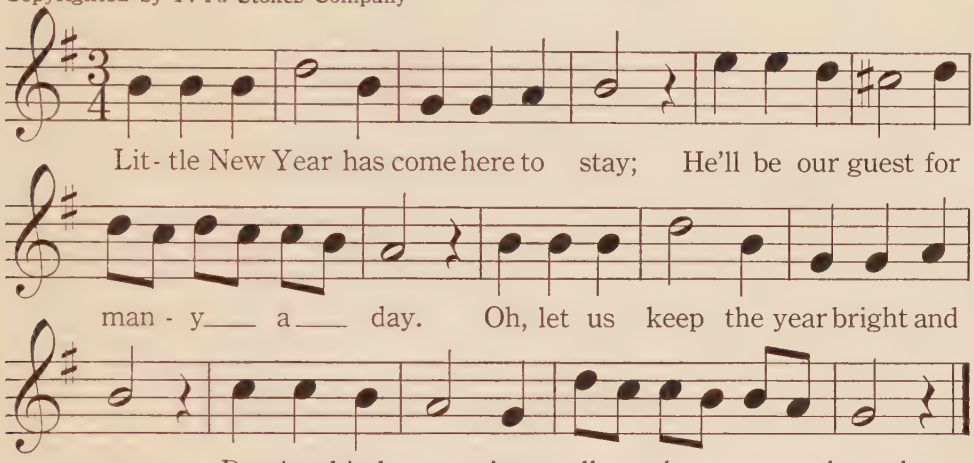

I rose long before the light; Washed my face and hands till they were
white; Drove the cows to the riv - er and there In the for - est I
saw a prowl-ing bear. I was fright-ened and I made one
jump, Hid be - hind a thick la - bur - num clump. "Come now,
kind - ly lit - tle Fa - ther Bear, Ev - en if my dear-est
cow you tear, Spare my lit - tle ten - der head, oh spare!"

Little New Year

Reading Song

ANNETTE WYNNE
Copyrighted by F. A. Stokes Company

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

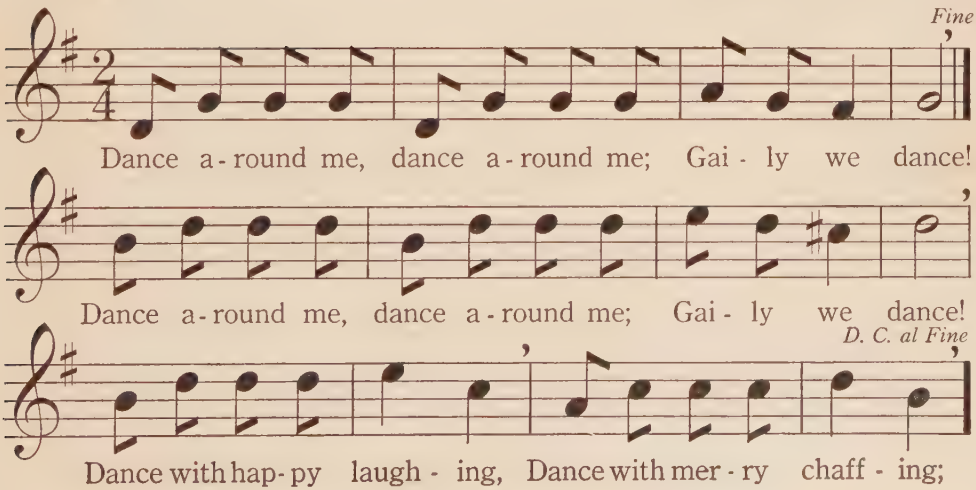

Lit - tle New Year has come here to stay; He'll be our guest for
man - y___ a___ day. Oh, let us keep the year bright and
new, Do - ing kind ac - tions all___ the___ year through.

Dance Around Me

Reading Song

ALICE HIRSH

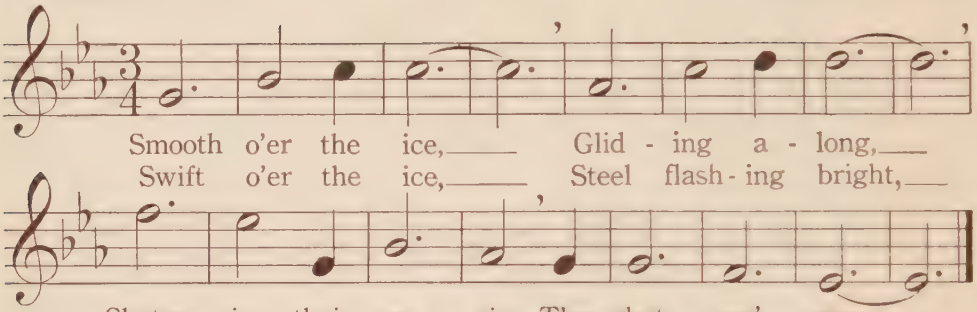
CZECHO-SLOVAK FOLK DANCE


Fine
Dance a - round me, dance a - round me; Gai - ly we dance!
Dance a - round me, dance a - round me; Gai - ly we dance!
D. C. al Fine
Dance with hap - py laugh - ing, Dance with mer - ry chaff - ing;

Skaters' Waltz

Reading Song

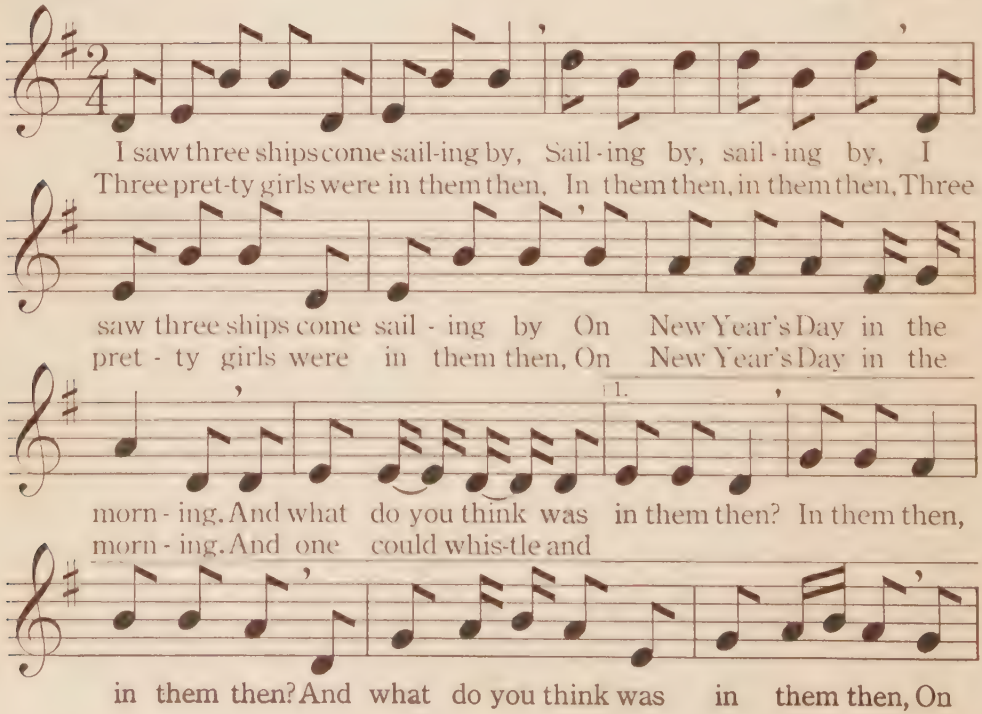
JEAN BASSETT — EMIL WALDTEUFEL

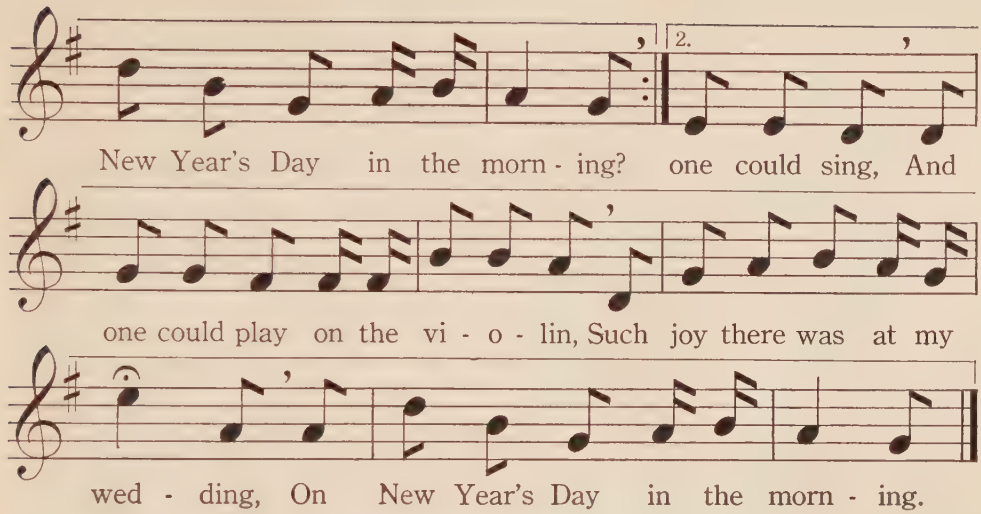

Smooth o'er the ice, Glid - ing a - long,
Swift o'er the ice, Steel flash - ing bright,
Skates sing their mu - sic, The skat - ers' song.
On speed the skat - ers Like birds in flight.

New Year's Day

Rote Song

GRACE RHYS — JAMES H. ROGERS

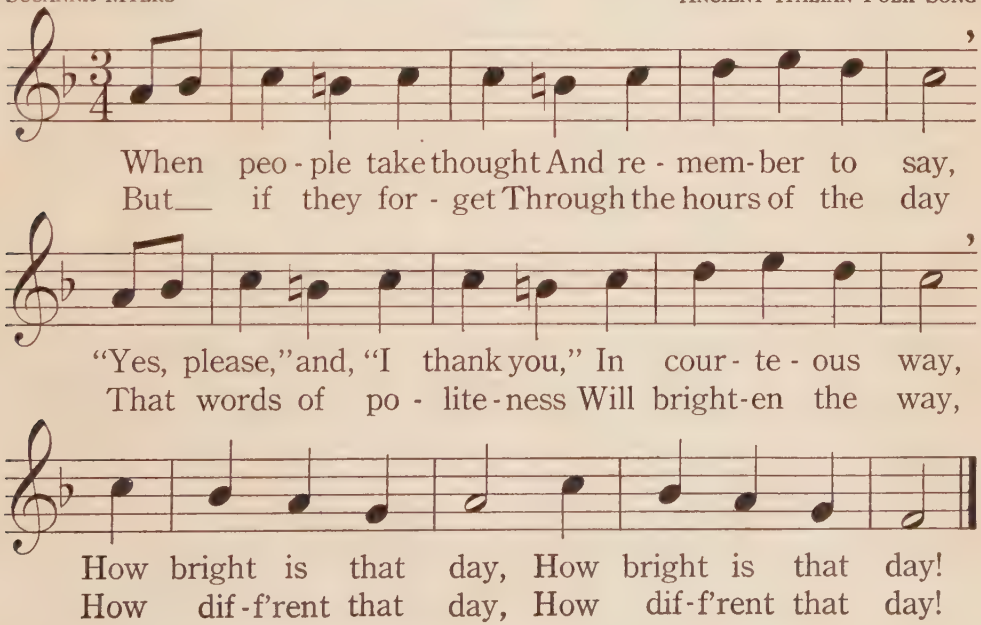

I saw three ships come sail-ing by, Sail - ing by, sail - ing by, I
Three pret-ty girls were in them then, In them then, in them then, Three
saw three ships come sail - ing by On New Year's Day in the
pret - ty girls were in them then, On New Year's Day in the
1.
morn - ing. And what do you think was in them then? In them then,
morn - ing. And one could whis-tle and
in them then? And what do you think was in them then, On


2.
New Year's Day in the morn - ing? one could sing, And
one could play on the vi - o - lin, Such joy there was at my
wed - ding, On New Year's Day in the morn - ing.

Politeness

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS — ANCIENT ITALIAN FOLK SONG


When peo - ple take thought And re - mem - ber to say,
But___ if they for - get Through the hours of the day
"Yes, please," and, "I thank you," In cour - te - ous way,
That words of po - lite - ness Will bright - en the way,
How bright is that day, How bright is that day!
How dif - f'rent that day, How dif - f'rent that day!

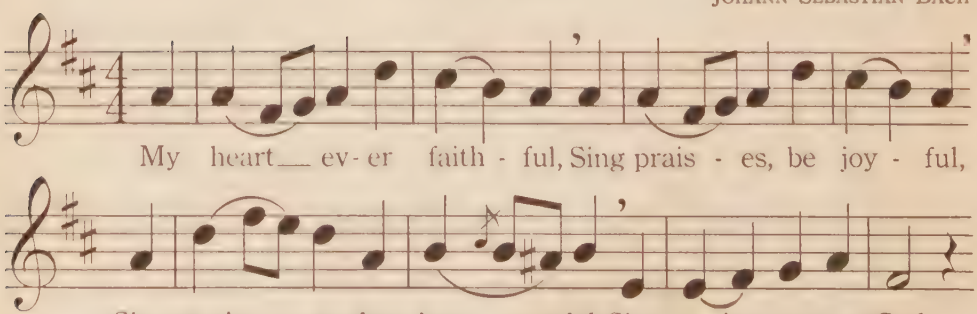
Published Berlin Photograph Company, Courtesy Rudolf Lesch

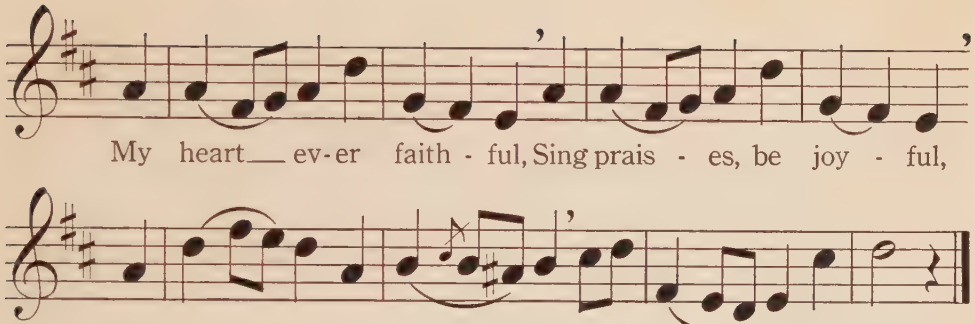
MORNING PRAYERS IN THE BACH FAMILY

My Heart Ever Faithful

Reading Song

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

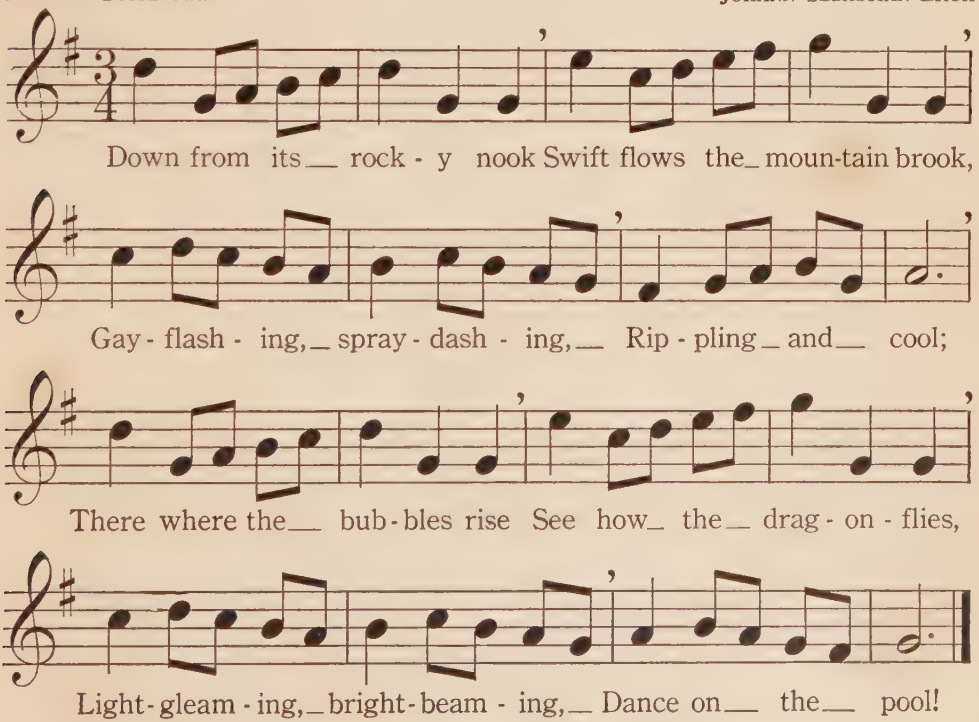




Water Dance

Reading Song

ARTHUR GUITERMAN — JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

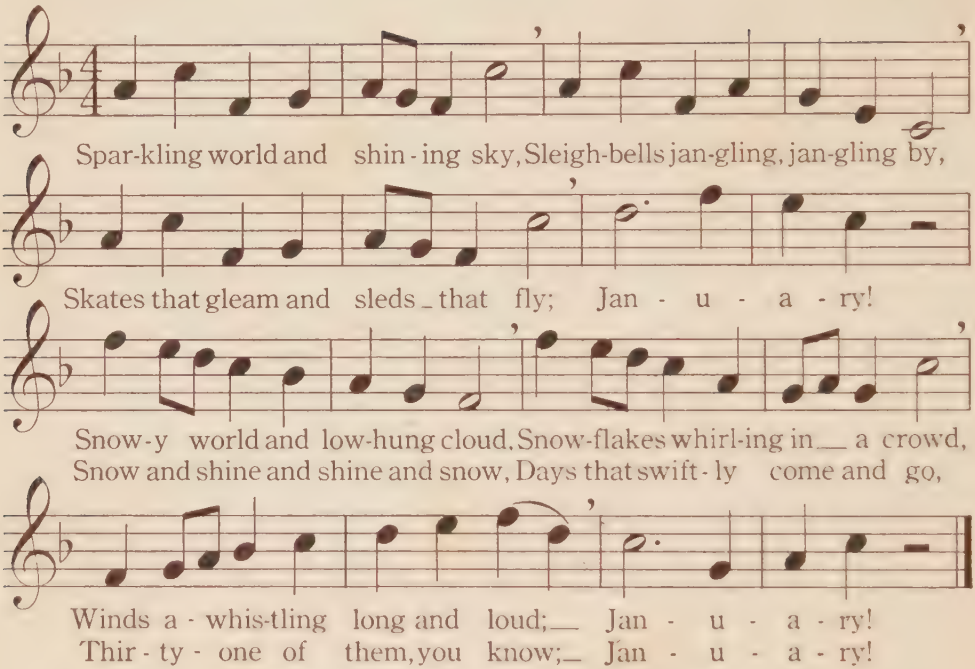

Down from its rock - y nook Swift flows the moun-tain brook,
Gay - flash - ing, spray - dash - ing, Rip - pling and cool;
There where the bub - bles rise See how the drag - on - flies,
Light - gleam - ing, bright - beam - ing, Dance on the pool!

January

Reading Song

Author Unknown

W. B. Olds

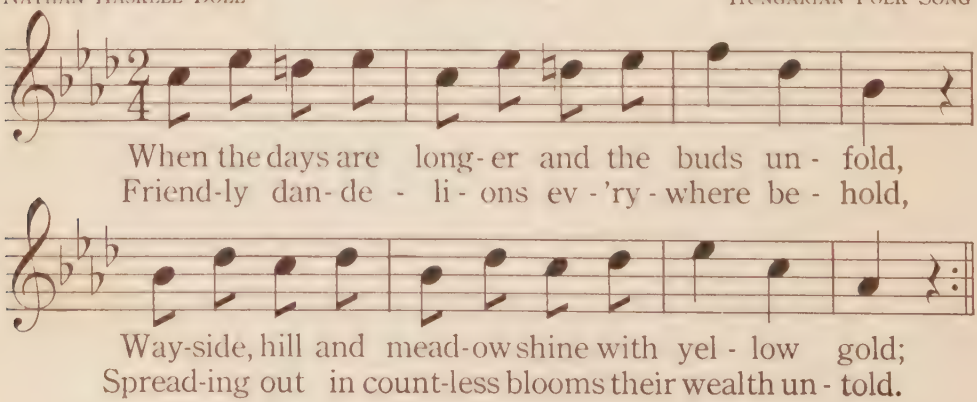

Spar-kling world and shin - ing sky, Sleigh-bells jan-gling, jan-gling by,
Skates that gleam and sleds that fly; Jan - u - a - ry!
Snow-y world and low-hung cloud, Snow-flakes whirl-ing in a crowd,
Snow and shine and shine and snow, Days that swift - ly come and go,
Winds a - whis-tling long and loud; Jan - u - a - ry!
Thir - ty - one of them, you know; Jan - u - a - ry!

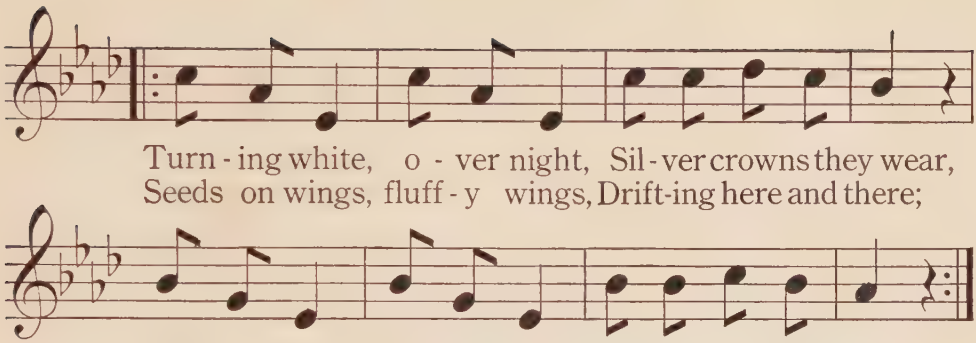
Dandelions

Reading Song

Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song

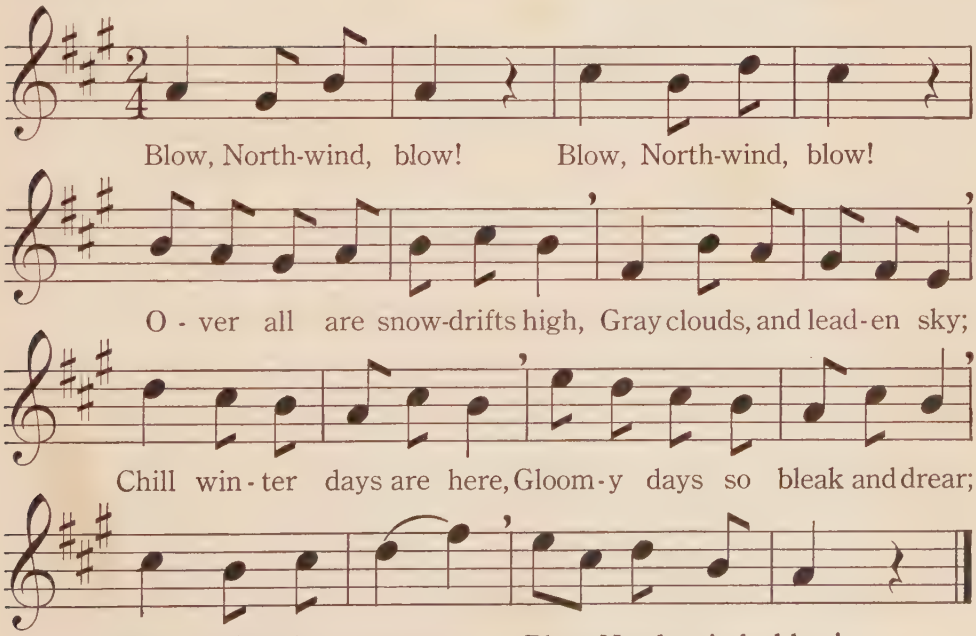

When the days are long - er and the buds un - fold,
Friend-ly dan - de - li - ons ev - 'ry - where be - hold,
Way-side, hill and mead-ow shine with yel - low gold;
Spread-ing out in count-less blooms their wealth un - told.


Turn - ing white, o - ver night, Sil - ver crowns they wear,
Seeds on wings, fluff - y wings, Drift-ing here and there;
Not for long, breez - es strong Soon will leave them bare.
Then they sleep, hid - den deep, Till the spring-time fair.

Song of the Wind

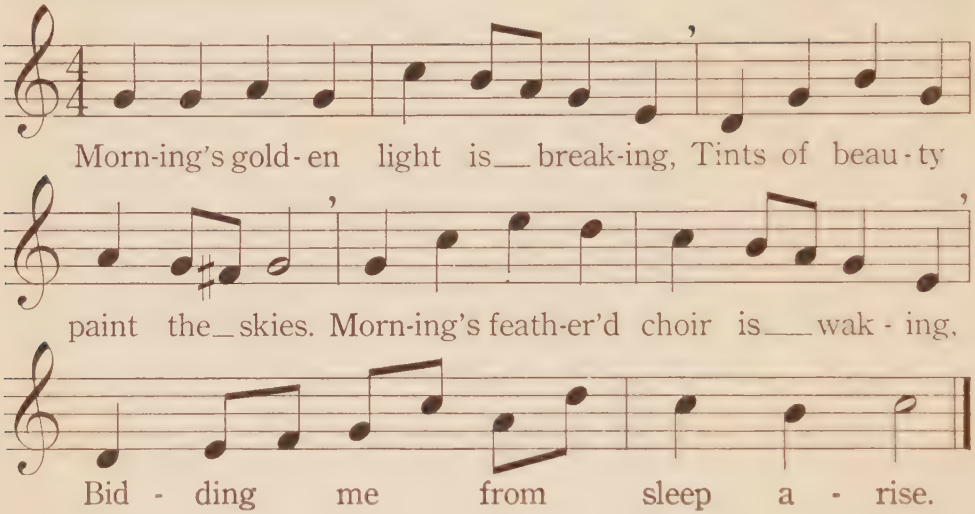
Reading Song

JULIA M. ADAM — FRIEDRICH SILCHER


Blow, North-wind, blow! Blow, North-wind, blow!
O - ver all are snow-drifts high, Gray clouds, and lead - en sky;
Chill win - ter days are here, Gloom - y days so bleak and drear;
Fast falls the snow; Blow, North - wind, blow!

Morning

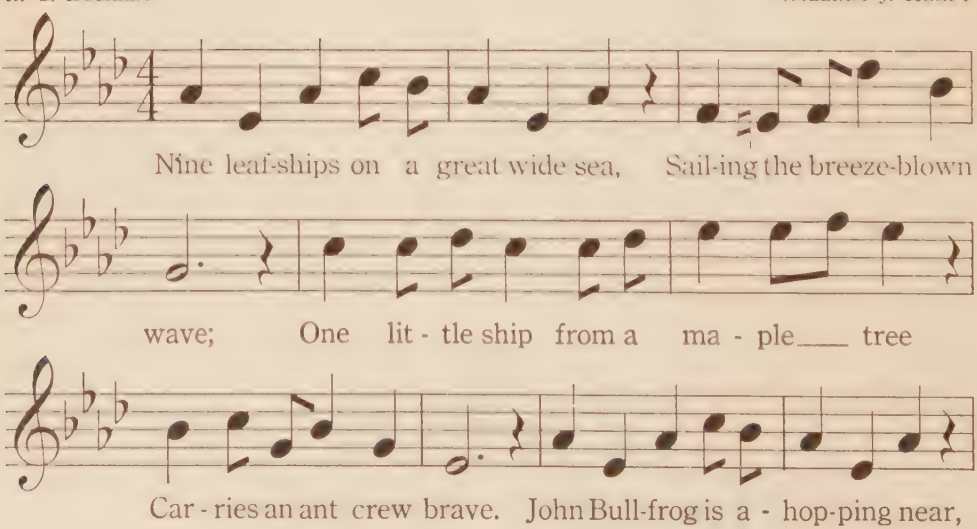
Reading Song

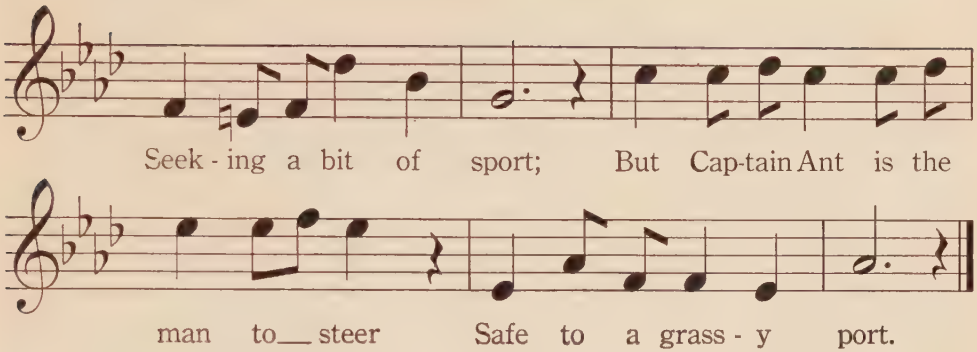
From The Boston School Song Book — LOWELL MASON

Morn-ing's gold-en light is break-ing, Tints of beau-ty
paint the skies. Morn-ing's feath-er'd choir is wak-ing,
Bid-ding me from sleep a-rise.

Captain Ant

Reading Song

L. C. LOCKLEY — WILLIAM J. KRAFT

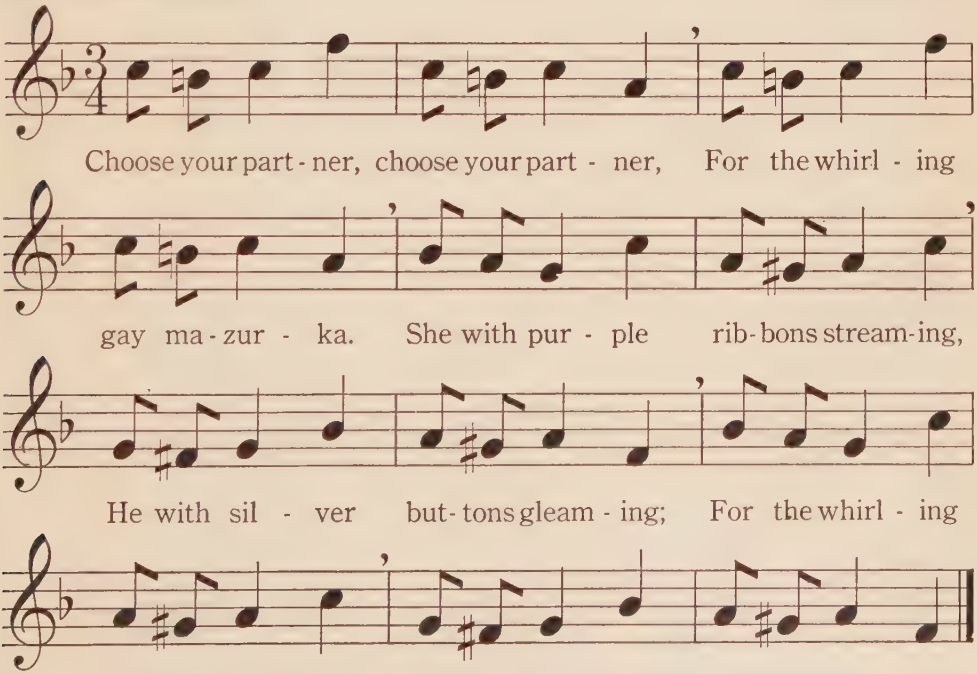

Nine leaf-ships on a great wide sea, Sail-ing the breeze-blown
wave; One lit-tle ship from a ma-ple tree
Car-ries an ant crew brave. John Bull-frog is a-hop-ping near,



The Mazurka

Reading Song

SARAH GRAMES CLARK — POLISH FOLK SONG


Choose your part - ner, choose your part - ner, For the whirl - ing
gay ma - zur - ka. She with pur - ple rib - bons stream - ing,
He with sil - ver but - tons gleam - ing; For the whirl - ing
gay ma - zur - ka, Choose your part - ner, choose your part - ner.

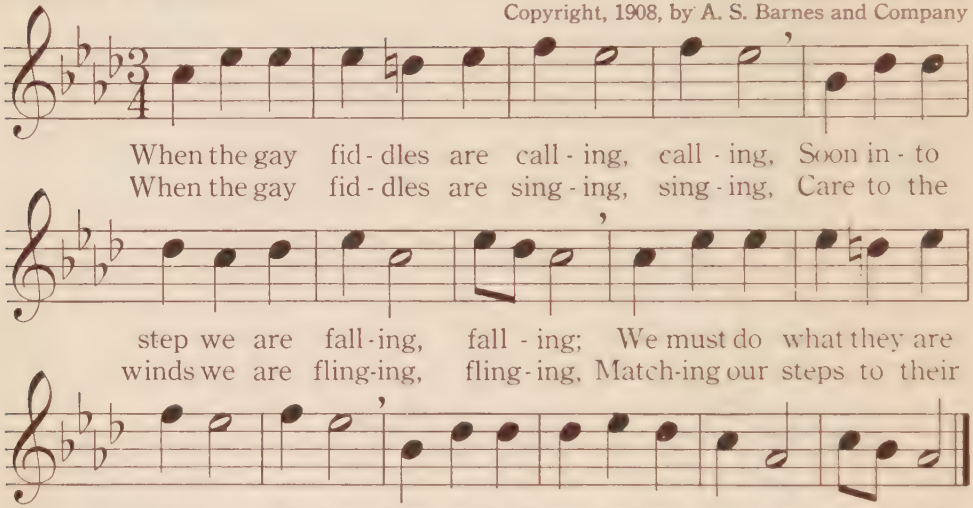
Peasant Dance

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

BOHEMIAN FOLK TUNE

Copyright, 1908, by A. S. Barnes and Company

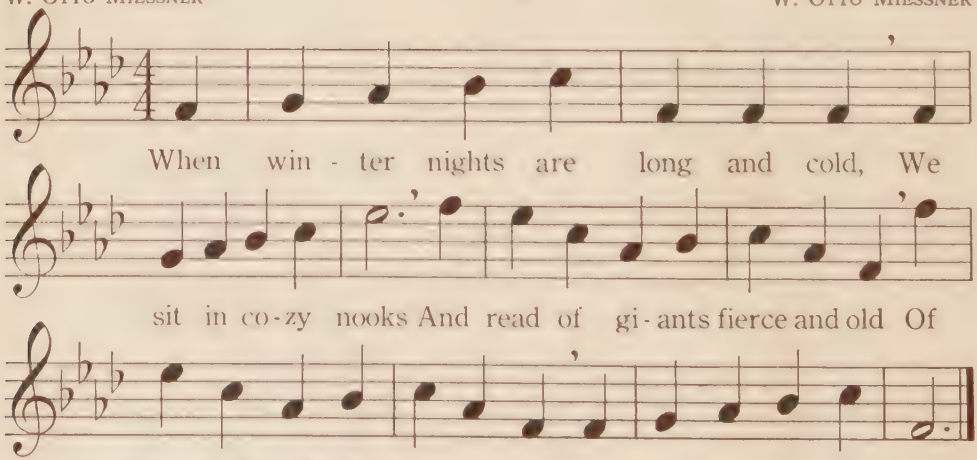

When the gay fid - dles are call - ing, call - ing, Soon in - to
When the gay fid - dles are sing - ing, sing - ing, Care to the
step we are fall - ing, fall - ing; We must do what they are
winds we are fling-ing, fling - ing, Match-ing our steps to their
say-ing, say-ing, Now in the dance we are sway-ing, sway - ing.
meas-ure, meas-ure; Danc-ing to-night is our pleas-ure, pleas-ure.

Story Books

Rote Song

W. OTTO MIESSNER

W. OTTO MIESSNER

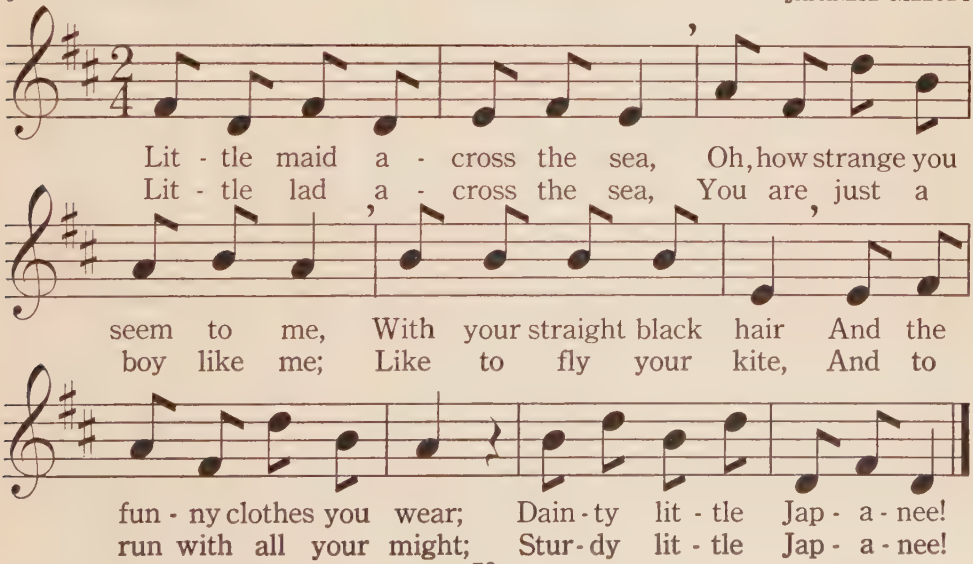

When win - ter nights are long and cold, We
sit in co - zy nooks And read of gi - ants fierce and old Of
maid - ens fair and he - roes bold, In won-drous sto - ry books.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A JAPANESE PRINT

Japanese Children

Reading Song

JULIA W. BINGHAM — JAPANESE MELODY

Lit - tle maid a - cross the sea, Oh, how strange you seem to me, With your straight black hair And the fun - ny clothes you wear; Dain - ty lit - tle Jap - a - nee!
Lit - tle lad a - cross the sea, You are just a boy like me; Like to fly your kite, And to run with all your might; Stur - dy lit - tle Jap - a - nee!

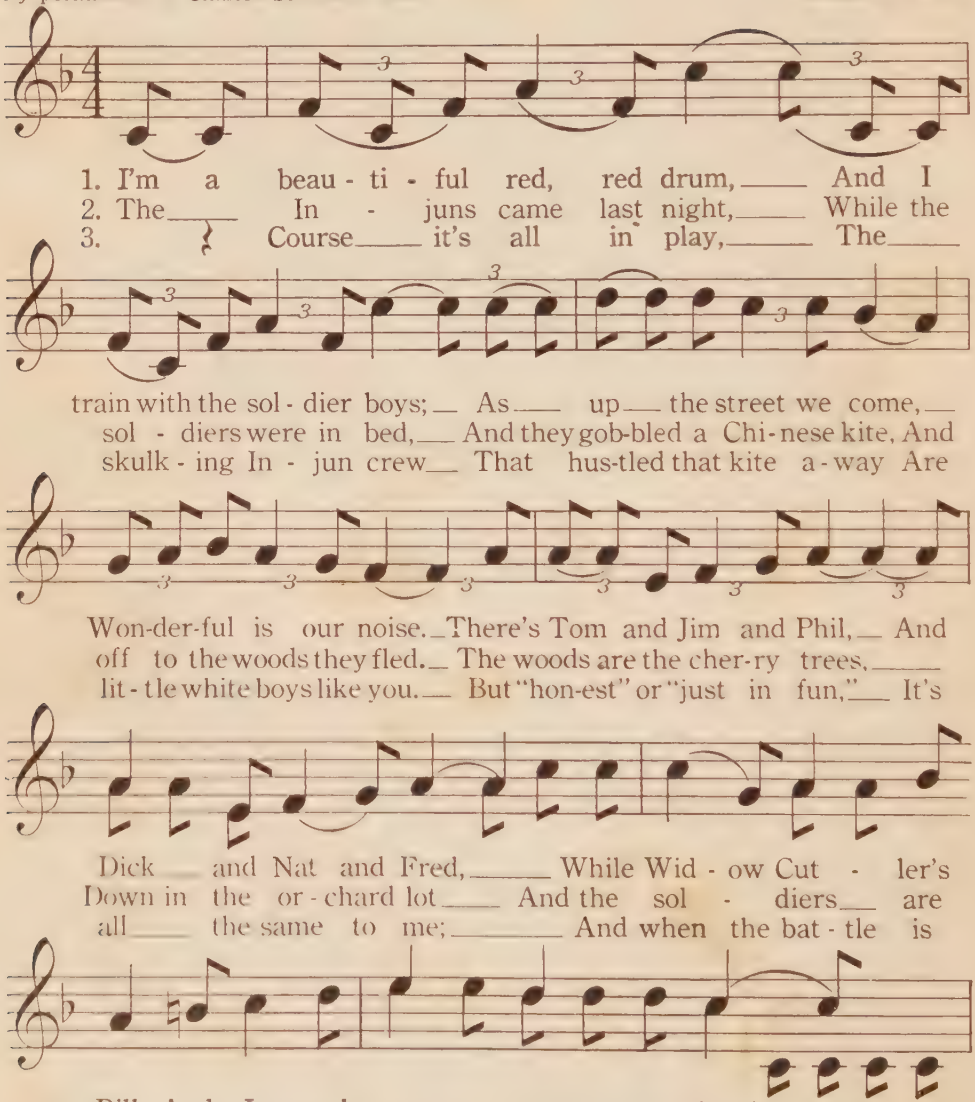
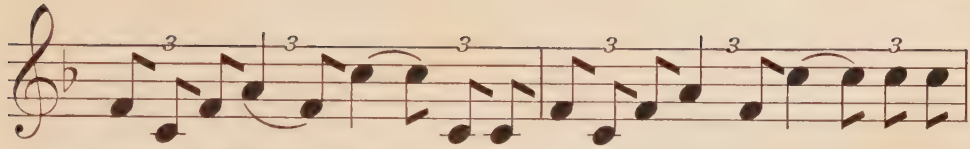
The Drum

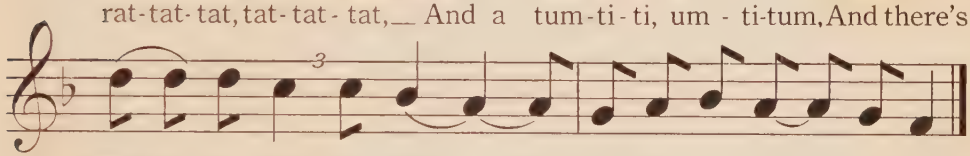
Rote Song

EUGENE FIELD

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

ELEANOR SMITH


1. I'm a beau - ti - ful red, red drum, And I
2. The In - juns came last night, While the
3. Course it's all in play, The
train with the sol - dier boys; As up the street we come,
sol - diers were in bed, And they gob-bled a Chi-nese kite, And
skulk - ing In - jun crew That hus-tled that kite a - way Are
Won-der-ful is our noise. There's Tom and Jim and Phil, And
off to the woods they fled. The woods are the cher-ry trees,
lit - tle white boys like you. But "hon-est" or "just in fun," It's
Dick and Nat and Fred, While Wid - ow Cut - ler's
Down in the or - chard lot And the sol - diers are
all the same to me; And when the bat - tle is
Bill And I march on a - head, With a
march - ing To seize the boo - ty the In-juns got With a
won, my boys, Then home a - gain march we With a

rat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat, And a tum-ti-ti, um - ti - tum; Oh! there's
rat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat, And a tum-ti-ti, um - ti - tum; When
rat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat, And a tum-ti-ti, um - ti-tum, And there's

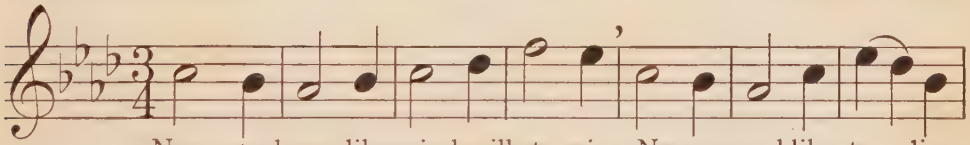


bush-els of fun in that For boys with a lit - tle red drum.
sol - diers march-ing come In-juns had bet - ter scat.
glo - ry e-nough in that For boys with a lit - tle red drum.

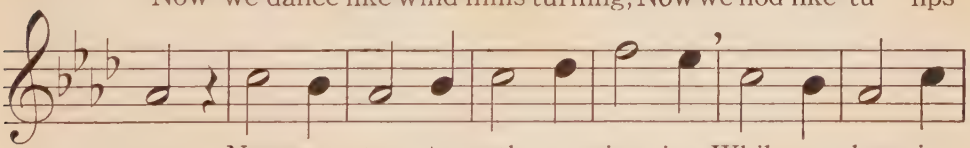
Dancing in Holland

Reading Song

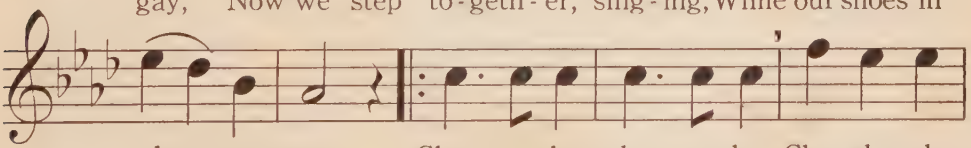
NANCY BYRD TURNER — DUTCH FOLK SONG



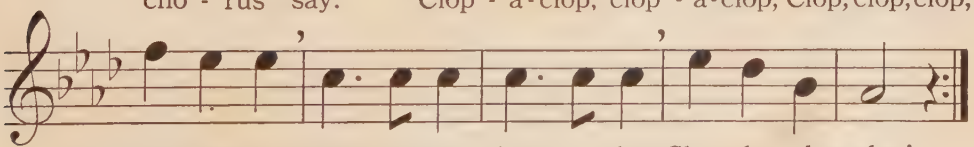
Now we dance like wind-mills turning; Now we nod like tu - lips



gay; Now we step to-geth - er, sing - ing, While our shoes in



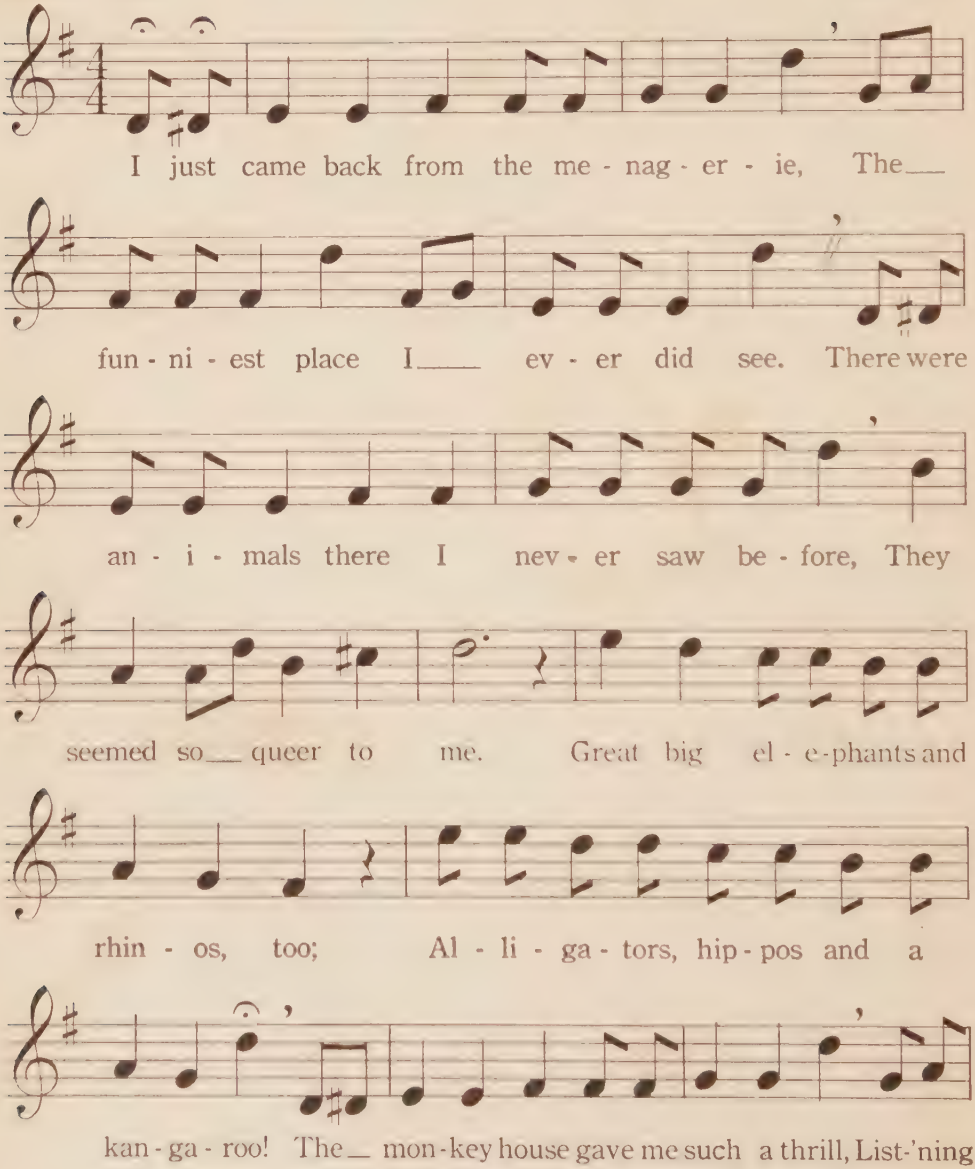
cho - rus say: Clop - a-clop, clop - a-clop, Clop, clop, clop,

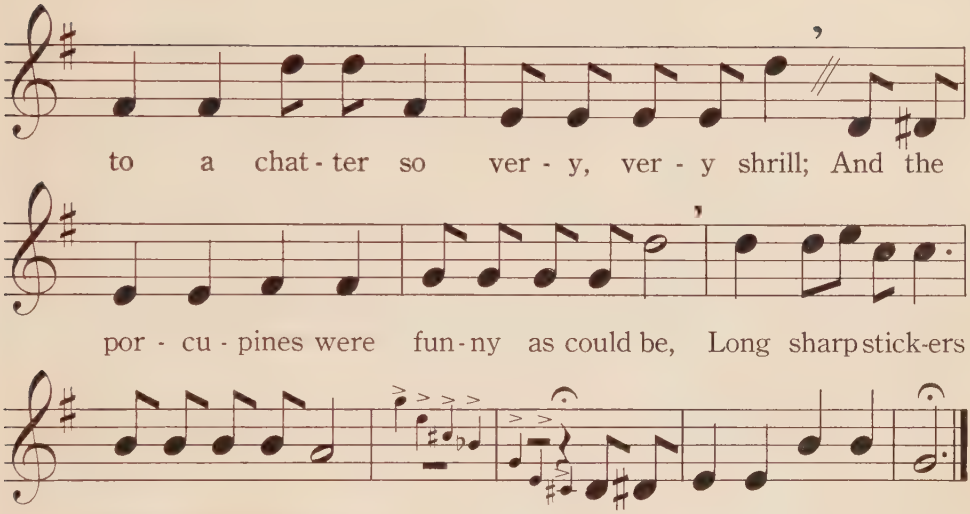


clop, clop, clop. Clop-a-clop, clop - a-clop, Clop, clop, clop, clop!

At the Big Menagerie

Rote Song

IRWIN M. CASSEL MANA-ZUCCA

I just came back from the me - nag - er - ie, The
fun - ni - est place I ev - er did see. There were
an - i - mals there I nev - er saw be - fore, They
seemed so queer to me. Great big el - e - phants and
rhin - os, too; Al - li - ga - tors, hip - pos and a
kan - ga - roo! The mon - key house gave me such a thrill, List-'ning

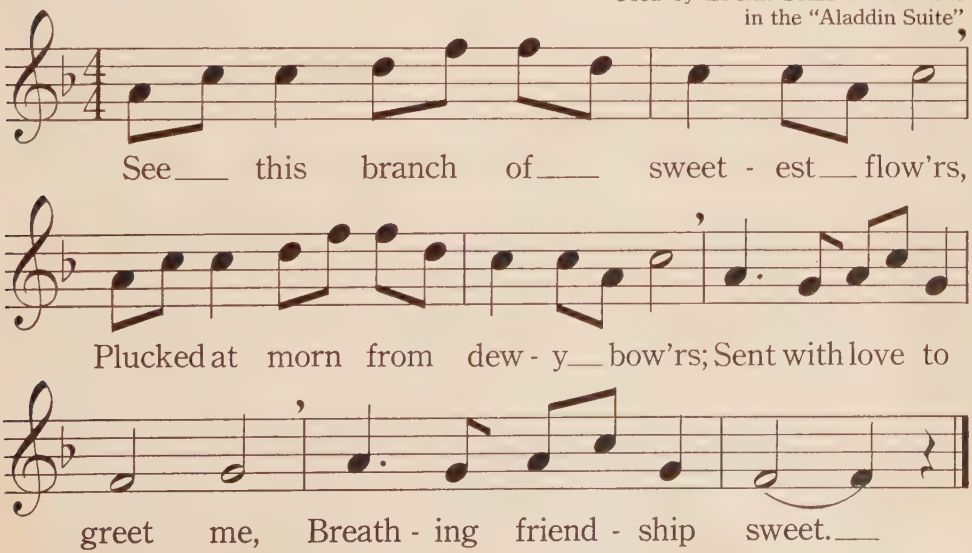

to a chat - ter so ver - y, ver - y shrill; And the
por - cu - pines were fun - ny as could be, Long sharp stick-ers
point-ed straight at me, At the big me - nag - er - ie!

The Jasmine Flower

Reading Song

From the Chinese

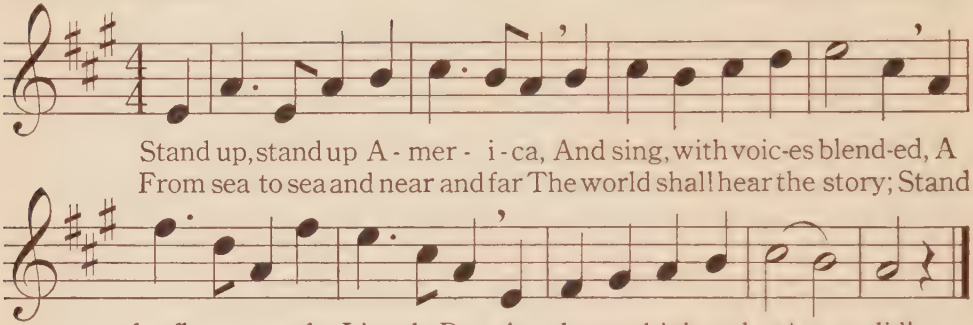
CHINESE MELODY
Used by EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY
in the "Aladdin Suite"


See this branch of sweet - est flow'rs,
Plucked at morn from dew - y bow'rs; Sent with love to
greet me, Breath - ing friend - ship sweet.

Stand Up, America!

Reading Song

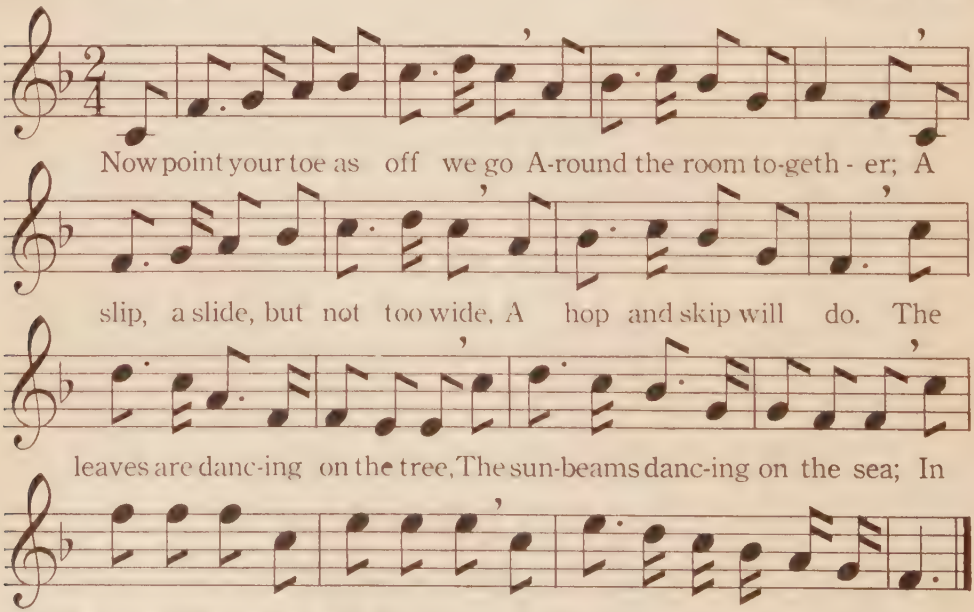
NANCY BYRD TURNER — ALBERT G. METHFESSEL


Stand up, stand up A - mer - i - ca, And sing, with voic-es blend-ed, A
From sea to sea and near and far The world shall hear the story; Stand
far-flung song for Lincoln Day, A cho-rus high and splen - did!
up, stand up, A - mer - i - ca, And sing great Lincoln's glo - ry!

Lightfoot Polka

Rote Song

ARTHUR GUITERMAN — GERMAN FOLK SONG

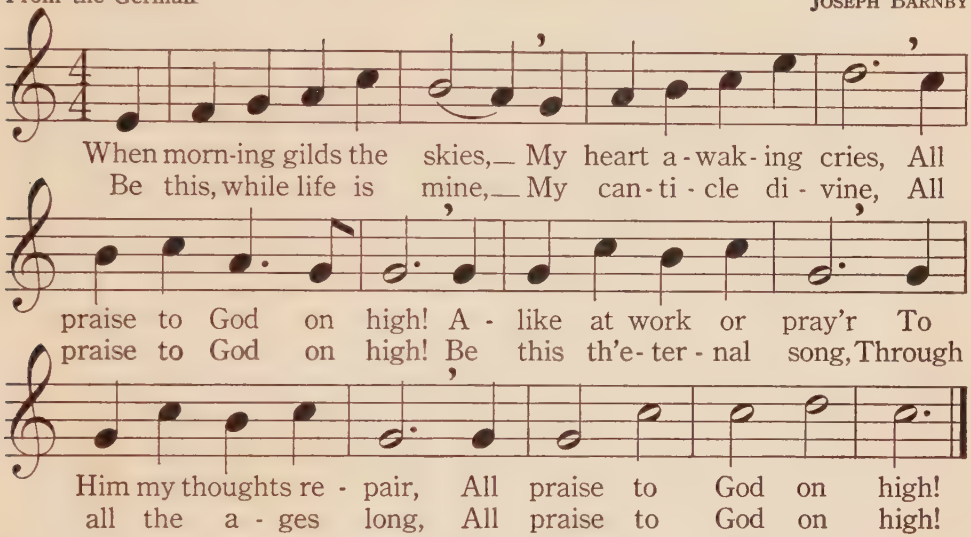

Now point your toe as off we go A-round the room to-geth - er; A
slip, a slide, but not too wide, A hop and skip will do. The
leaves are danc-ing on the tree, The sun-beams danc-ing on the sea; In
Spain and France the chil-dren dance And gai - ly we are danc-ing, too!

All Praise to God on High

Reading Song

From the German

JOSEPH BARNBY

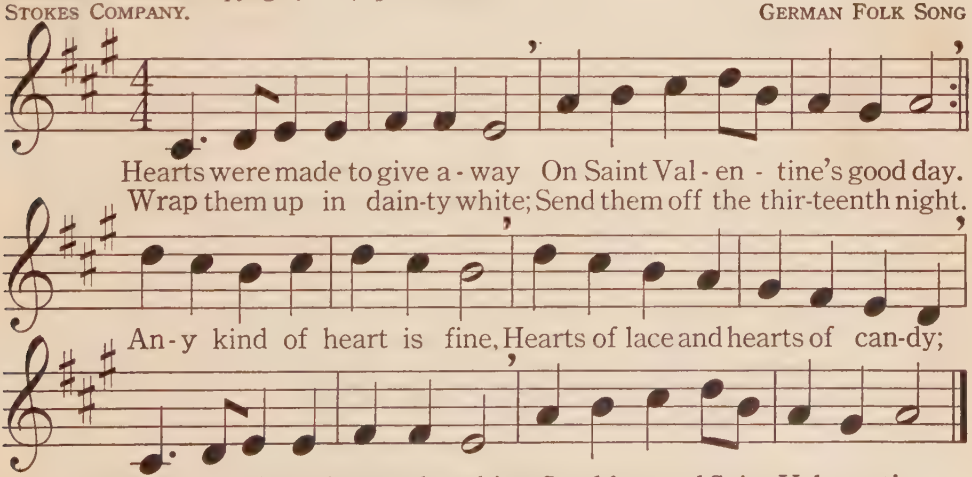

When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, All
Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine, All
praise to God on high! A-like at work or pray'r To
praise to God on high! Be this th'e-ter-nal song, Through
Him my thoughts re-pair, All praise to God on high!
all the a-ges long, All praise to God on high!

Hearts Were Made to Give Away

Reading Song

Reprinted by permission from "FOR DAYS AND DAYS" A Year-Round Treasury of Verse for Children, by ANNETTE WYNNE. Copyright, 1919, by FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.

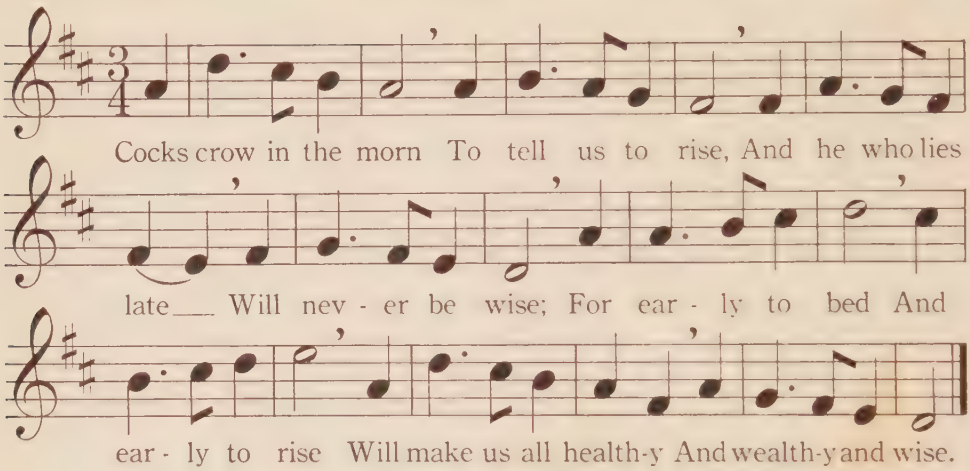
GERMAN FOLK SONG


Hearts were made to give a-way On Saint Val-en-tine's good day.
Wrap them up in dain-ty white; Send them off the thir-teenth night.
An-y kind of heart is fine, Hearts of lace and hearts of can-dy;
Hearts that glisten, hearts that shine, Send for good Saint Val-en-tine.

What Everyone Knows

Reading Song

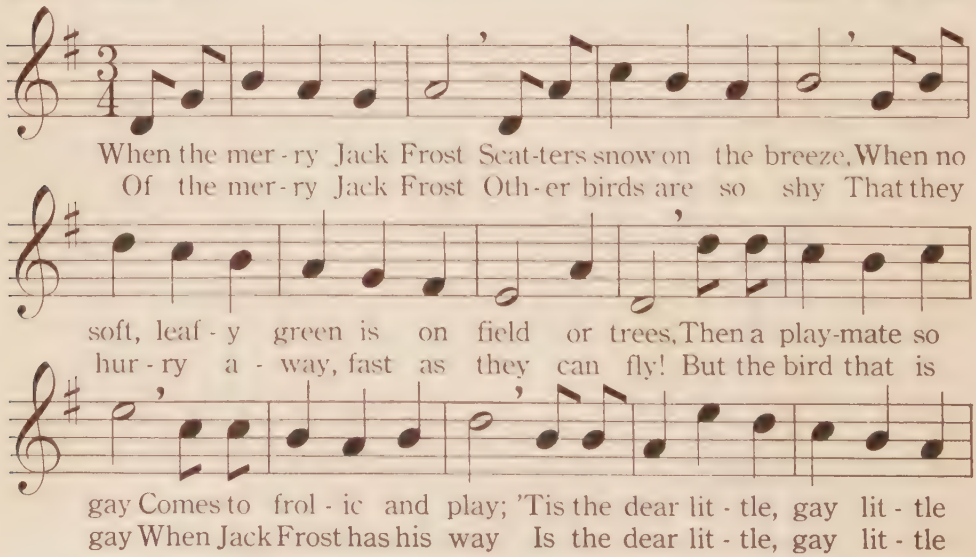
GRACE RHYS — SWEDISH FOLK SONG

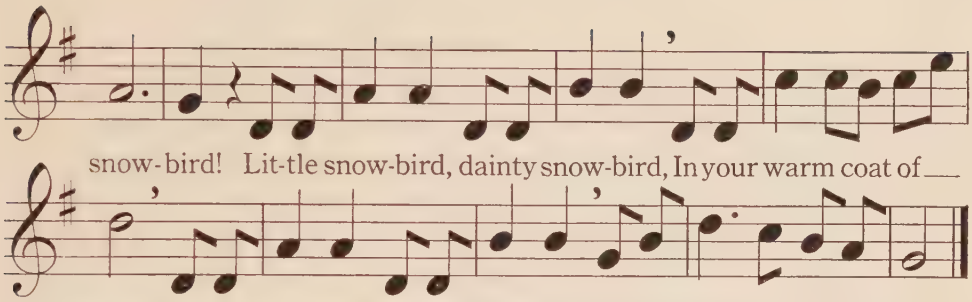

Cocks crow in the morn To tell us to rise, And he who lies
late Will nev - er be wise; For ear - ly to bed And
ear - ly to rise Will make us all health-y And wealth-y and wise.

Snowbirds

Reading Song

SARAH GRAMES CLARK — GERMAN FOLK SONG

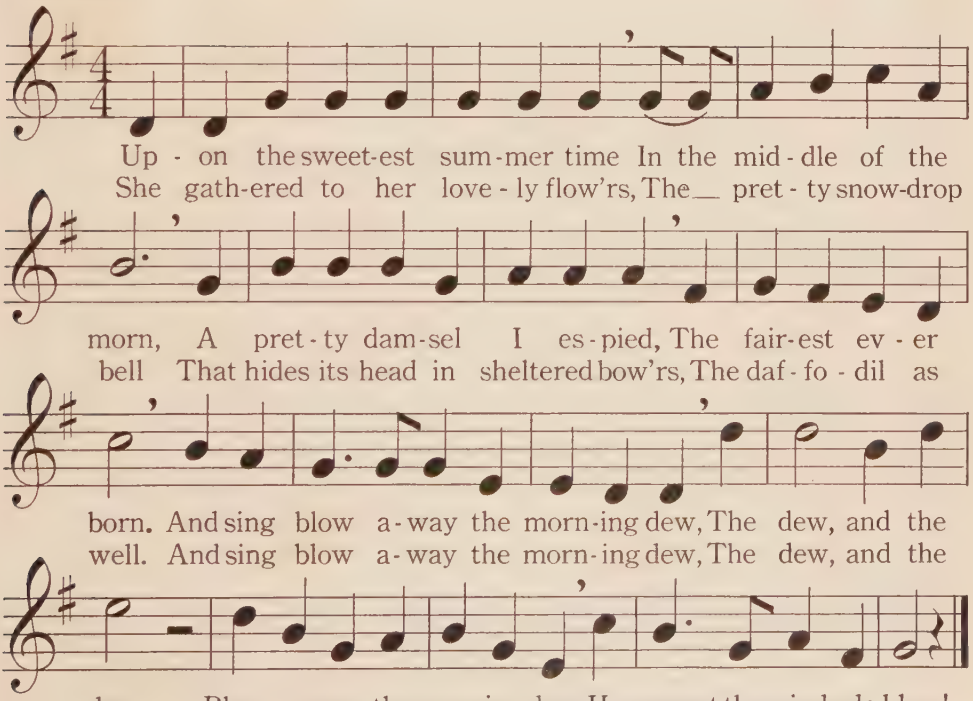

When the mer - ry Jack Frost Scat-ters snow on the breeze, When no
Of the mer - ry Jack Frost Oth - er birds are so shy That they
soft, leaf - y green is on field or trees, Then a play-mate so
hur - ry a - way, fast as they can fly! But the bird that is
gay Comes to frol - ic and play; 'Tis the dear lit - tle, gay lit - tle
gay When Jack Frost has his way Is the dear lit - tle, gay lit - tle


snow-bird! Lit-tle snow-bird, dainty snow-bird, In your warm coat of
gray; Lit-tle snow-bird, dainty snow-bird, How you cheer the winter day.

Blow Away the Morning Dew

Reading Song

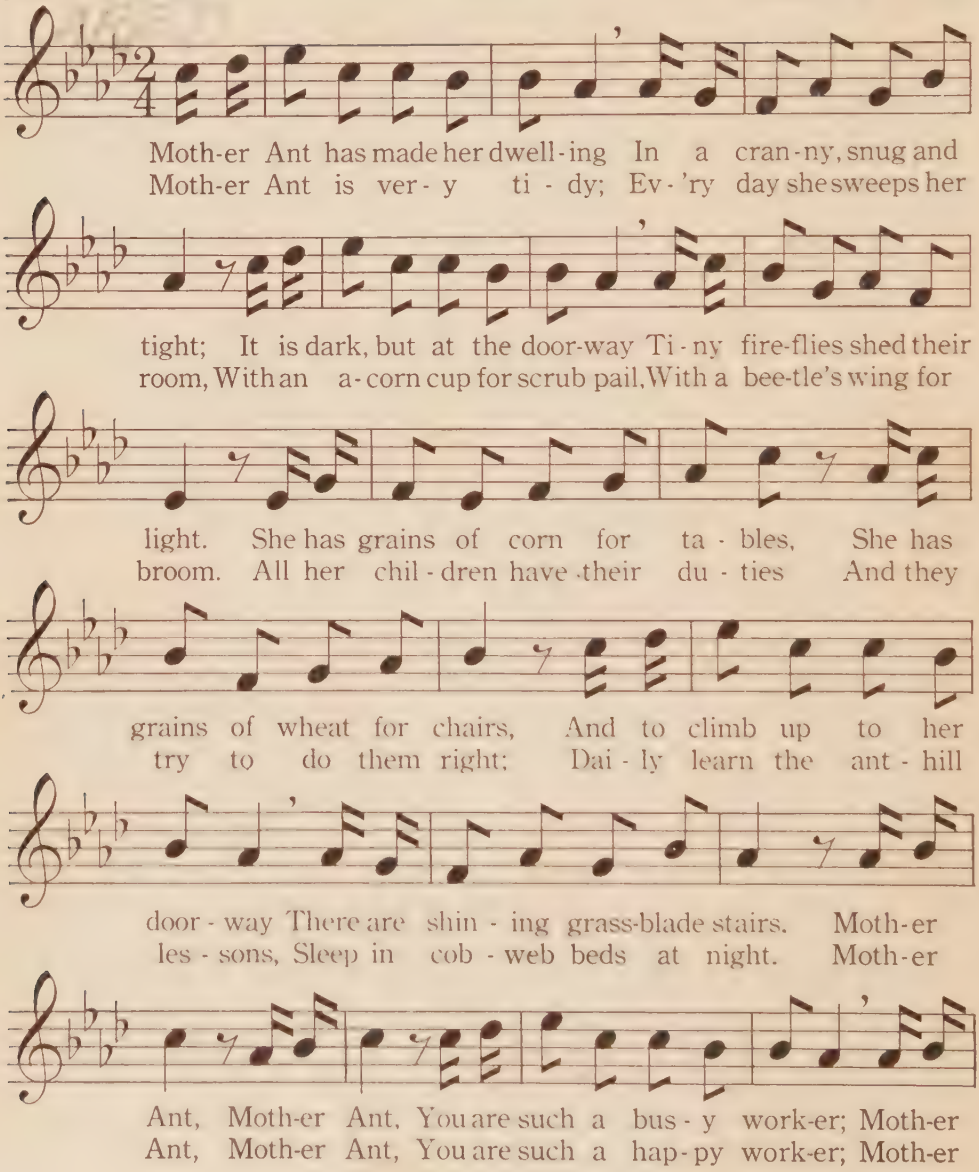
TRADITIONAL ENGLISH FOLK SONG

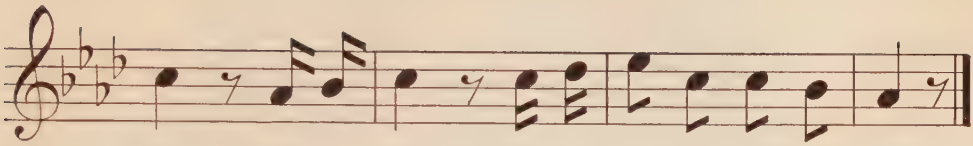

Up - on the sweet-est sum-mer time In the mid - dle of the
She gath-ered to her love - ly flow'rs, The pret - ty snow-drop
morn, A pret - ty dam-sel I es - pied, The fair-est ev - er
bell That hides its head in sheltered bow'rs, The daf - fo - dil as
born. And sing blow a - way the morn-ing dew, The dew, and the
well. And sing blow a - way the morn - ing dew, The dew, and the
dew, Blow a - way the morning dew, How sweet the winds do blow!
dew, Blow a - way the morning dew, How sweet the winds do blow!

Mother Ant

Rote Song

JULIA W. BINGHAM JOSEPHINE R. DEELIAS


Moth-er Ant has made her dwell-ing In a cran-ny, snug and
Moth-er Ant is ver-y ti-dy; Ev-'ry day she sweeps her
tight; It is dark, but at the door-way Ti-ny fire-flies shed their
room, With an a-corn cup for scrub pail, With a bee-tle's wing for
light. She has grains of corn for ta-bles, She has
broom. All her chil-dren have their du-ties And they
grains of wheat for chairs, And to climb up to her
try to do them right; Dai-ly learn the ant-hill
door-way There are shin-ing grass-blade stairs. Moth-er
les-sons, Sleep in cob-web beds at night. Moth-er
Ant, Moth-er Ant, You are such a bus-y work-er; Moth-er
Ant, Moth-er Ant, You are such a hap-py work-er; Moth-er

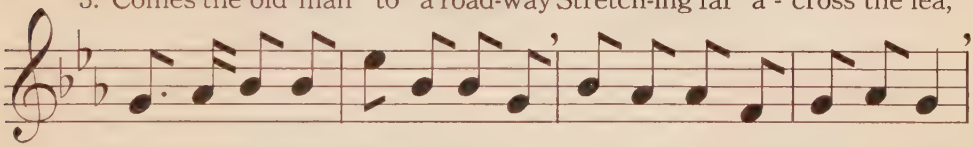


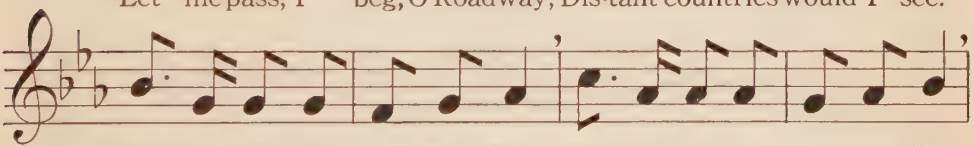
The Old Man

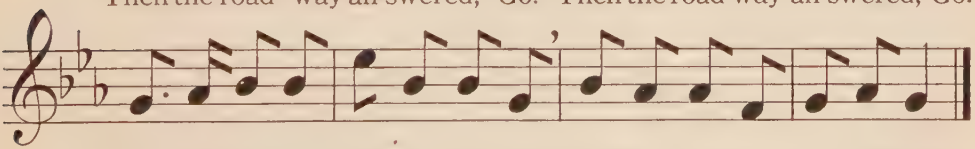
Rote Song

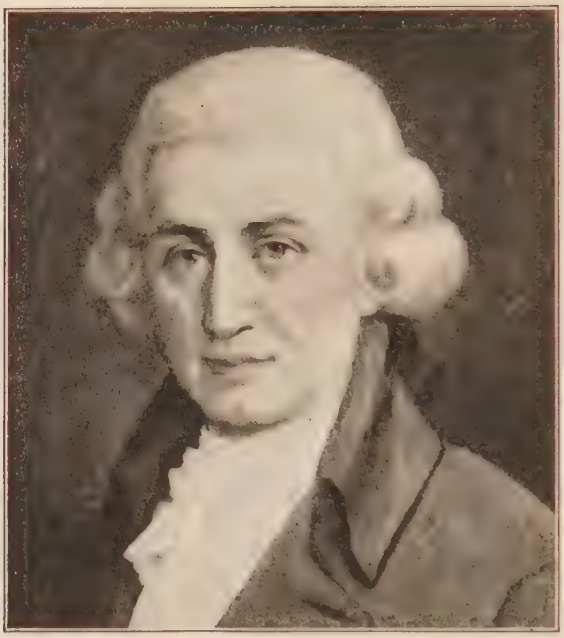
MARION PHILLIPS — CZECHO-SLOVAK FOLK SONG

1. Comes an old man to a riv-er, Sees its wa-ters swift-ly flow;
2. Comes the old man to a moun-tain, Tow'ring high a-gainst the sky;
3. Comes the old man to a road-way Stretch-ing far a-cross the lea;


"Let me pass, I beg, O Riv-er; On my jour-ney would I go."
"Let me pass, I beg, O Mountain; Bound for dis-tant lands am I."
"Let me pass, I beg, O Roadway; Dis-tant countries would I see."


Swift the riv-er an-swered, "No"; Swift the riv-er an-swered, "No;
Stern the moun-tain an-swered, "No"; Stern the mountain an-swered, "No;
Then the road-way an-swered, "Go!" Then the road-way an-swered, "Go!

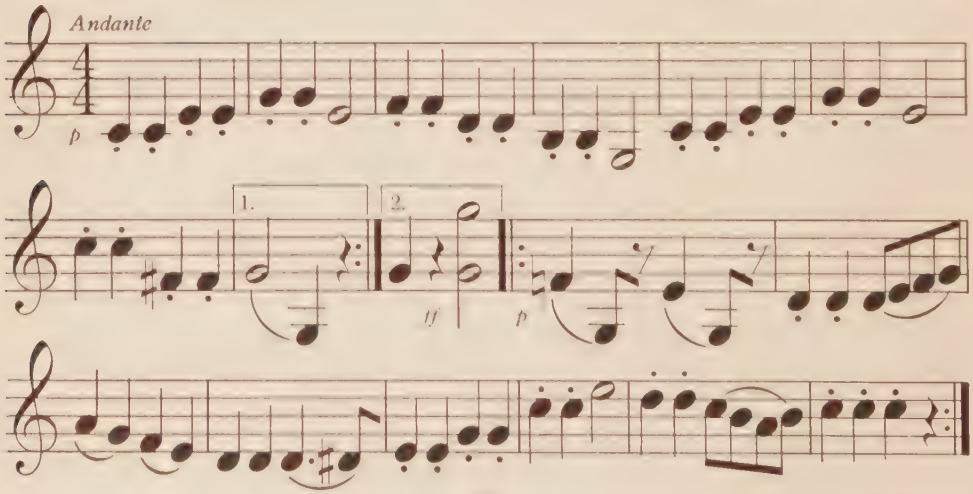

Nev-er shall I cease from flowing; Elsewhere must your pathway go."
Nev-er shall my sum-mits low-er; Elsewhere must your path-way go."
An-y-where that you would journey Straight the pathway will I show."



FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

Theme from the "Surprise" Symphony

VIOLINS — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

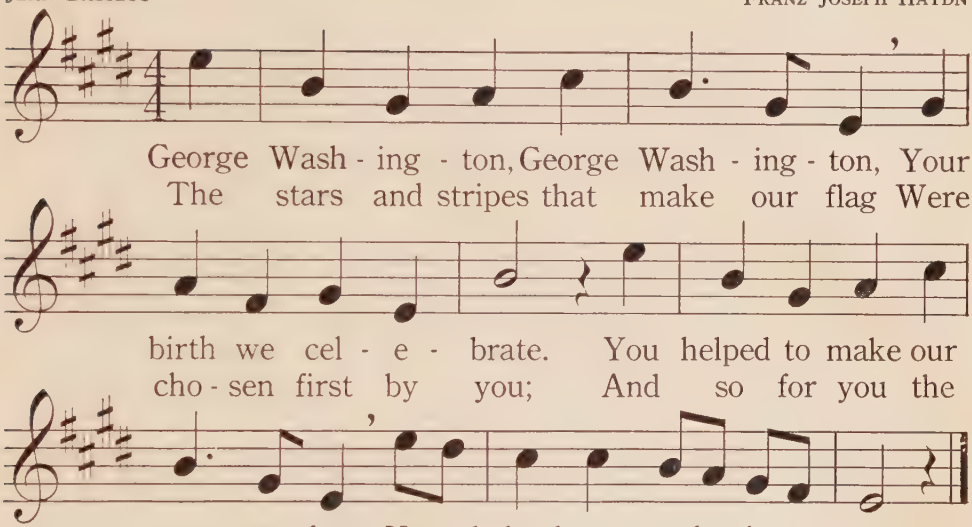


George Washington

Reading Song

JEAN BASSETT

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN


George Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton, Your
The stars and stripes that make our flag Were
birth we cel - e - brate. You helped to make our
cho - sen first by you; And so for you the
coun - try free; You helped to make it great.
col - ors wave, The red, the white, the blue!

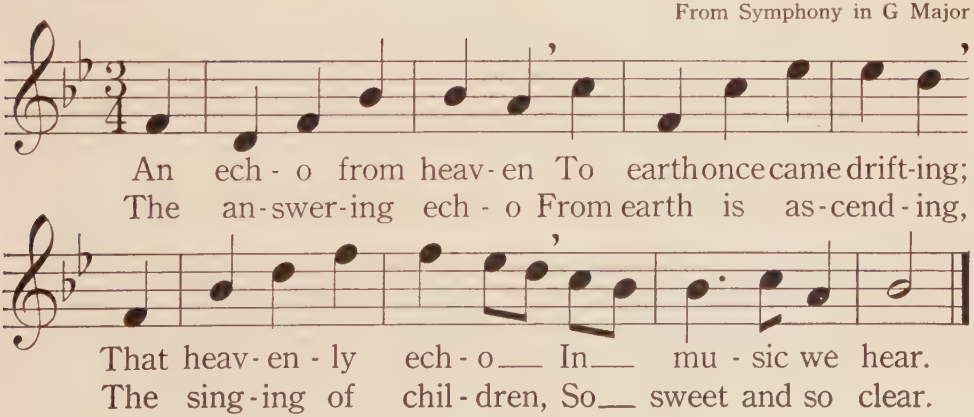
George Washington and Franz Joseph Haydn were born the same year, 1732.

Echoes

Reading Song

ALICE HIRSH

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN
From Symphony in G Major

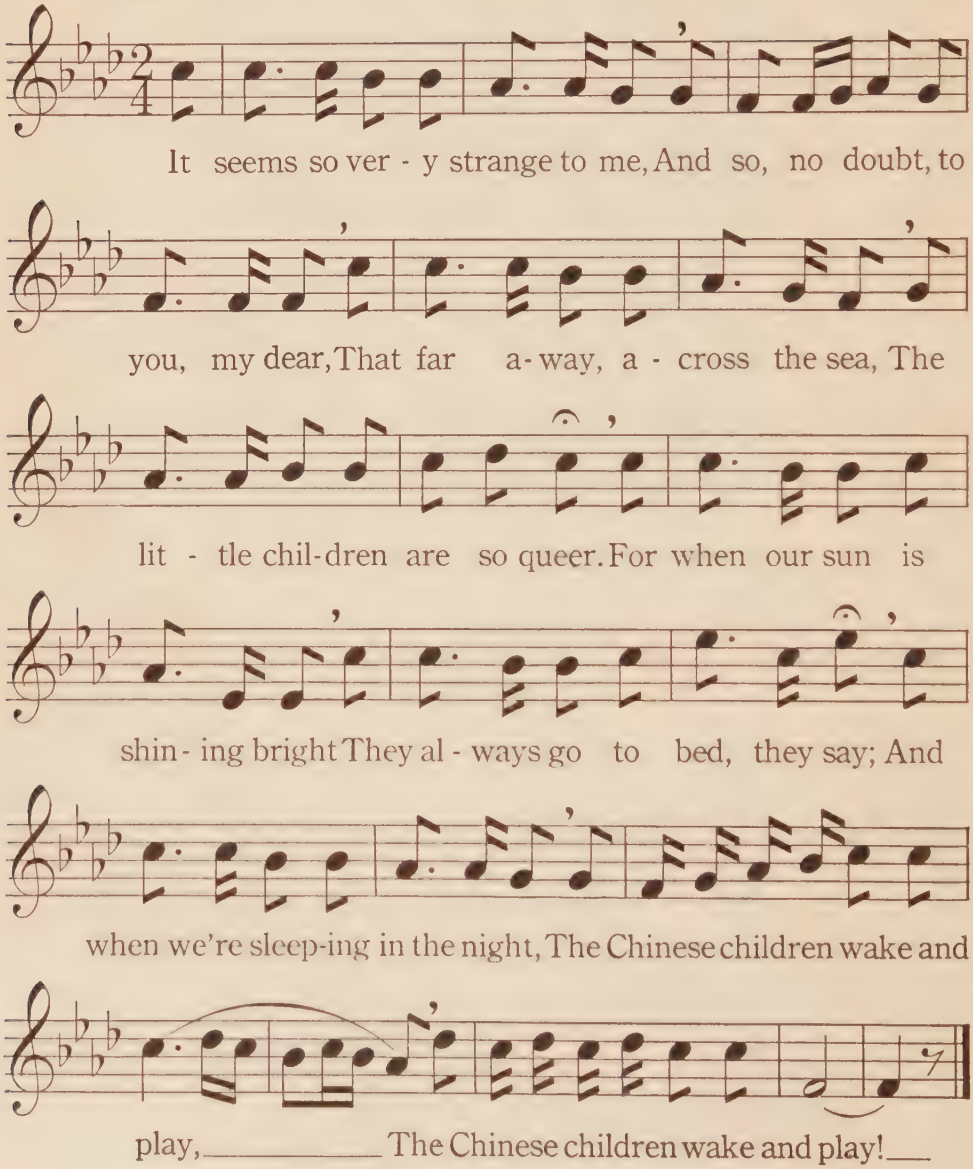

An ech - o from heav - en To earth once came drift - ing;
The an - swer - ing ech - o From earth is as - cend - ing,
That heav - en - ly ech - o In mu - sic we hear.
The sing - ing of chil - dren, So sweet and so clear.

Strange

Rote Song

HARRIET BLODGETT BULKLEY

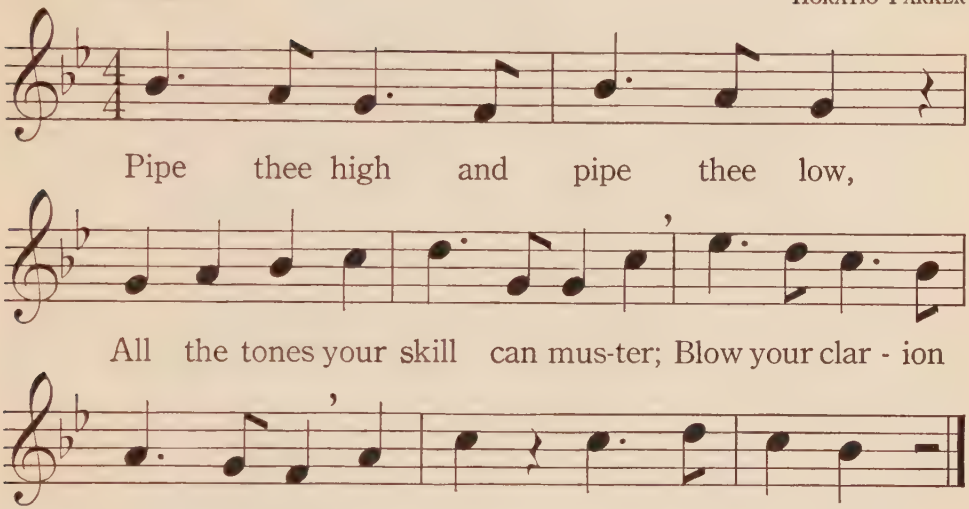
WILLIAM LESTER


It seems so ver - y strange to me, And so, no doubt, to
you, my dear, That far a - way, a - cross the sea, The
lit - tle chil-dren are so queer. For when our sun is
shin - ing bright They al - ways go to bed, they say; And
when we're sleep-ing in the night, The Chinese children wake and
play, The Chinese children wake and play!

Pipe Thee High

Reading Song

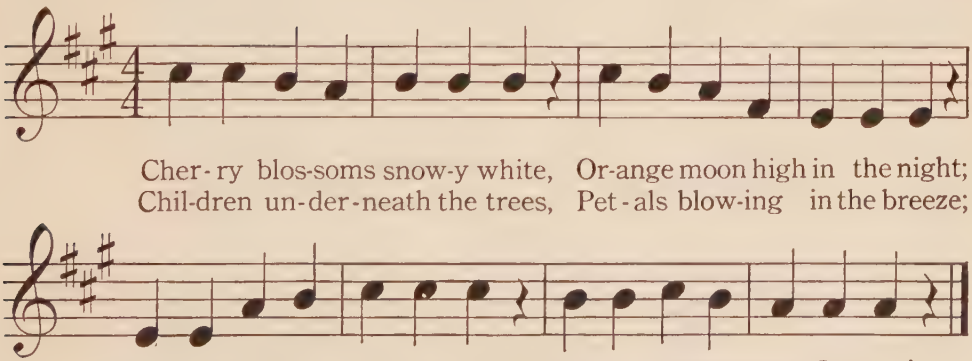
ANNA L. WHITMORE — HORATIO PARKER


Pipe thee high and pipe thee low,
All the tones your skill can mus-ter; Blow your clar - ion
trump - et blow; Come, March, blow and blus - ter!

A Picture of Japan

Reading Song

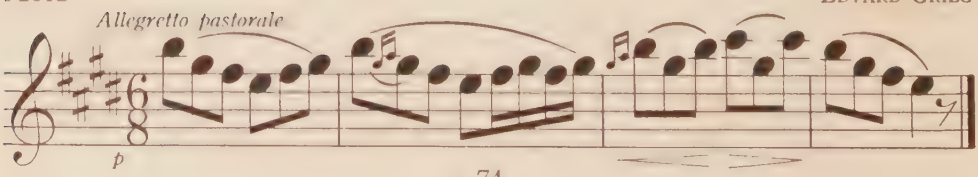
MABEL E. BRAY — JAPANESE FOLK SONG


Cher - ry blos-soms snow-y white, Or-ange moon high in the night;
Chil-dren un-der-neath the trees, Pet - als blow-ing in the breeze;
See the pic-ture if you can, Moon and blos-soms in Ja - pan!
Think this pic-ture if you can! Paint this scene in far Ja - pan!

GEORGE BARRÈRE PLAYING THE FLUTE

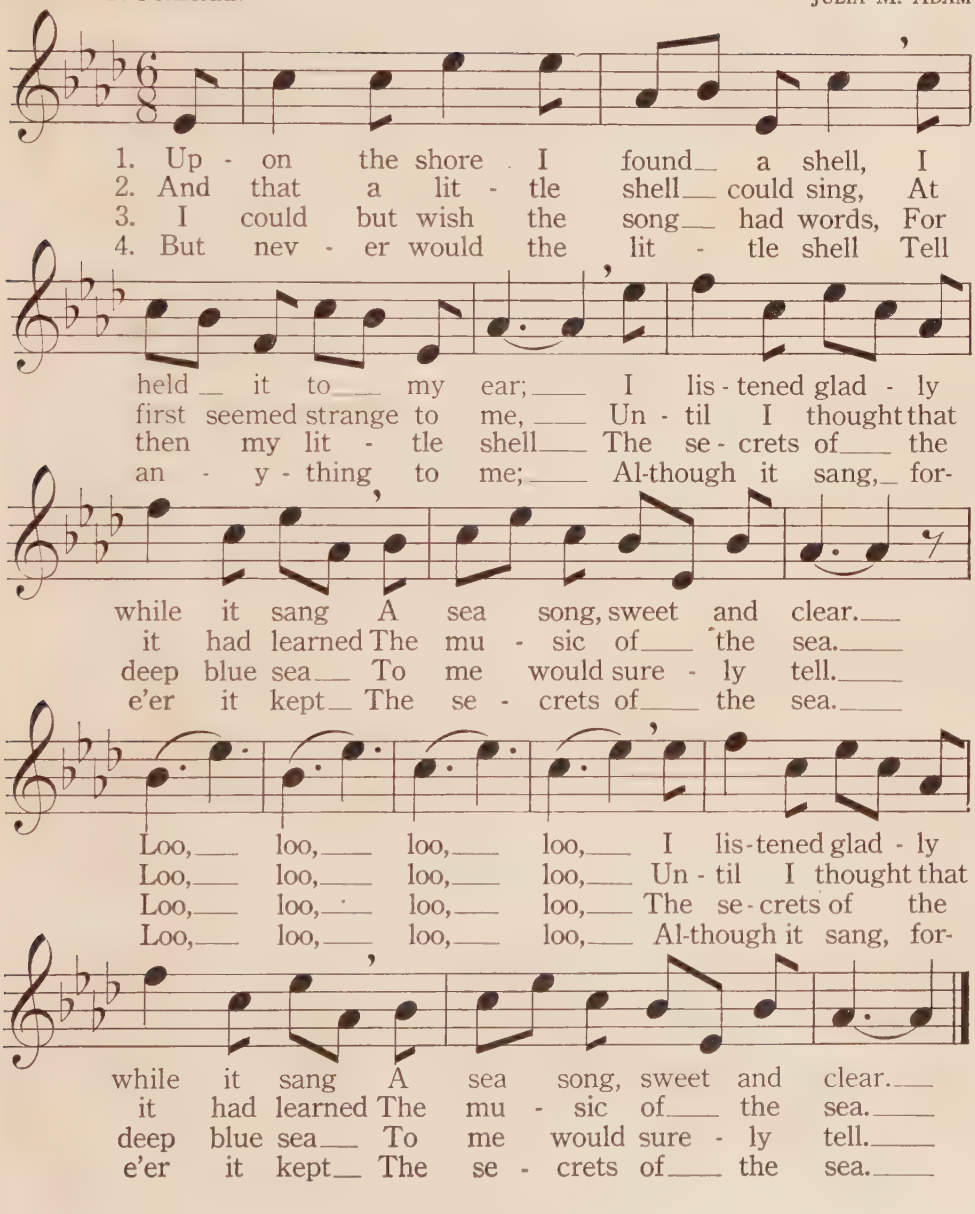
Theme from "Peer Gynt" Suite

FLUTE

EDVARD GRIEG

The Shell

Rote Song

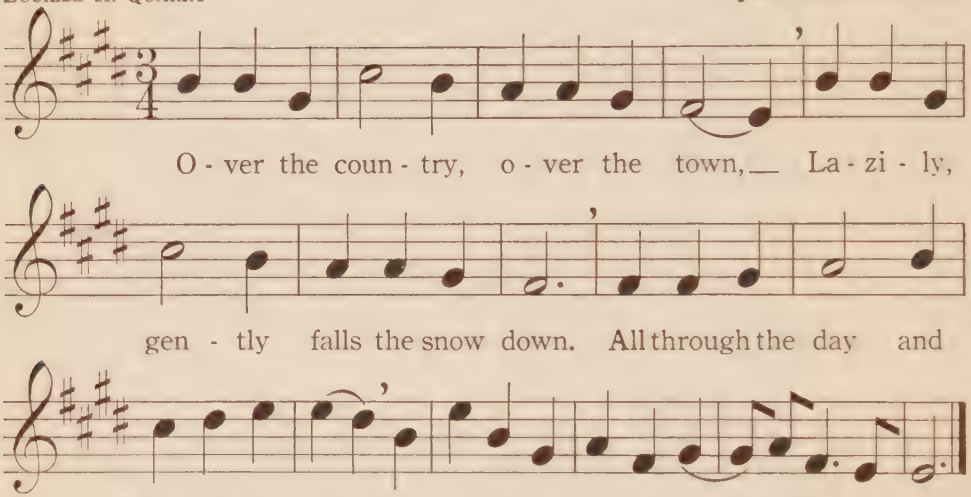
REBECCA B. FORESMAN JULIA M. ADAM


1. Up - on the shore I found a shell, I held it to my ear; I lis - tened glad - ly
2. And that a lit - tle shell could sing, At first seemed strange to me, Un - til I thought that
3. I could but wish the song had words, For then my lit - tle shell The se - crets of the
4. But nev - er would the lit - tle shell Tell an - y - thing to me; Al-though it sang, for-
while it sang A sea song, sweet and clear.
it had learned The mu - sic of the sea.
deep blue sea To me would sure - ly tell.
e'er it kept The se - crets of the sea.
Loo, loo, loo, loo, I lis-tened glad - ly
Loo, loo, loo, loo, Un - til I thought that
Loo, loo, loo, loo, The se-crets of the
Loo, loo, loo, loo, Al-though it sang, for-
while it sang A sea song, sweet and clear.
it had learned The mu - sic of the sea.
deep blue sea To me would sure - ly tell.
e'er it kept The se - crets of the sea.

Song of the Snow

Reading Song

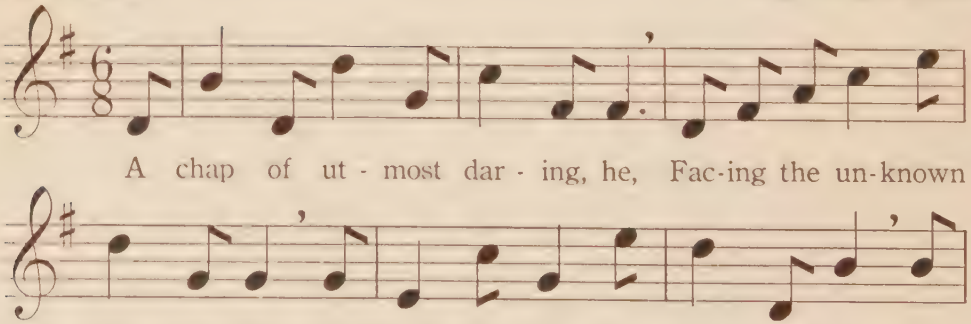
LUCILLE H. QUARRY — JEAN BAPTISTE LULLY

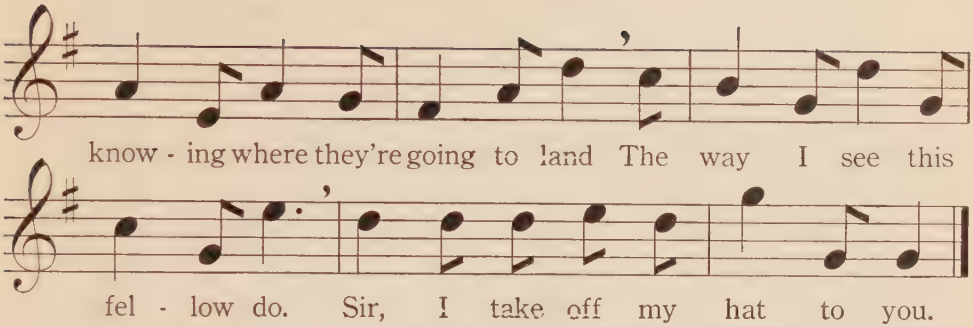

O - ver the coun - try, o - ver the town, La - zi - ly,
gen - tly falls the snow down. All through the day and
all through the night It's making the landscape gleam so pure and white.

To a Grasshopper

Rote Song

EDNA BECKER — RILLA FULLER HESSE

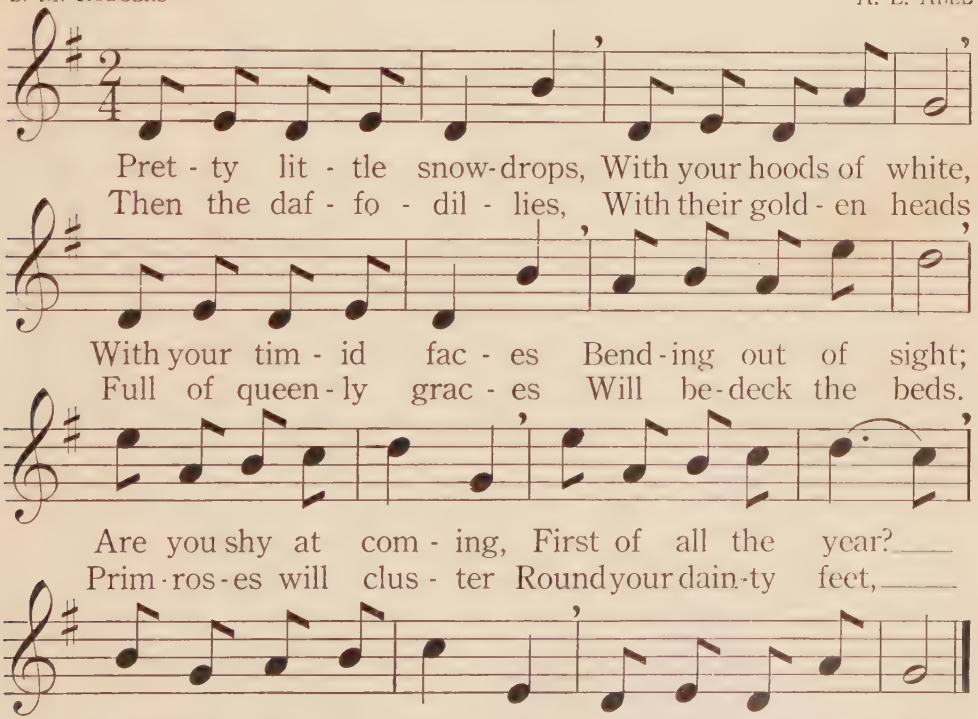




Early Flowers

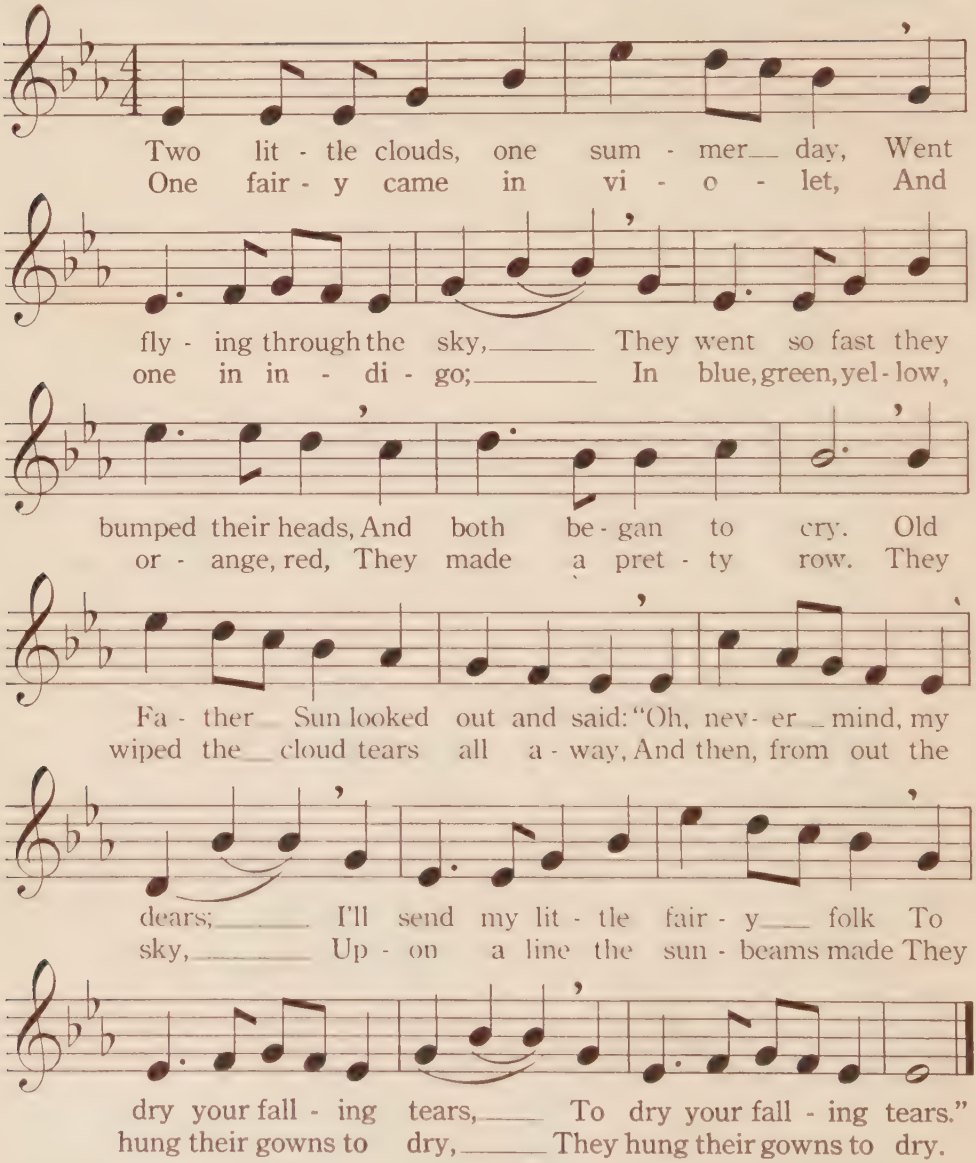
Reading Song

S. M. Rodgers A. L. Abel


Pret - ty lit - tle snow-drops, With your hoods of white,
Then the daf - fo - dil - lies, With their gold - en heads
With your tim - id fac - es Bend - ing out of sight;
Full of queen - ly grac - es Will be - deck the beds.
Are you shy at com - ing, First of all the year?
Prim - ros - es will clus - ter Round your dain - ty feet,
Cro - cus - es be - side you Soon their heads will rear.
While the mod - est vio - let Wafts her fra - grance sweet.

The Rainbow Fairies

Reading Song

LIZZIE M. HADLEY W. B. OLDS

Two lit - tle clouds, one sum - mer day, Went
One fair - y came in vi - o - let, And
fly - ing through the sky, They went so fast they
one in in - di - go; In blue, green, yel - low,
bumped their heads, And both be - gan to cry. Old
or - ange, red, They made a pret - ty row. They
Fa - ther Sun looked out and said: "Oh, nev - er mind, my
wiped the cloud tears all a - way, And then, from out the
dears; I'll send my lit - tle fair - y folk To
sky, Up - on a line the sun - beams made They
dry your fall - ing tears, To dry your fall - ing tears."
hung their gowns to dry, They hung their gowns to dry.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

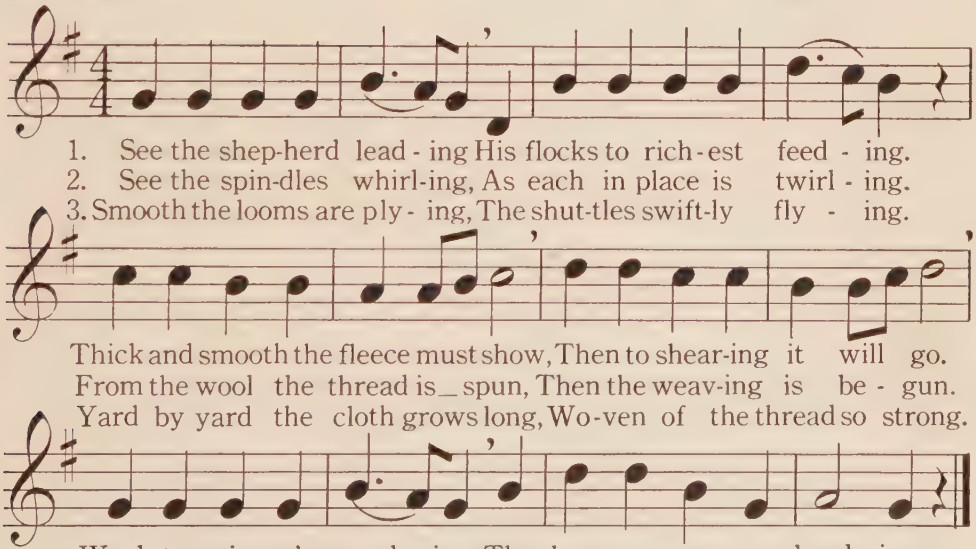
RETURN TO THE FOLD, BY MAUVE

Growing Wool

Reading Song

JEAN BASSETT

GERMAN FOLK SONG

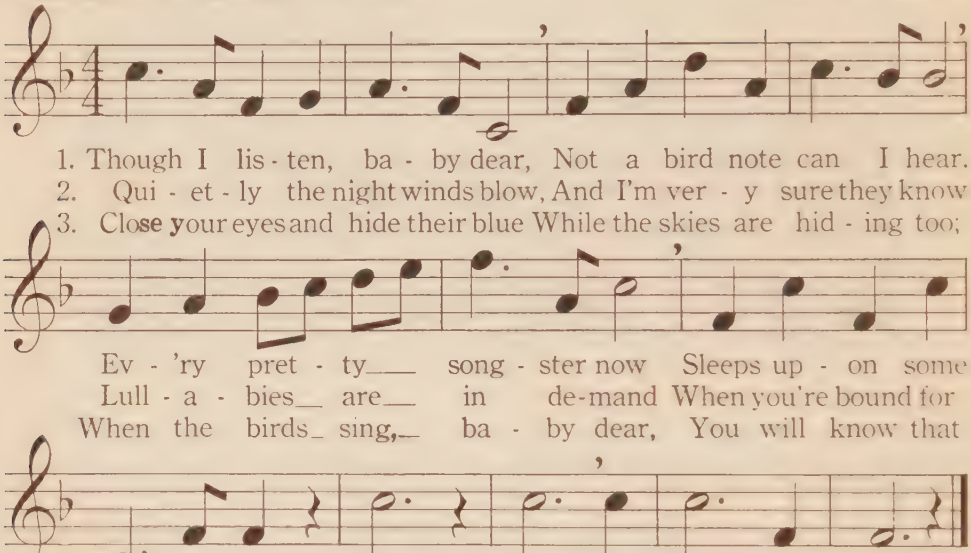

1. See the shep-herd lead - ing His flocks to rich - est feed - ing.
2. See the spin-dles whirl-ing, As each in place is twirl - ing.
3. Smooth the looms are ply - ing, The shut-tles swift-ly fly - ing.
Thick and smooth the fleece must show, Then to shear-ing it will go.
From the wool the thread is spun, Then the weav-ing is be - gun.
Yard by yard the cloth grows long, Wo-ven of the thread so strong.
Wool to spin we're need - ing; The sheep graze on, un - heed - ing.
Wool to weave we're need - ing; The sheep graze on, un - heed - ing.
Wool for cloth we're need - ing; The sheep graze on, un - heed - ing.

Cradle Song

Reading Song

After the German of HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN by REBECCA B. FORESMAN

CARL ATTENHOFER

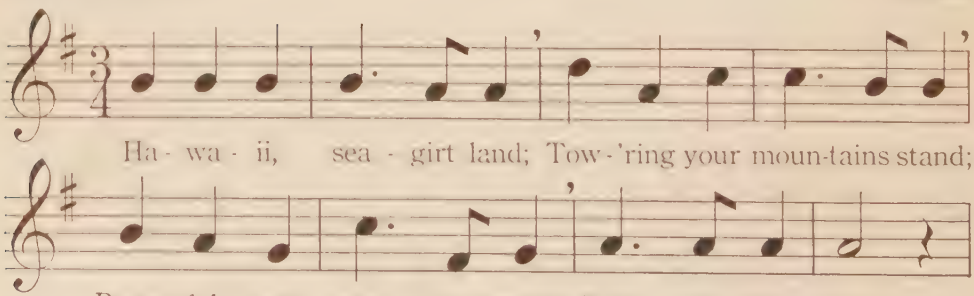

1. Though I lis - ten, ba - by dear, Not a bird note can I hear.
2. Qui - et - ly the night winds blow, And I'm ver - y sure they know
3. Close your eyes and hide their blue While the skies are hid - ing too;
Ev - 'ry pret - ty song - ster now Sleeps up - on some
Lull - a - bies are in de-mand When you're bound for
When the birds sing, ba - by dear, You will know that
leaf - y bough. Sleep! sleep! sleep on, my child.
Sleep - y Land. Sleep! sleep! sleep on, my child.
morn - ing's here. Sleep! sleep! sleep on, my child.

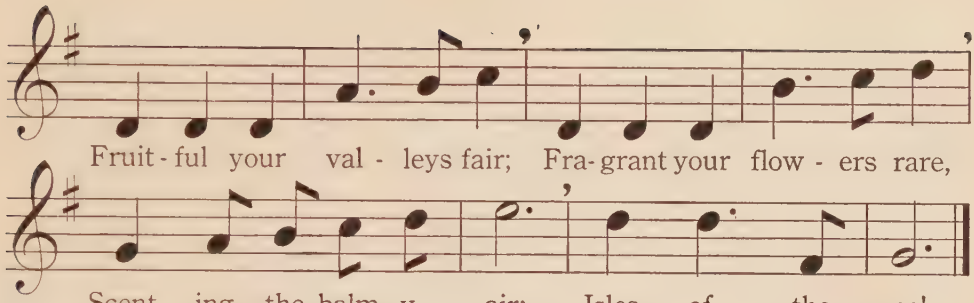
Hawaii

Reading Song

From the Hawaiian

H. BERGER

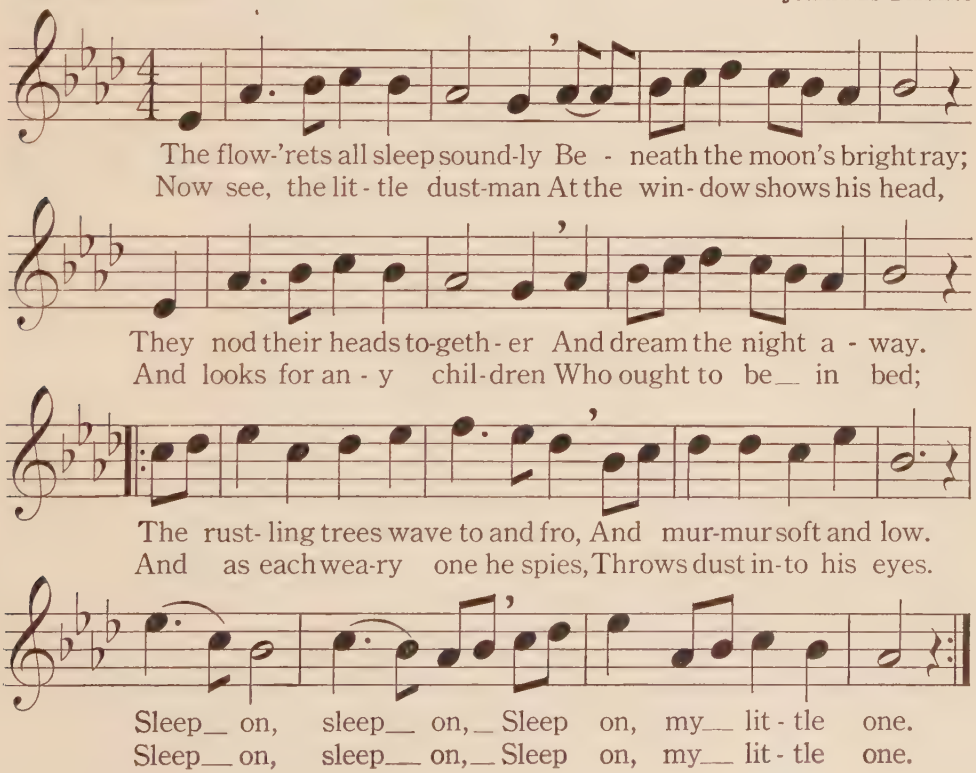




The Little Dustman

Reading Song

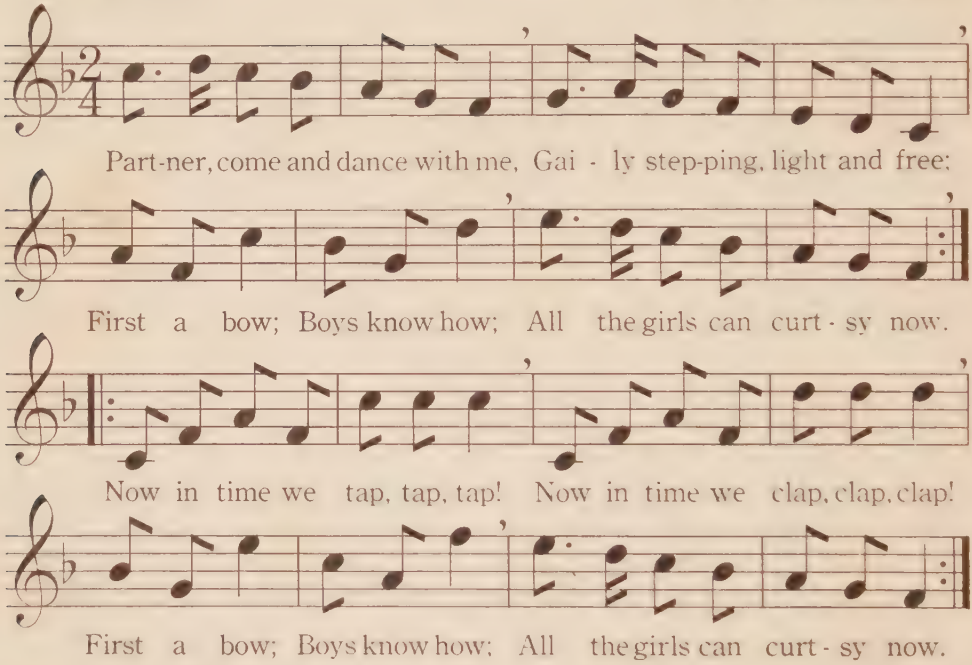
From the German — JOHANNES BRAHMS


The flow-'rets all sleep sound-ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray;
Now see, the lit - tle dust-man At the win - dow shows his head,
They nod their heads to-geth - er And dream the night a - way.
And looks for an - y chil-dren Who ought to be in bed;
The rust- ling trees wave to and fro, And mur-mur soft and low.
And as each wea-ry one he spies, Throws dust in-to his eyes.
Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit - tle one.
Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit - tle one.

Partner, Come

Rote Song

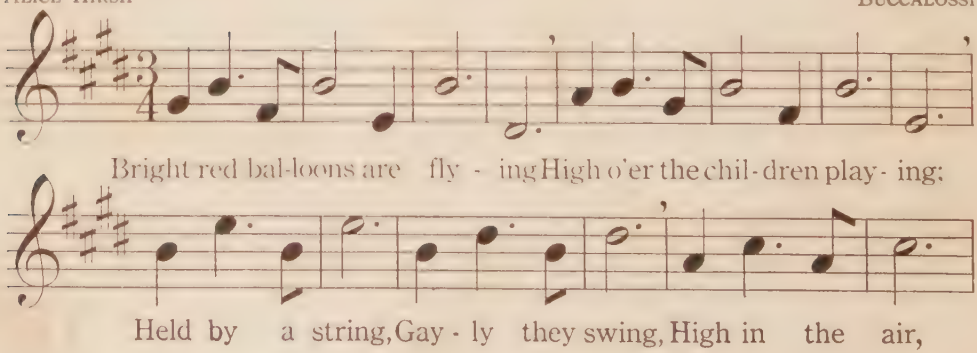
ANNA L. WHITMORE — ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK

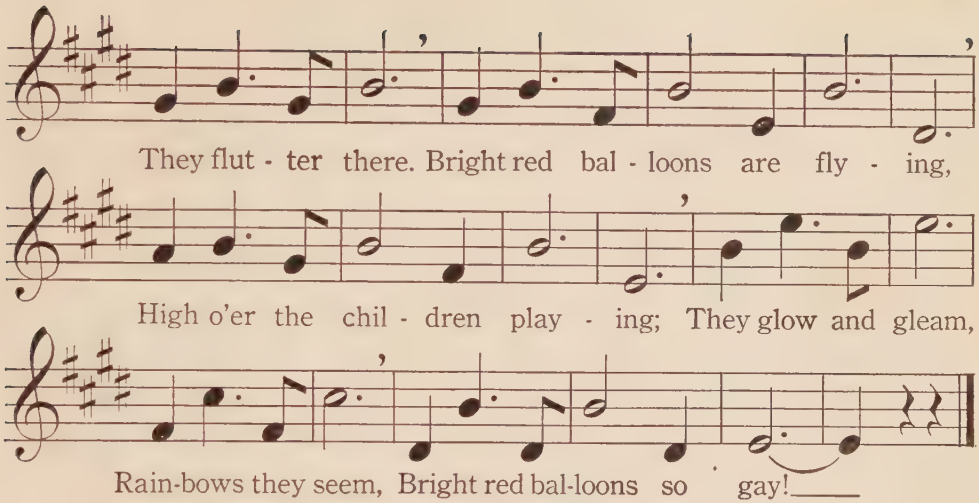

Part-ner, come and dance with me, Gai - ly step-ping, light and free;
First a bow; Boys know how; All the girls can curt - sy now.
Now in time we tap, tap, tap! Now in time we clap, clap, clap!
First a bow; Boys know how; All the girls can curt - sy now.

Gay Balloons

Reading Song

ALICE HIRSH — BUCCALOSSI

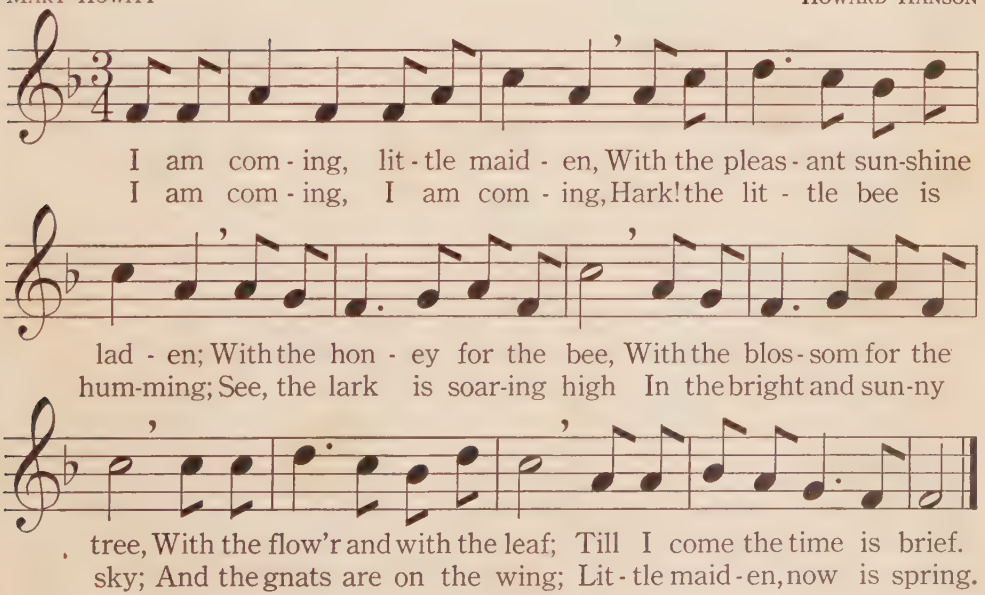



They flut - ter there. Bright red bal - loons are fly - ing,
High o'er the chil - dren play - ing; They glow and gleam,
Rain-bows they seem, Bright red bal-loons so gay!

The Coming of Spring

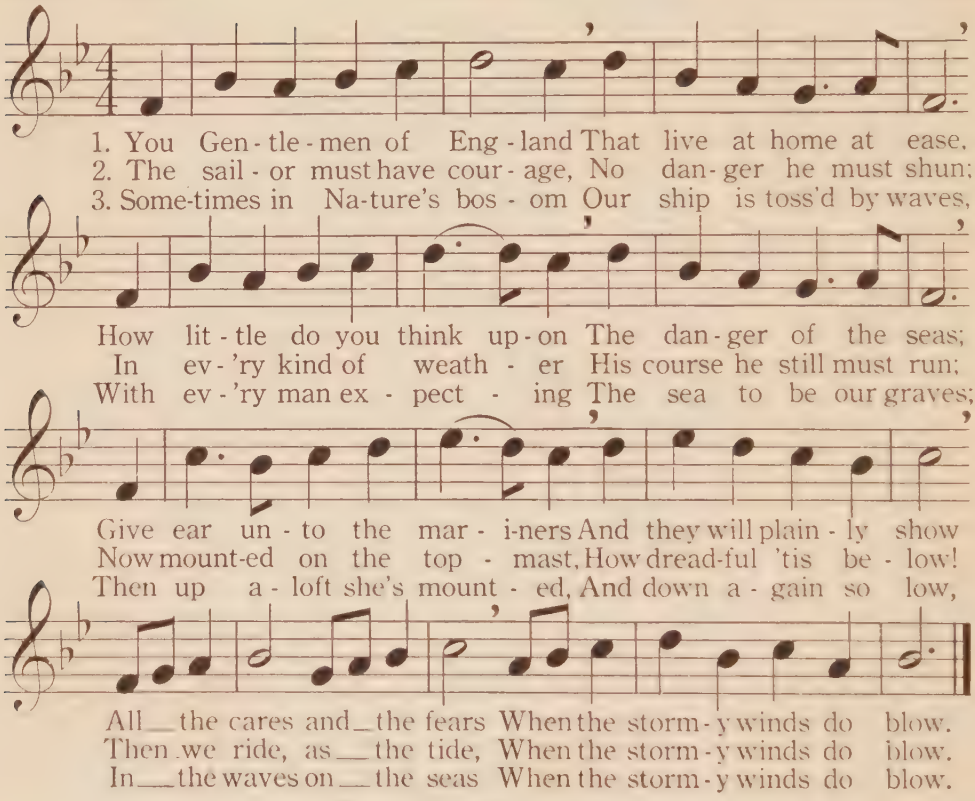
Reading Song

MARY HOWITT — HOWARD HANSON


I am com - ing, lit - tle maid - en, With the pleas - ant sun-shine
I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Hark! the lit - tle bee is
lad - en; With the hon - ey for the bee, With the blos - som for the
hum-ming; See, the lark is soar-ing high In the bright and sun-ny
tree, With the flow'r and with the leaf; Till I come the time is brief.
sky; And the gnats are on the wing; Lit - tle maid - en, now is spring.

You Gentlemen of England

MARTYN PARKER — Reading Song — OLD ENGLISH TUNE


1. You Gen - tle - men of Eng - land That live at home at ease,
2. The sail - or must have cour - age, No dan - ger he must shun;
3. Some-times in Na-ture's bos - om Our ship is toss'd by waves,
How lit - tle do you think up - on The dan - ger of the seas;
In ev - 'ry kind of weath - er His course he still must run;
With ev - 'ry man ex - pect - ing The sea to be our graves;
Give ear un - to the mar - i-ners And they will plain - ly show
Now mount-ed on the top - mast, How dread-ful 'tis be - low!
Then up a - loft she's mount - ed, And down a - gain so low,
All the cares and the fears When the storm - y winds do blow.
Then we ride, as the tide, When the storm - y winds do blow.
In the waves on the seas When the storm - y winds do blow.

Gay Is My Song

From the Jewish — Reading Song — JEWISH FOLK SONG

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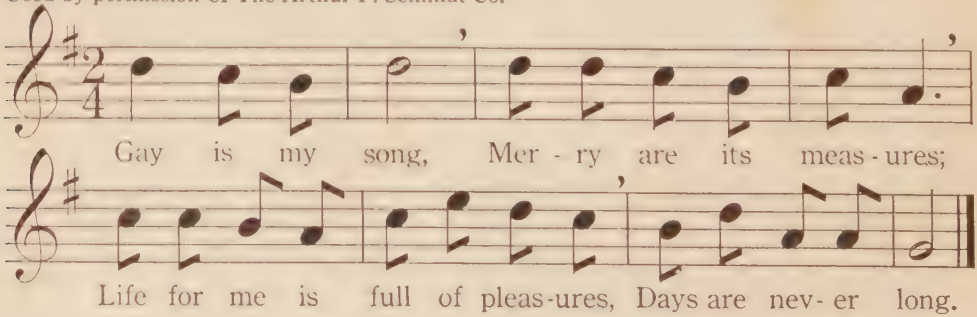
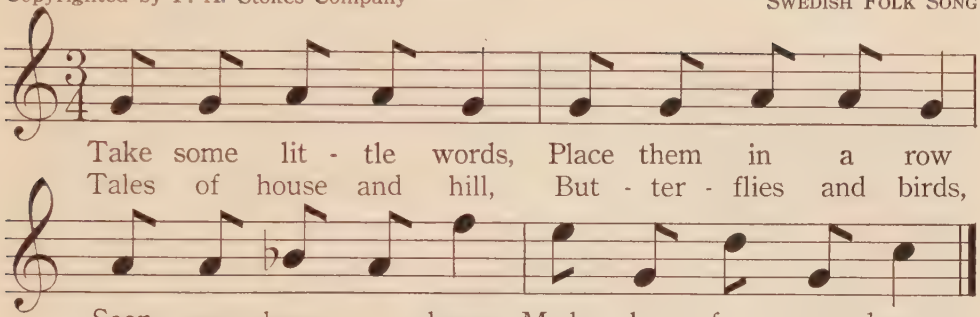


Magic

Reading Song

ANNETTE WYNNE
Copyrighted by F. A. Stokes Company

SWEDISH FOLK SONG

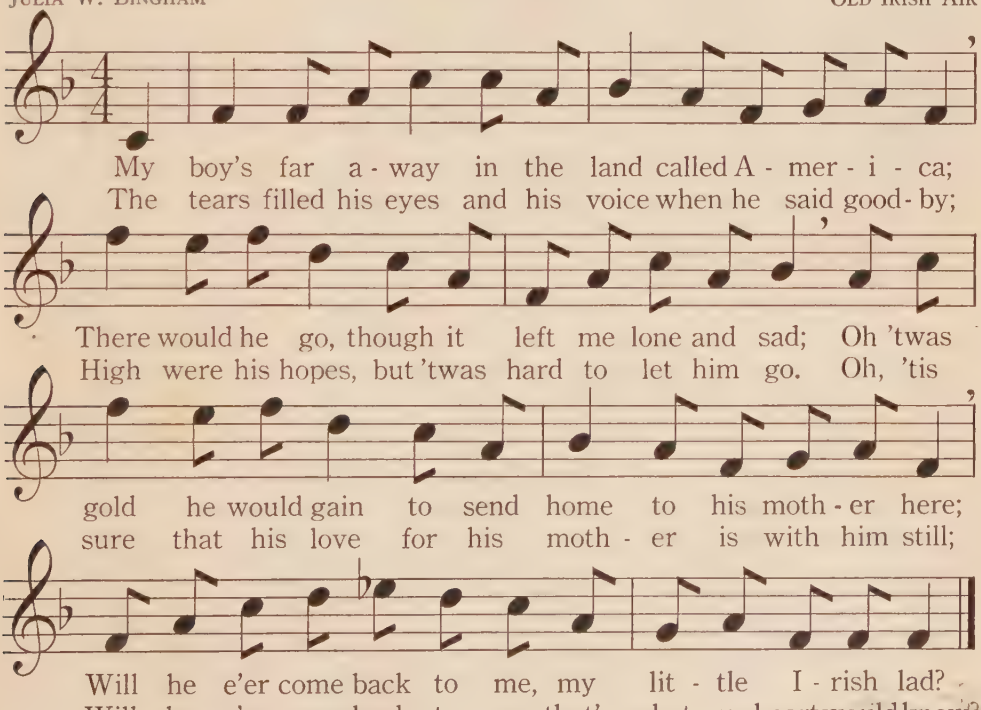

Take some lit - tle words, Place them in a row
Tales of house and hill, But - ter - flies and birds,
Soon you have a rhyme Made be - fore you know.
An - y - thing you will Made from lit - tle words.

My Little Irish Lad

Reading Song

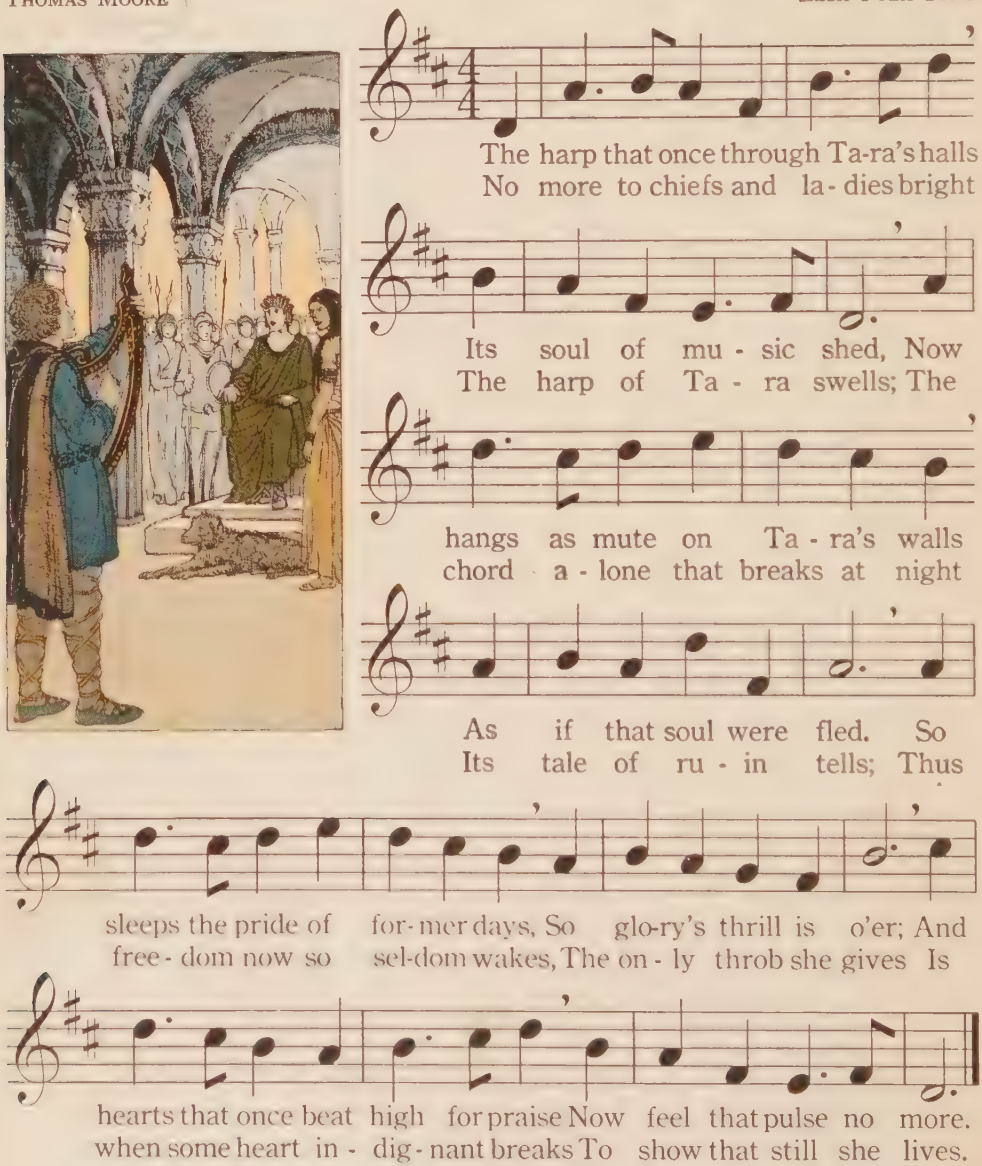
JULIA W. BINGHAM

OLD IRISH AIR


My boy's far a - way in the land called A - mer - i - ca;
The tears filled his eyes and his voice when he said good - by;
There would he go, though it left me lone and sad; Oh 'twas
High were his hopes, but 'twas hard to let him go. Oh, 'tis
gold he would gain to send home to his moth - er here;
sure that his love for his moth - er is with him still;
Will he e'er come back to me, my lit - tle I - rish lad?
Will he e'er come back to me, that's what my heart would know?

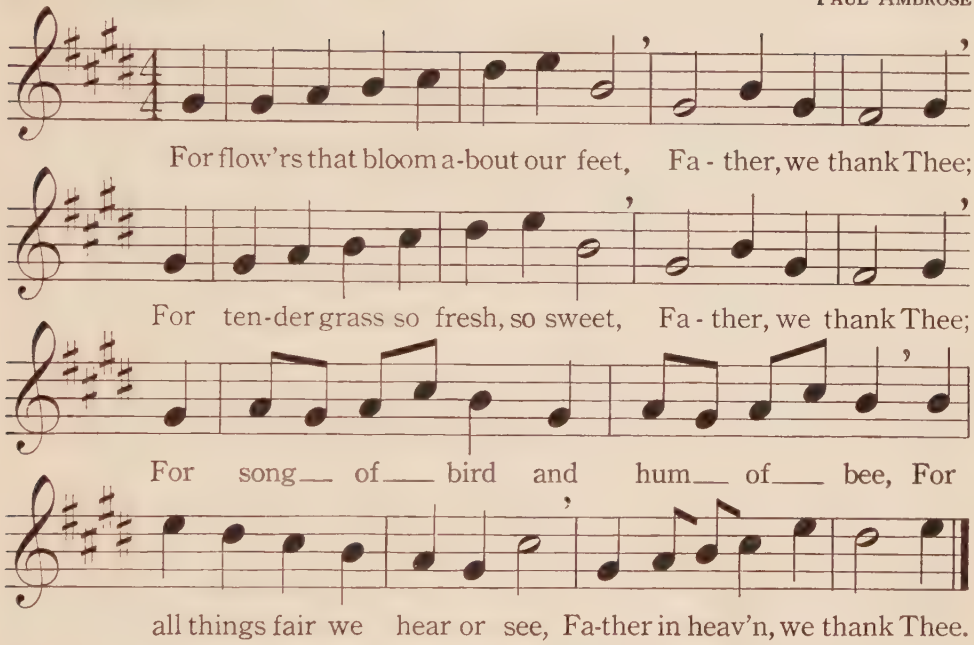
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

Reading Song

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH FOLK SONG

The harp that once through Ta-ra's halls
No more to chiefs and la-dies bright
Its soul of mu-sic shed, Now
The harp of Ta-ra swells; The
hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls
chord a-lone that breaks at night
As if that soul were fled. So
Its tale of ru-in tells; Thus
sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And
free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on-ly throb she gives Is
hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in-dig-nant breaks To show that still she lives.

We Thank Thee

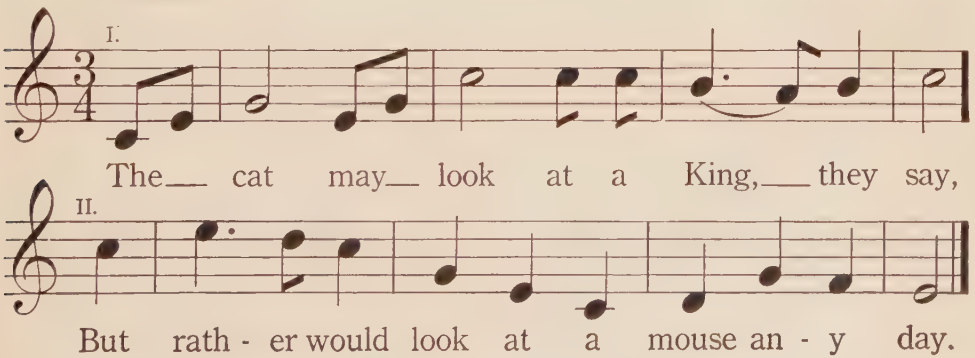
Reading Song

RALPH W. EMERSON — PAUL AMBROSE

For flow'rs that bloom a-bout our feet, Fa - ther, we thank Thee;
For ten-der grass so fresh, so sweet, Fa - ther, we thank Thee;
For song of bird and hum of bee, For
all things fair we hear or see, Fa-ther in heav'n, we thank Thee.

King or Mouse?

Two-Part Round

ARTHUR GUITERMAN — ADOLF GLASBERGER

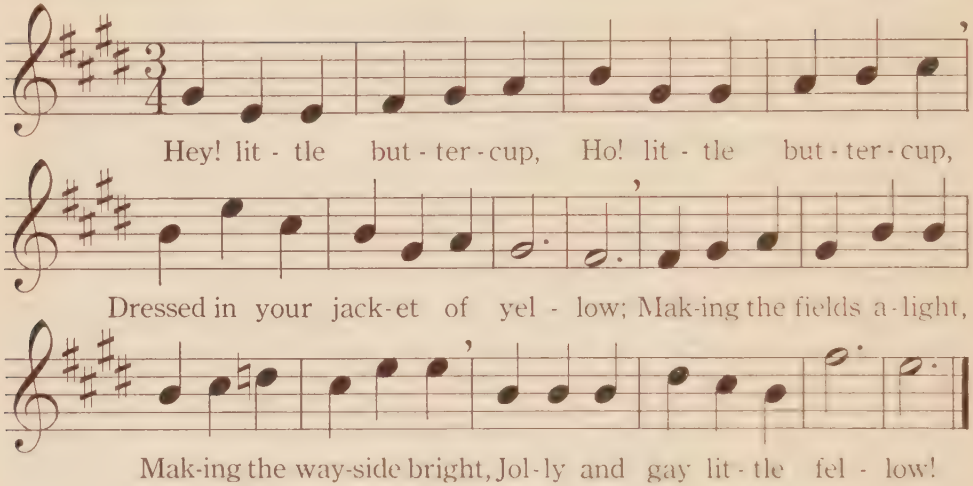


Hey! Little Buttercup

Reading Song

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

EDWARD B. BIRGE

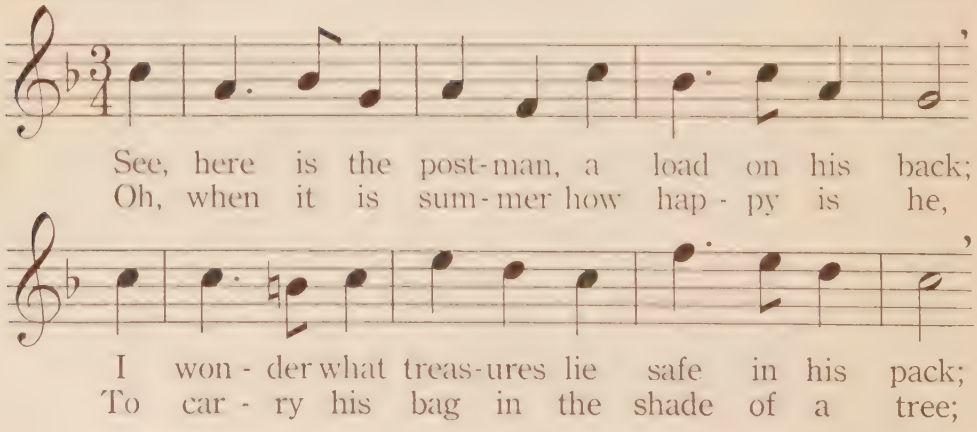

Hey! lit - tle but - ter - cup, Ho! lit - tle but - ter - cup,
Dressed in your jack-et of yel - low; Mak-ing the fields a-light,
Mak-ing the way-side bright, Jol-ly and gay lit - tle fel - low!

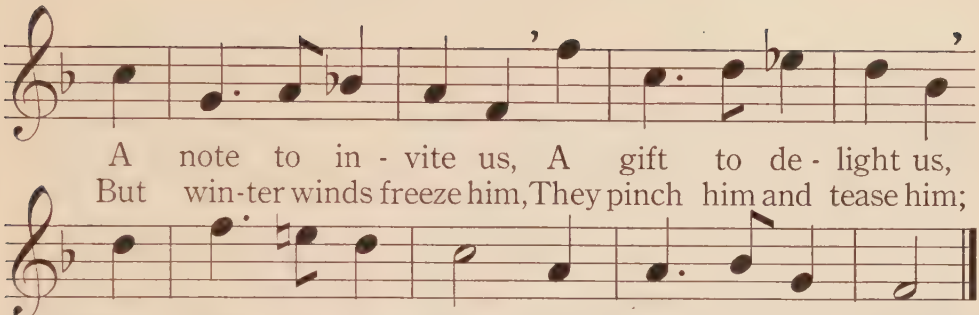
The Postman

Reading Song

SARAH GRAMES CLARK

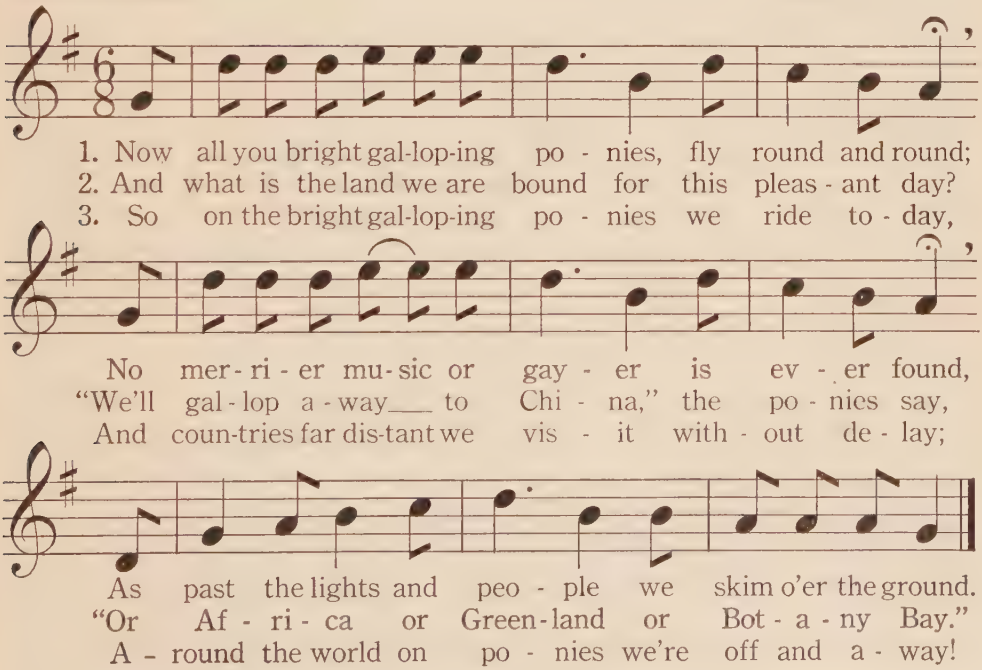
A. HÄRTEL


See, here is the post-man, a load on his back;
Oh, when it is sum-mer how hap - py is he,
I won - der what treas-ures lie safe in his pack;
To car - ry his bag in the shade of a tree;


A note to in - vite us, A gift to de - light us,
But win-ter winds freeze him, They pinch him and tease him;
What joy and sus - pense are there in his sack!
Still safe in his care our se - crets will be.

The Merry-Go-Round

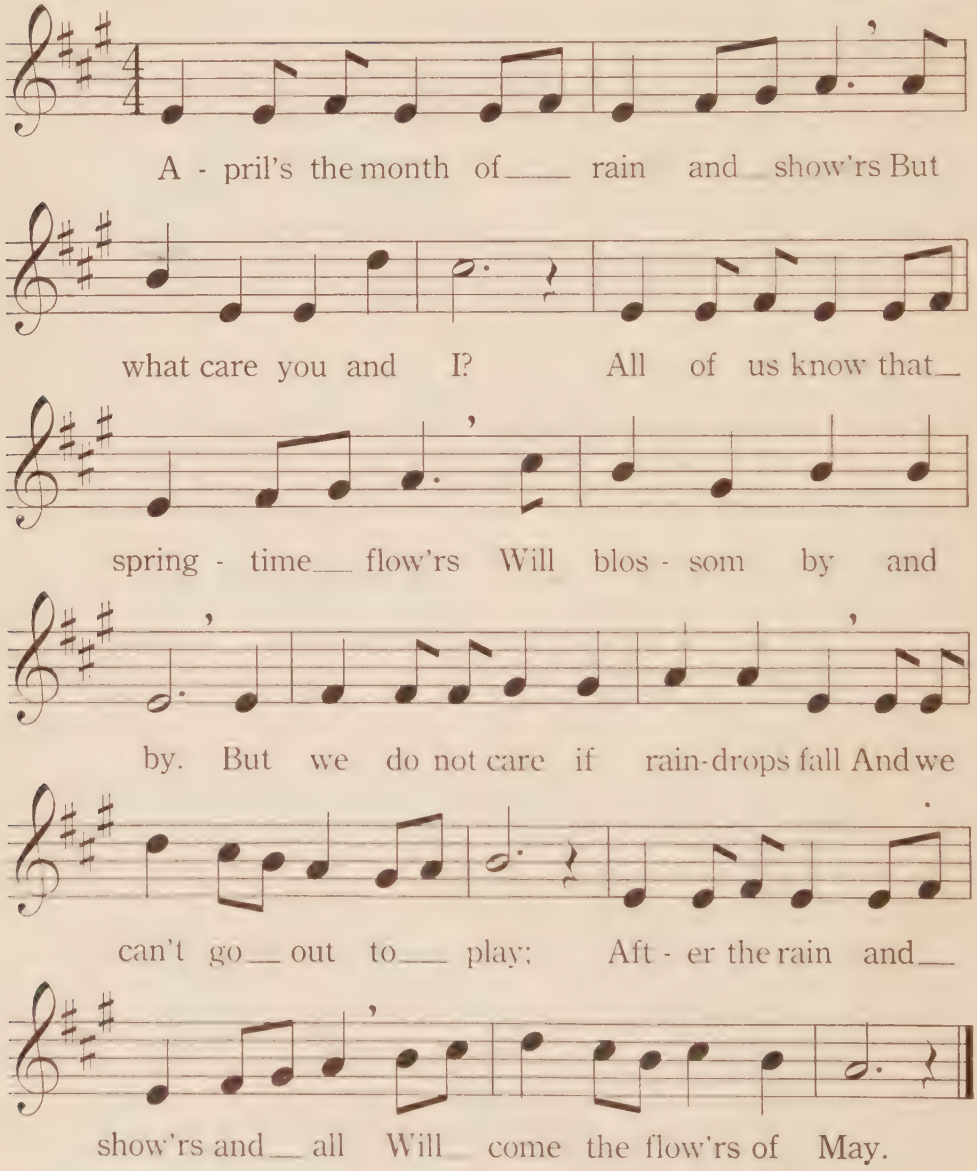
Rote Song

From the German — Rhenish Folk Song

1. Now all you bright gal-lop-ing po - nies, fly round and round;
2. And what is the land we are bound for this pleas - ant day?
3. So on the bright gal-lop-ing po - nies we ride to - day,
No mer - ri - er mu - sic or gay - er is ev - er found,
"We'll gal - lop a - way___ to Chi - na," the po - nies say,
And coun-tries far dis-tant we vis - it with - out de - lay;
As past the lights and peo - ple we skim o'er the ground.
"Or Af - ri - ca or Green-land or Bot - a - ny Bay."
A - round the world on po - nies we're off and a - way!

The Month of Showers

Reading Song

NINA B. HARTFORD NINA B. HARTFORD

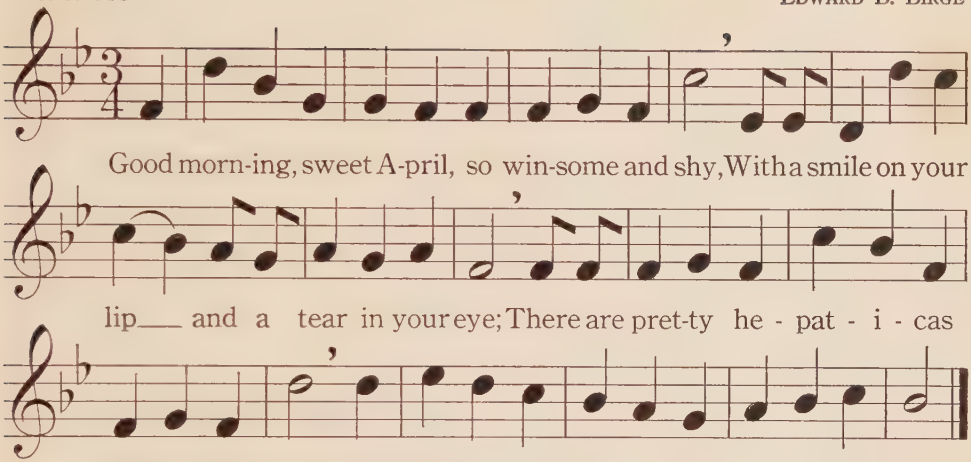

A - pril's the month of rain and show'rs But
what care you and I? All of us know that
spring - time flow'rs Will blos - som by and
by. But we do not care if rain-drops fall And we
can't go out to play; Aft - er the rain and
show'rs and all Will come the flow'rs of May.

April

Reading Song

ANONYMOUS

EDWARD B. BIRGE

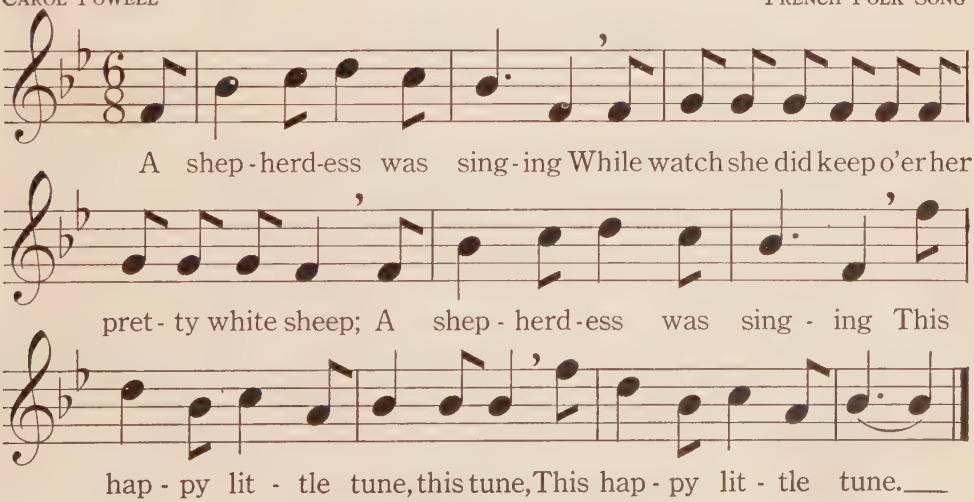

Good morn-ing, sweet A-pril, so win-some and shy, With a smile on your
lip___ and a tear in your eye; There are pret-ty he - pat - i - cas
hid in your hair, And bon-ny blue vi - o - lets clus-ter-ing there.

The Shepherdess

Rote Song

From the French by
CAROL POWELL

FRENCH FOLK SONG

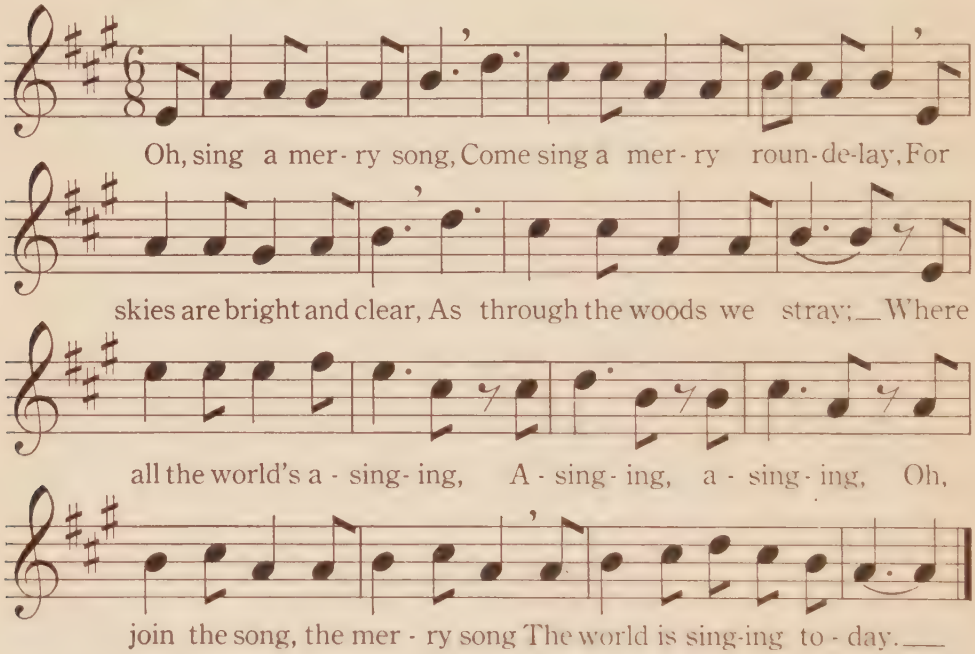

A shep - herd-ess was sing - ing While watch she did keep o'er her
pret - ty white sheep; A shep - herd - ess was sing - ing This
hap - py lit - tle tune, this tune, This hap - py lit - tle tune.___

A Woodland Roundelay

Rote Song

MME. H. RENAUDIN
Translated by MARY MEALAND STONE

ANDRÉ GÉDALGE

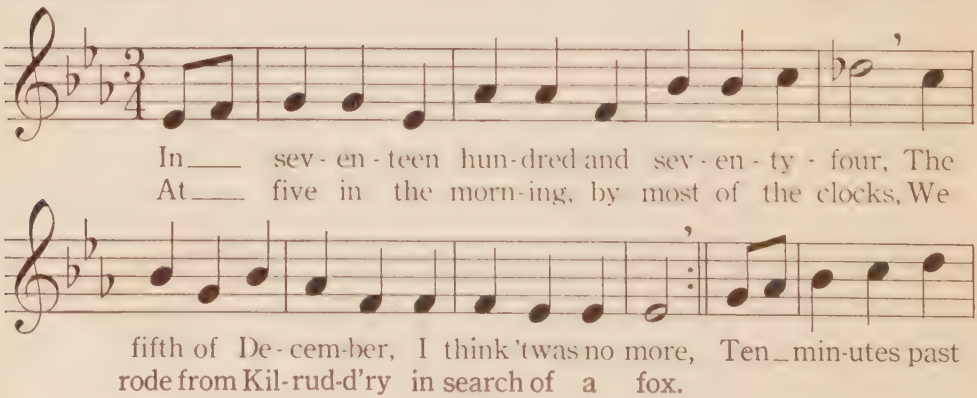

Oh, sing a mer - ry song, Come sing a mer - ry roun - de - lay, For
skies are bright and clear, As through the woods we stray; Where
all the world's a - sing - ing, A - sing - ing, a - sing - ing, Oh,
join the song, the mer - ry song The world is sing-ing to - day.

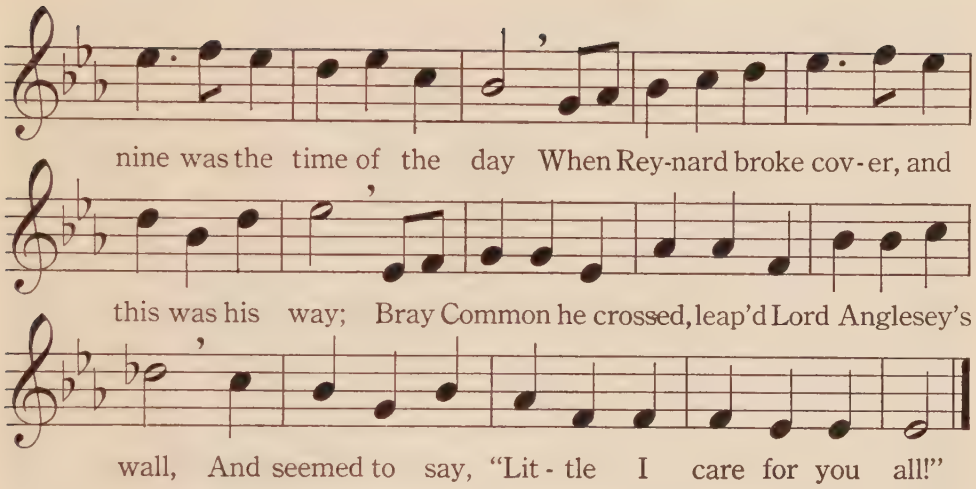
The Kilruddery Hunt

Reading Song

THOMAS MOZEEN

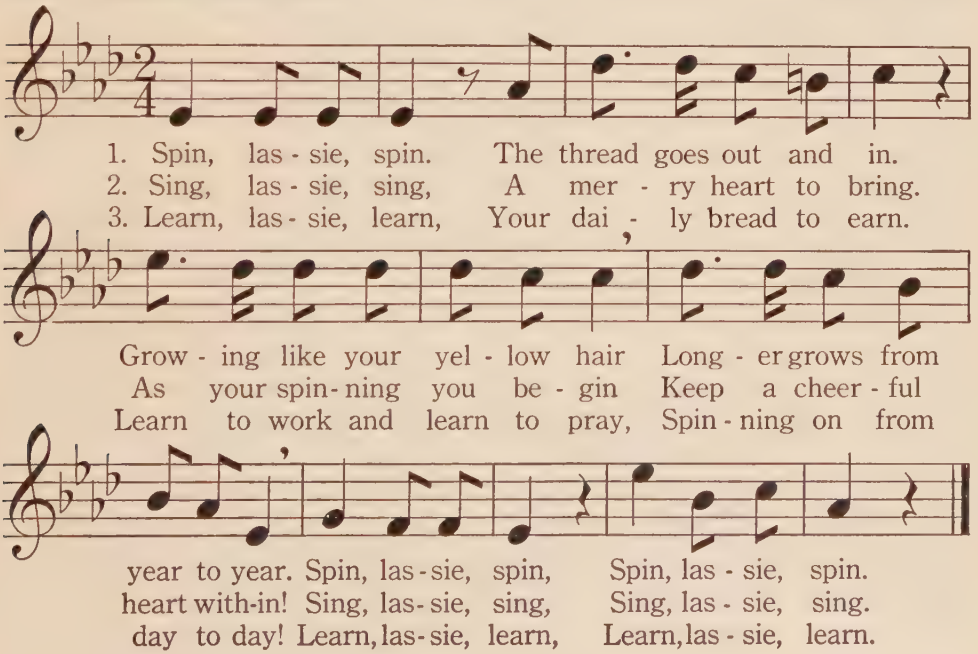
IRISH FOLK SONG


In sev - en - teen hun - dred and sev - en - ty - four, The
At five in the morn - ing, by most of the clocks, We
fifth of De - cem - ber, I think 'twas no more, Ten min - utes past
rode from Kil - rud - d'ry in search of a fox.


nine was the time of the day When Rey-nard broke cov-er, and
this was his way; Bray Common he crossed, leap'd Lord Anglesey's
wall, And seemed to say, "Lit-tle I care for you all!"

Spinning Song

Rote Song

From the Modern Music Series — CARL REINECKE

1. Spin, las-sie, spin. The thread goes out and in.
2. Sing, las-sie, sing, A mer-ry heart to bring.
3. Learn, las-sie, learn, Your dai-ly bread to earn.
Grow-ing like your yel-low hair Long-er grows from
As your spin-ning you be-gin Keep a cheer-ful
Learn to work and learn to pray, Spin-ning on from
year to year. Spin, las-sie, spin, Spin, las-sie, spin.
heart with-in! Sing, las-sie, sing, Sing, las-sie, sing.
day to day! Learn, las-sie, learn, Learn, las-sie, learn.

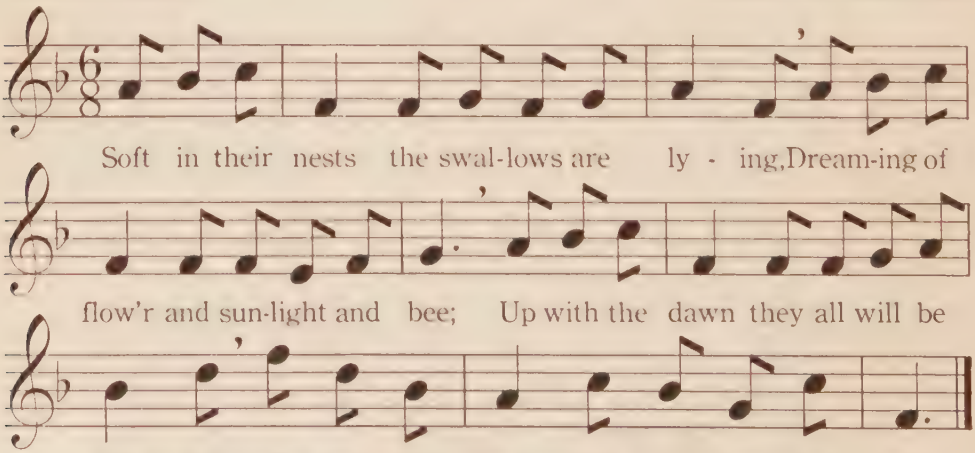
Published Berlin Photograph Company, Courtesy Rudolph Lesch

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Swallow Song

Rote Song

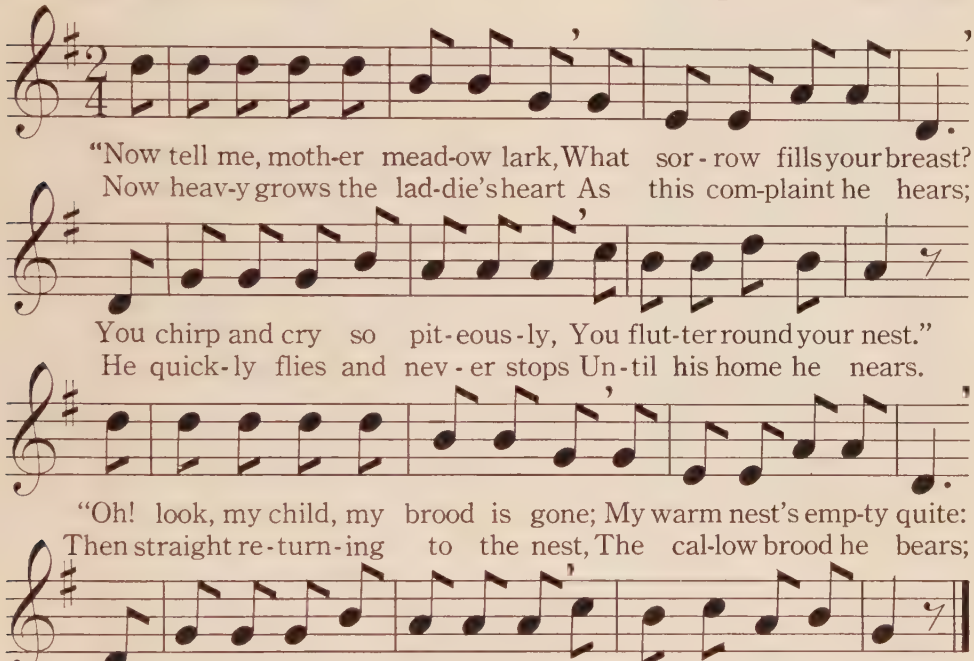
ARTHUR GUITERMAN LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN


Soft in their nests the swal-lows are ly - ing, Dream-ing of
flow'r and sun-light and bee; Up with the dawn they all will be
fly - ing O - ver the land and o - ver the sea.

The Boy and the Lark

Rote Song

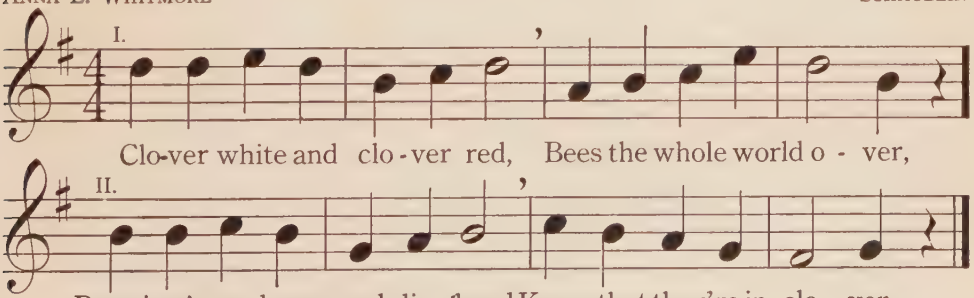
HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN — LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN


"Now tell me, moth-er mead-ow lark, What sor-row fills your breast?
Now heav-y grows the lad-die's heart As this com-plaint he hears;
You chirp and cry so pit-eous-ly, You flut-ter round your nest."
He quick-ly flies and nev-er stops Un-til his home he nears.
"Oh! look, my child, my brood is gone; My warm nest's emp-ty quite:
Then straight re-turn-ing to the nest, The cal-low brood he bears;
Who feeds my hun-gry lit-tle ones, Who shel-ters them at night?"
"For-give me, pret-ty moth-er bird, Take back your lit-tle dears."

Clover

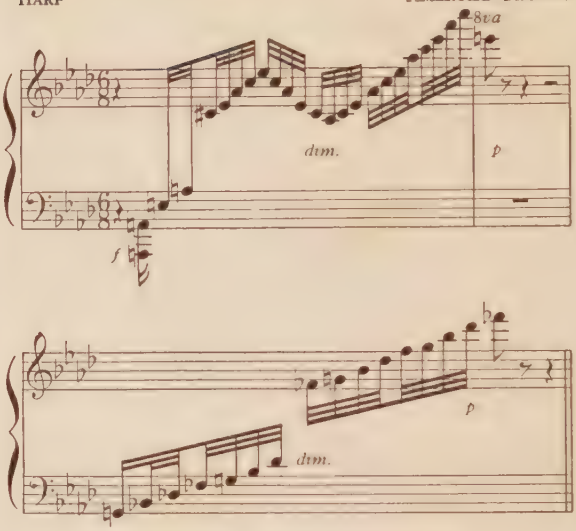
Two-Part Round

ANNA L. WHITMORE — SCHÄUBLIN



The Metropolitan Museum of Art
THE HARP PLAYER by KENYON COX

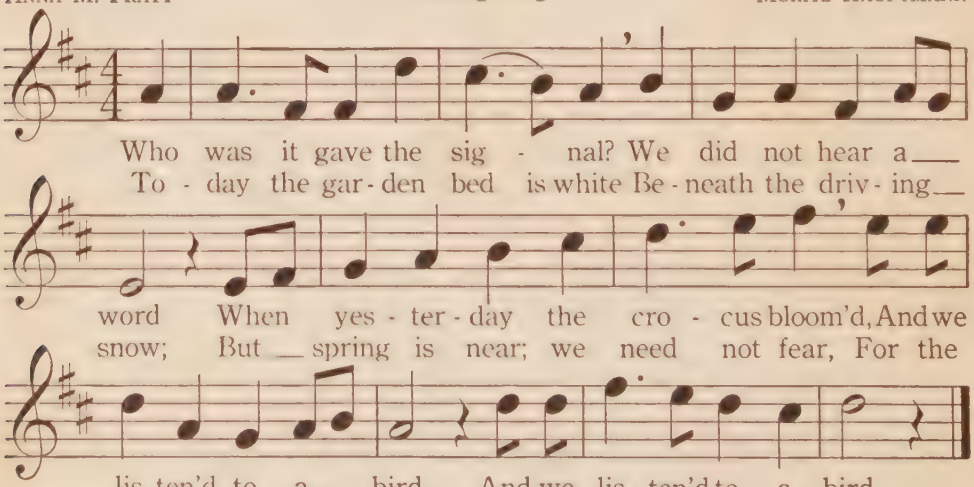
"Mignon" Overture

HARP — AMBROISE THOMAS

CADENZA FOR THE HARP

In April

Reading Song

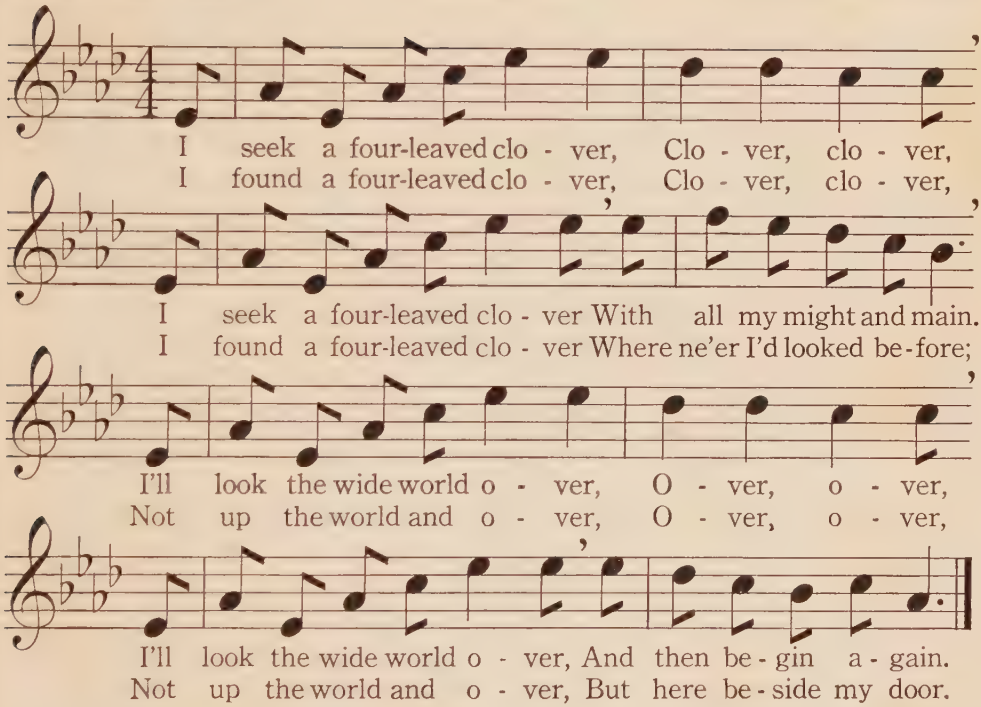
ANNA M. PRATT — MORITZ HAUPTMANN


Who was it gave the sig - nal? We did not hear a___
word When yes - ter - day the cro - cus bloom'd, And we
lis - ten'd to a___ bird, And we lis - ten'd to a bird.
To - day the gar - den bed is white Be - neath the driv - ing___
snow; But ___ spring is near; we need not fear, For the
birds and flow - ers___ know, For the birds and flow - ers know.

Clover Song

Reading Song

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

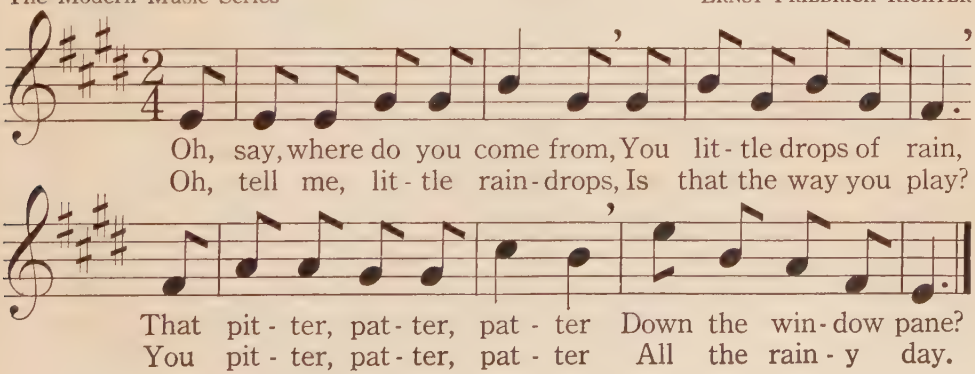
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

I seek a four-leaved clo - ver, Clo - ver, clo - ver,
I found a four-leaved clo - ver, Clo - ver, clo - ver,
I seek a four-leaved clo - ver With all my might and main.
I found a four-leaved clo - ver Where ne'er I'd looked be-fore;
I'll look the wide world o - ver, O - ver, o - ver,
Not up the world and o - ver, O - ver, o - ver,
I'll look the wide world o - ver, And then be - gin a - gain.
Not up the world and o - ver, But here be - side my door.

Little Raindrops

Reading Song

The Modern Music Series

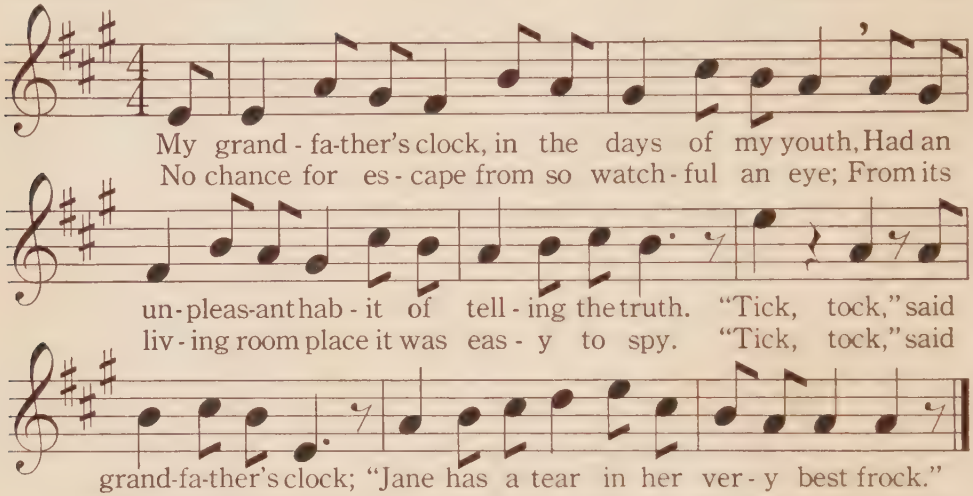
ERNST FRIEDRICH RICHTER


Oh, say, where do you come from, You lit - tle drops of rain,
Oh, tell me, lit - tle rain-drops, Is that the way you play?
That pit - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter Down the win-dow pane?
You pit - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter All the rain - y day.

My Grandfather's Clock

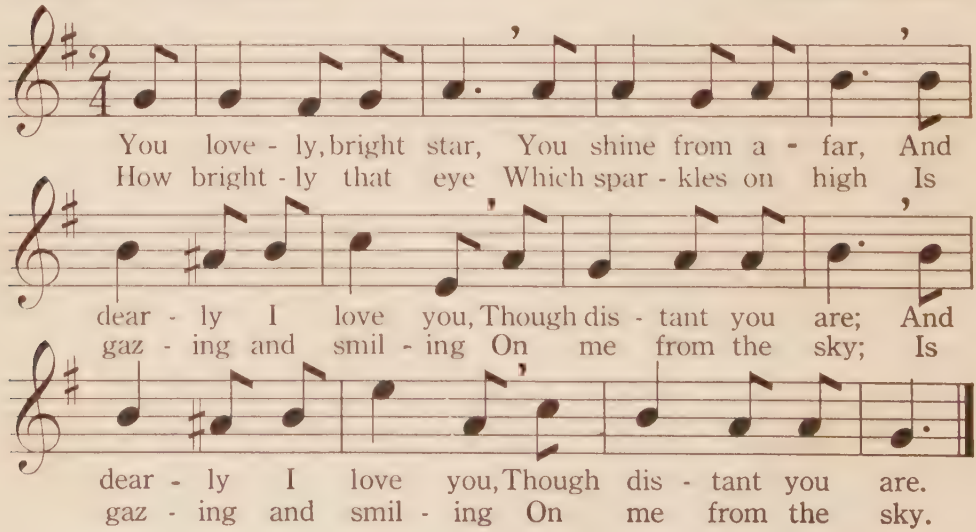
Reading Song

MARGARET C. LYSAGHT — GEOFFREY O'HARA


My grand - fa-ther's clock, in the days of my youth, Had an
No chance for es - cape from so watch - ful an eye; From its
un - pleas-ant hab - it of tell - ing the truth. "Tick, tock," said
liv - ing room place it was eas - y to spy. "Tick, tock," said
grand-fa-ther's clock; "Jane has a tear in her ver - y best frock."
grand-fa-ther's clock; "Jane has her hand in the gin-ger-bread crock."

The Star

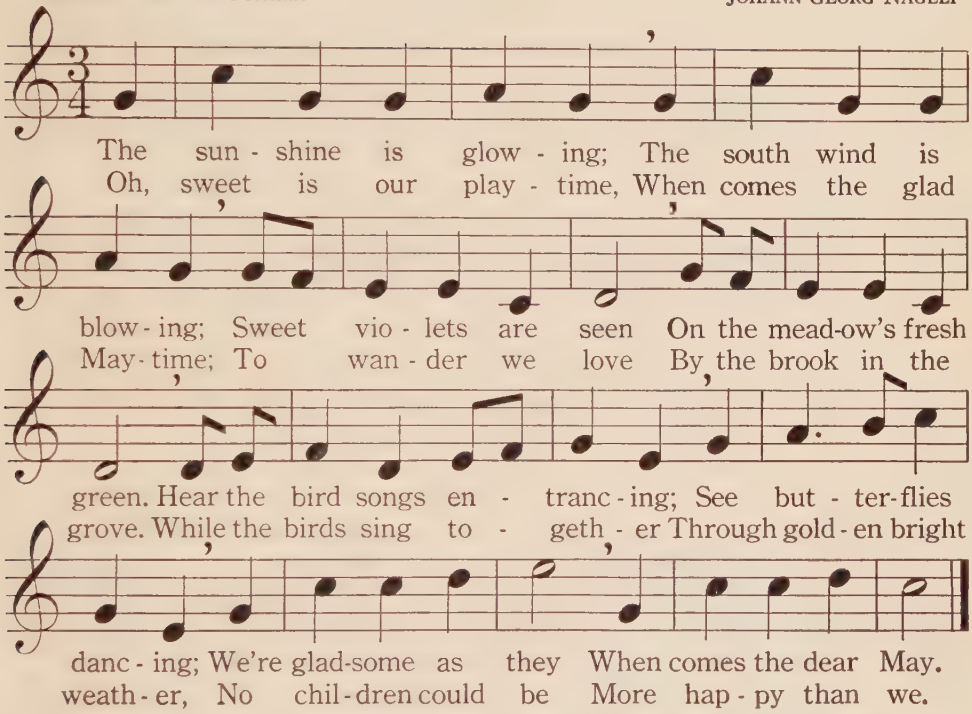
Reading Song

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN — GRABEN-HOFFMANN

You love - ly, bright star, You shine from a - far, And
How bright - ly that eye Which spar - kles on high Is
dear - ly I love you, Though dis - tant you are; And
gaz - ing and smil - ing On me from the sky; Is
dear - ly I love you, Though dis - tant you are.
gaz - ing and smil - ing On me from the sky.

May Time

Reading Song

Translated from the German

JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI

The sun - shine is glow - ing; The south wind is
Oh, sweet is our play - time, When comes the glad
blow - ing; Sweet vio - lets are seen On the mead-ow's fresh
May - time; To wan - der we love By the brook in the
green. Hear the bird songs en - tranc - ing; See but - ter-flies
grove. While the birds sing to - geth - er Through gold - en bright
danc - ing; We're glad-some as they When comes the dear May.
weath - er, No chil - dren could be More hap - py than we.

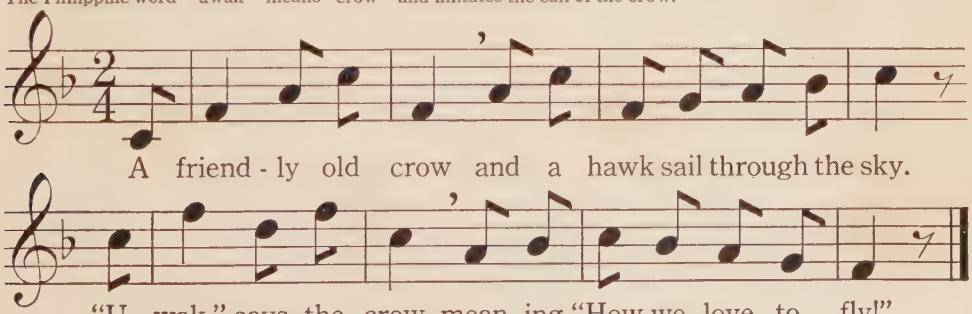
Crow and Hawk

Reading Song

PHILIPPINE FOLK SONG

PHILIPPINE FOLK SONG

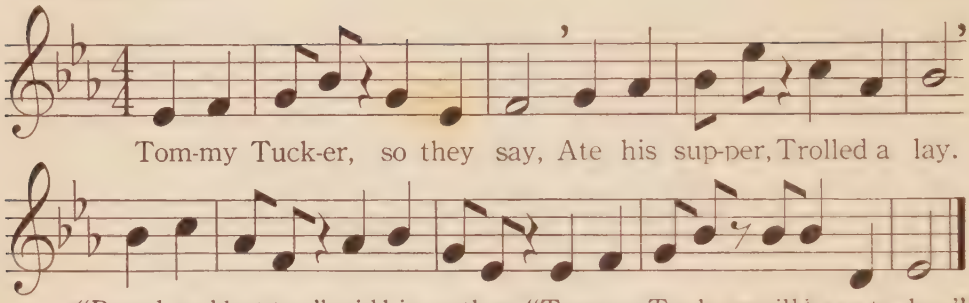
The Philippine word "uwak" means "crow" and imitates the call of the crow.



Tommy Tucker

Reading Song

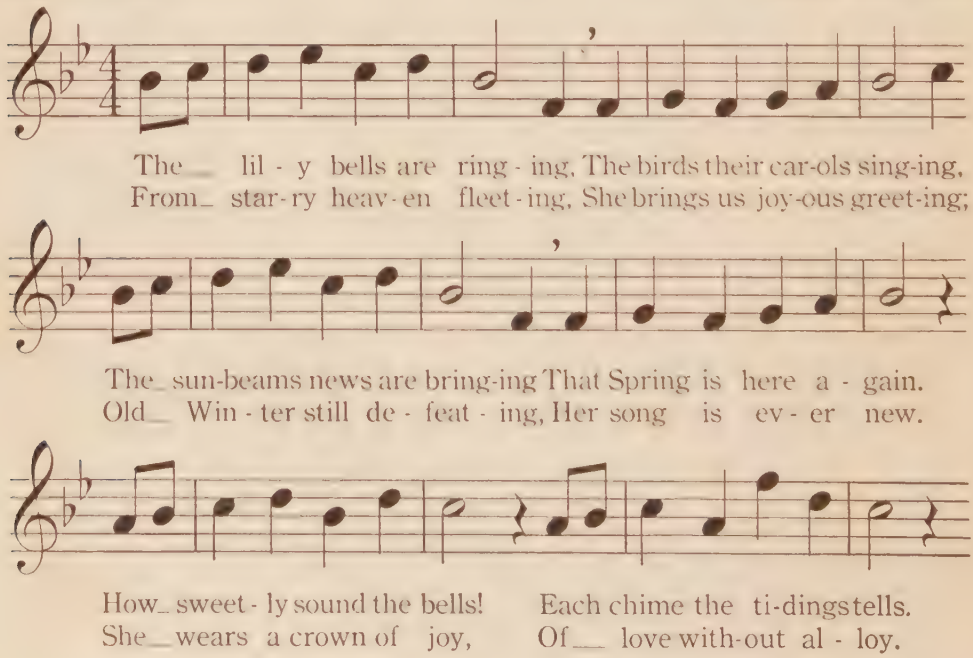
From Mother Goose — G. W. CHADWICK

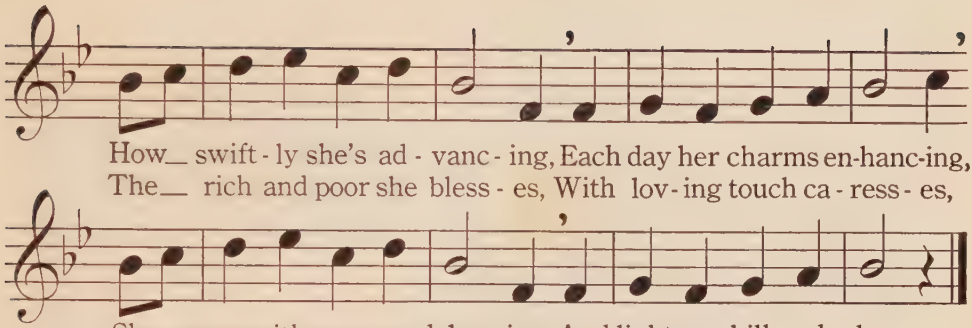


The Lily Bells Are Ringing

Reading Song

HELEN GOODRICH — FRENCH FOLK SONG

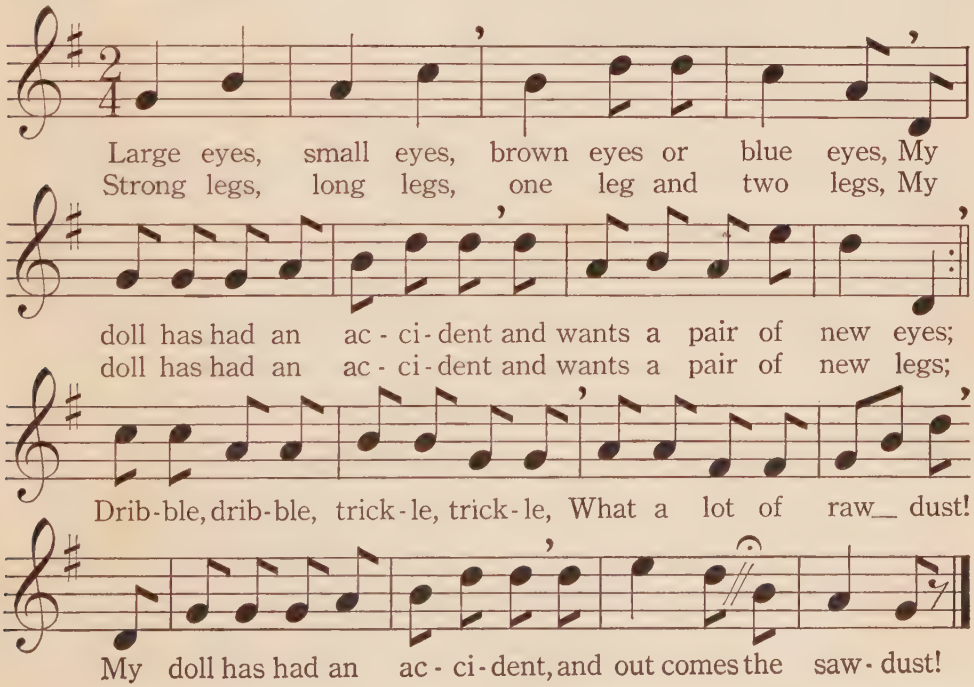

The lil - y bells are ring - ing, The birds their car-ols sing-ing,
From star-ry heav-en fleet-ing, She brings us joy-ous greet-ing;
The sun-beams news are bring-ing That Spring is here a - gain.
Old Win - ter still de - feat - ing, Her song is ev - er new.
How sweet - ly sound the bells! Each chime the ti-dings tells.
She wears a crown of joy, Of love with-out al - loy.


How_ swift - ly she's ad - vanc - ing, Each day her charms en-hanc-ing,
The_ rich and poor she bless - es, With lov - ing touch ca - ress - es,
She comes with songs and danc-ing, And lights up hill and glen.
The_world her sway con - fess - es, And yields her hom-age true.

Large Eyes, Small Eyes

Reading Song

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS — ADOLF WEIDIG


Large eyes, small eyes, brown eyes or blue eyes, My
Strong legs, long legs, one leg and two legs, My
doll has had an ac - ci - dent and wants a pair of new eyes;
doll has had an ac - ci - dent and wants a pair of new legs;
Drib-ble, drib-ble, trick - le, trick - le, What a lot of raw_ dust!
My doll has had an ac - ci - dent, and out comes the saw - dust!

HERBERT L. CLARKE PLAYING THE CORNET

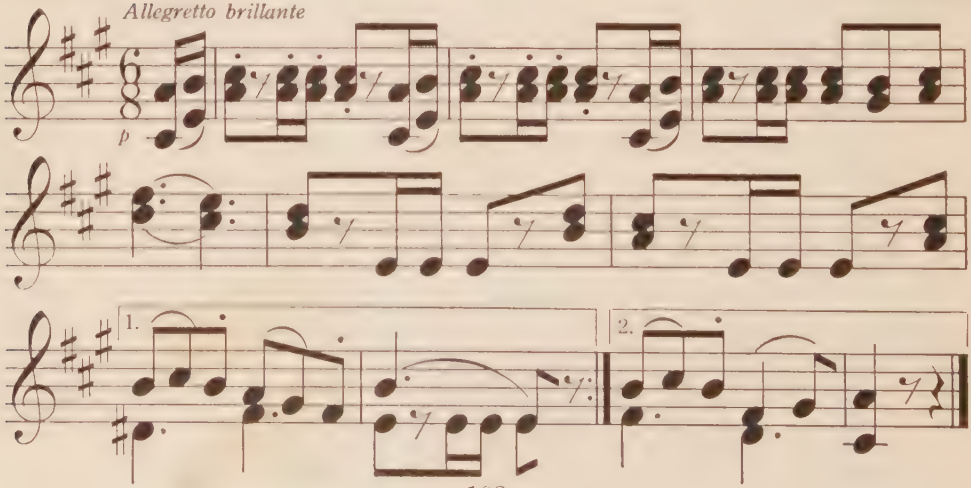
Trumpet

Cornet

Theme from "Light Cavalry" Overture

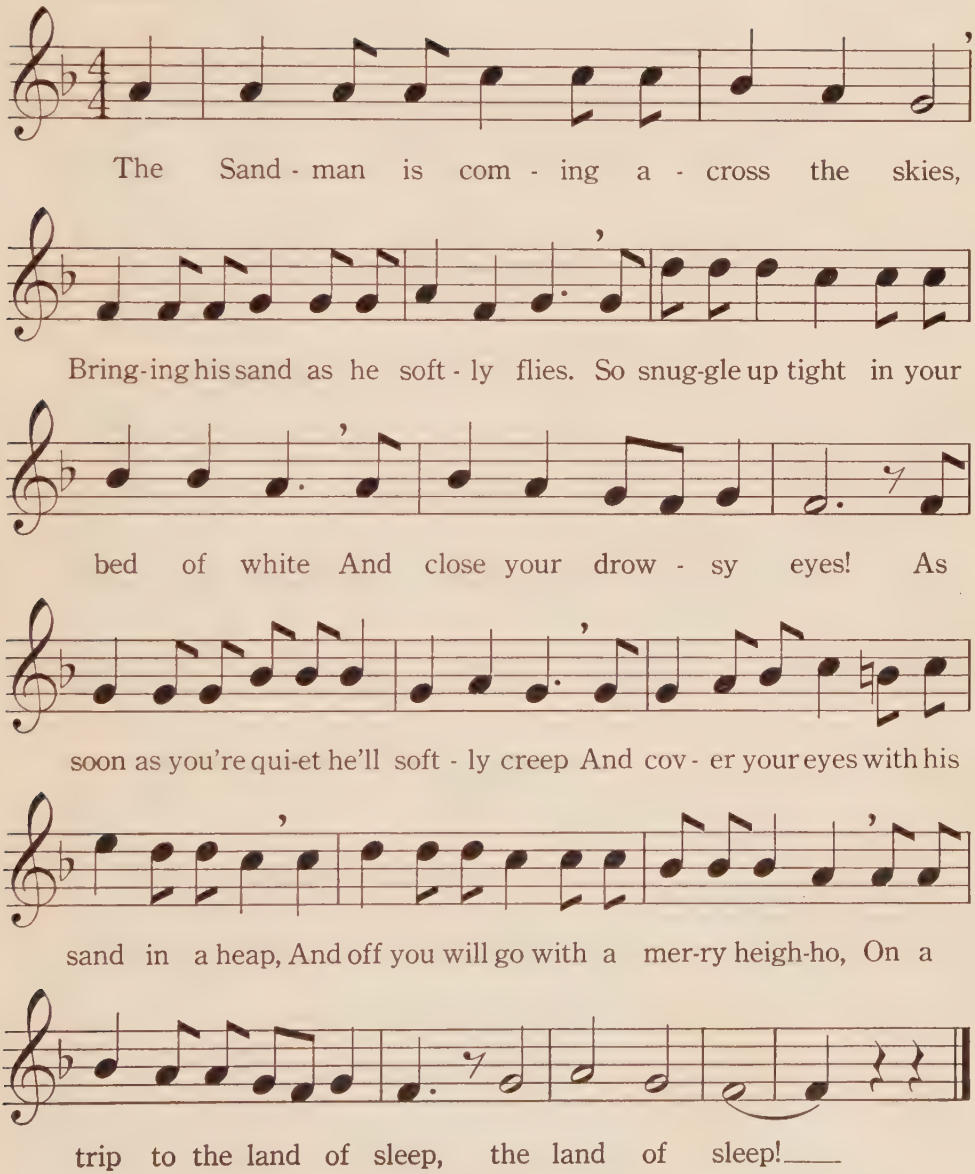
CORNETS

FR. VON SUPPÉ

Allegretto brillante

The Sandman

Reading Song

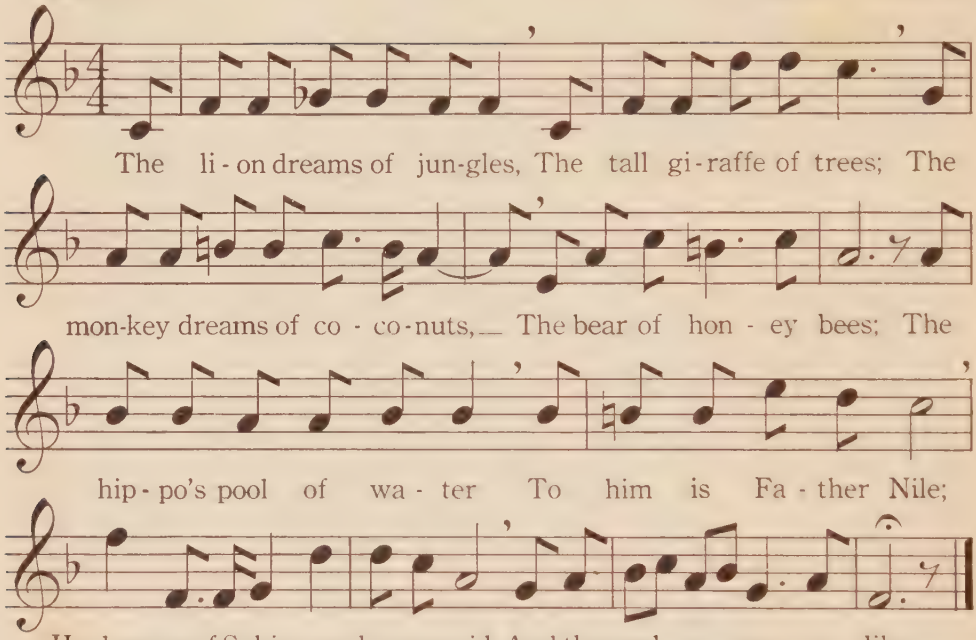
RUTH STEPHENS PORTER — FELIX BOROWSKI


The Sand - man is com - ing a - cross the skies,
Bring-ing his sand as he soft - ly flies. So snug-gle up tight in your
bed of white And close your drow - sy eyes! As
soon as you're qui-et he'll soft - ly creep And cov - er your eyes with his
sand in a heap, And off you will go with a mer-ry heigh-ho, On a
trip to the land of sleep, the land of sleep!

The Zoo

Rote Song

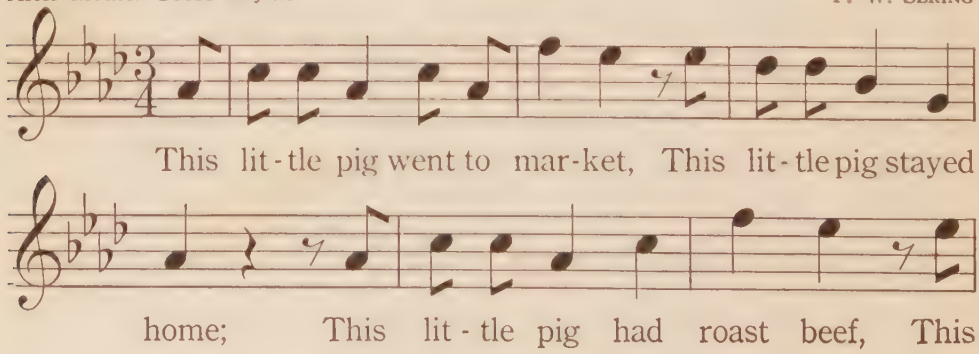
FLORENCE C. FOX — R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

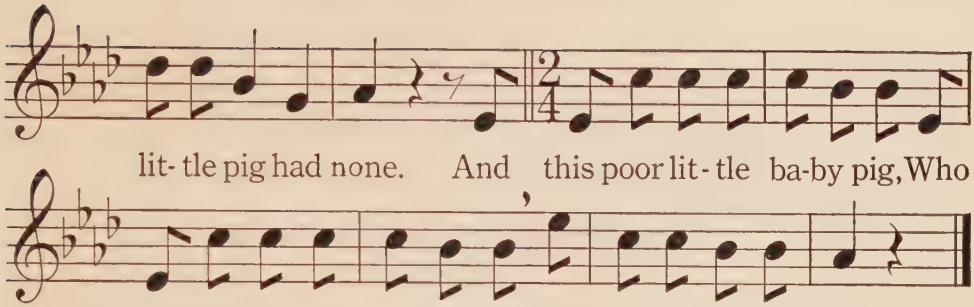

The li - on dreams of jun-gles, The tall gi - raffe of trees; The
mon-key dreams of co - co-nuts, The bear of hon - ey bees; The
hip - po's pool of wa - ter To him is Fa - ther Nile;
He dreams of Sphinx and pyr-a-mid, And the scal - y croc - o - dile.

This Little Pig

Reading Song

After Mother Goose Rhyme — F. W. SERING

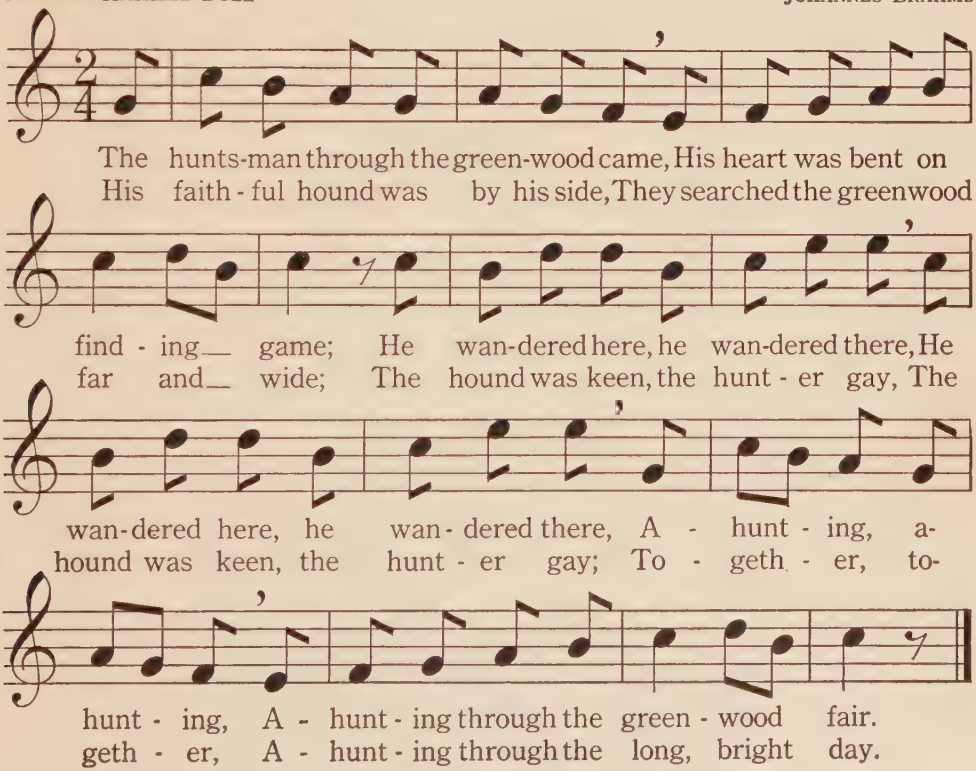




The Huntsman

Reading Song

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE — JOHANNES BRAHMS

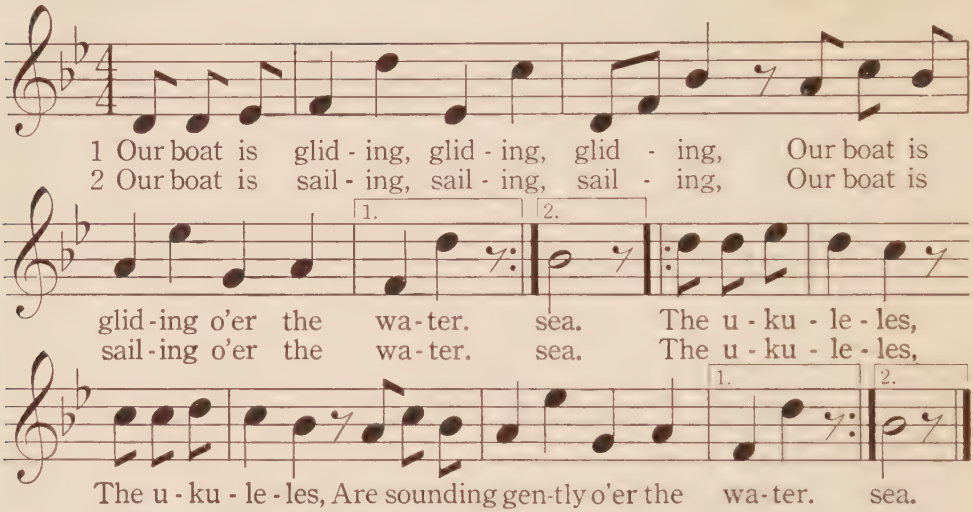

The hunts-man through the green-wood came, His heart was bent on
His faith - ful hound was by his side, They searched the green wood
find - ing game; He wan-dered here, he wan-dered there, He
far and wide; The hound was keen, the hunt - er gay, The
wan-dered here, he wan - dered there, A - hunt - ing, a-
hound was keen, the hunt - er gay; To - geth - er, to-
hunt - ing, A - hunt - ing through the green - wood fair.
geth - er, A - hunt - ing through the long, bright day.

Hawaiian Boat Song

Reading Song

From the Hawaiian

HAWAIIAN MELODY


1 Our boat is glid - ing, glid - ing, glid - ing, Our boat is
2 Our boat is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, Our boat is
1.
2.
glid-ing o'er the wa-ter. sea. The u - ku - le - les,
sail-ing o'er the wa-ter. sea. The u - ku - le - les,
1.
2.
The u - ku - le - les, Are sounding gen-tly o'er the wa-ter. sea.

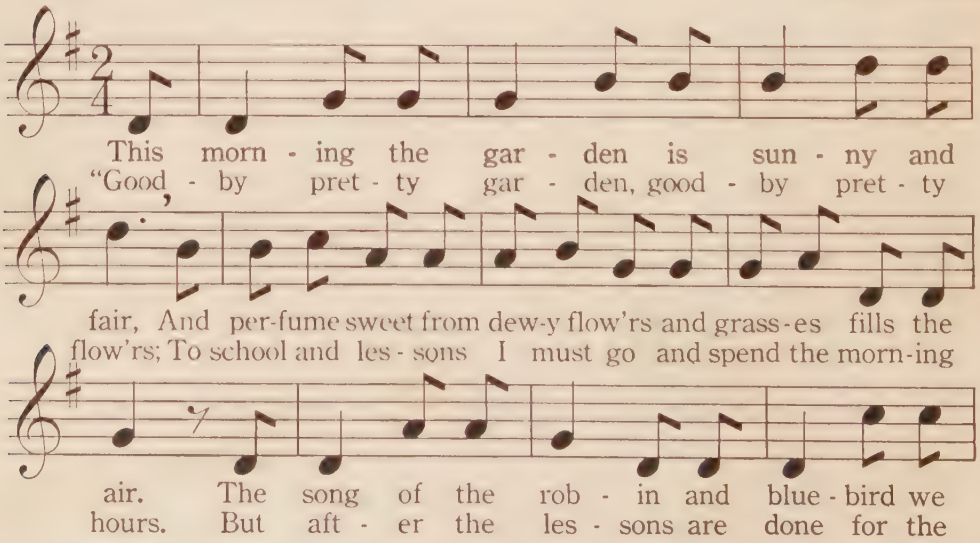
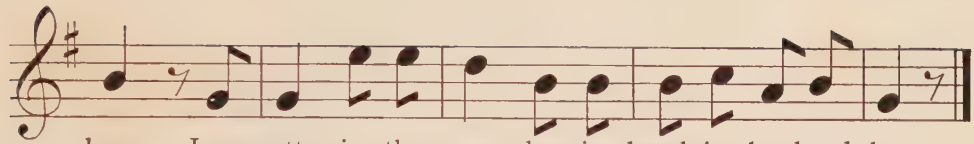
Jeannette

Reading Song

MME. H. RENAUDIN

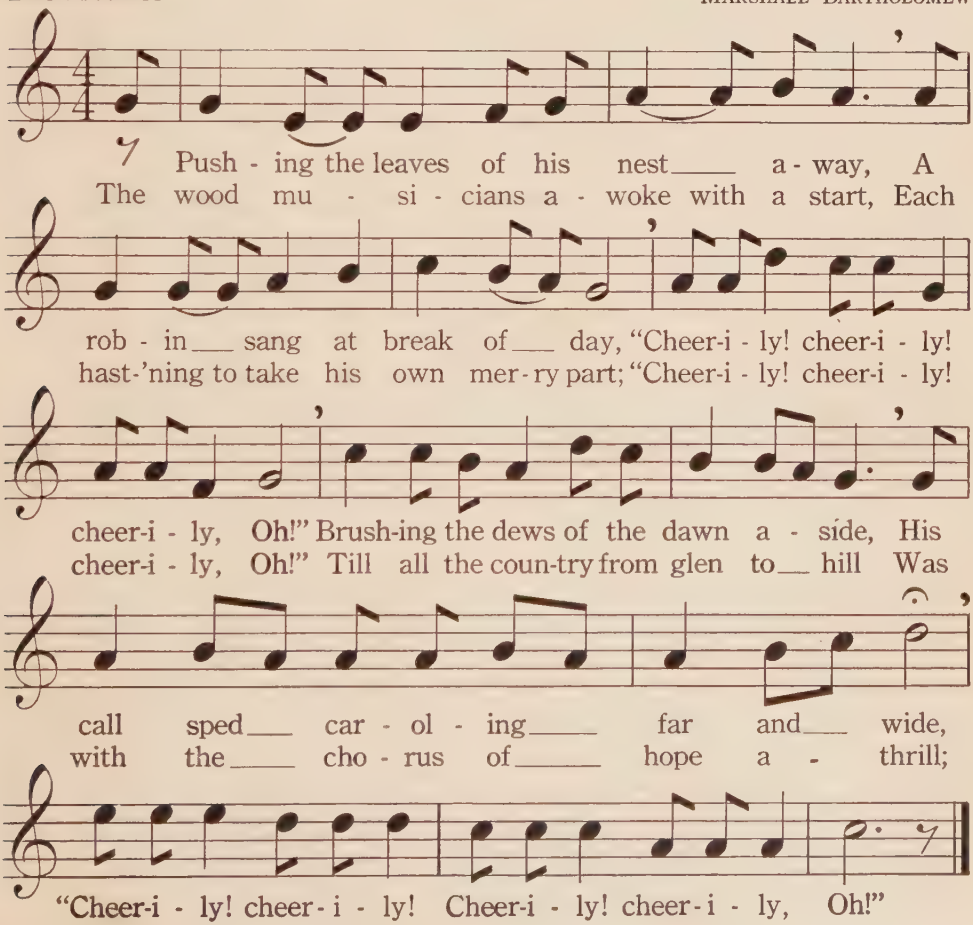
Translated by MARY MEALAND STONE

ANDRÉ GÉDALGE


This morn - ing the gar - den is sun - ny and
"Good - by pret - ty gar - den, good - by pret - ty
fair, And per-fume sweet from dew-y flow'rs and grass-es fills the
flow'rs; To school and les - sons I must go and spend the morn-ing
air. The song of the rob - in and blue - bird we
hours. But aft - er the les - sons are done for the

The Robin's Song

Reading Song

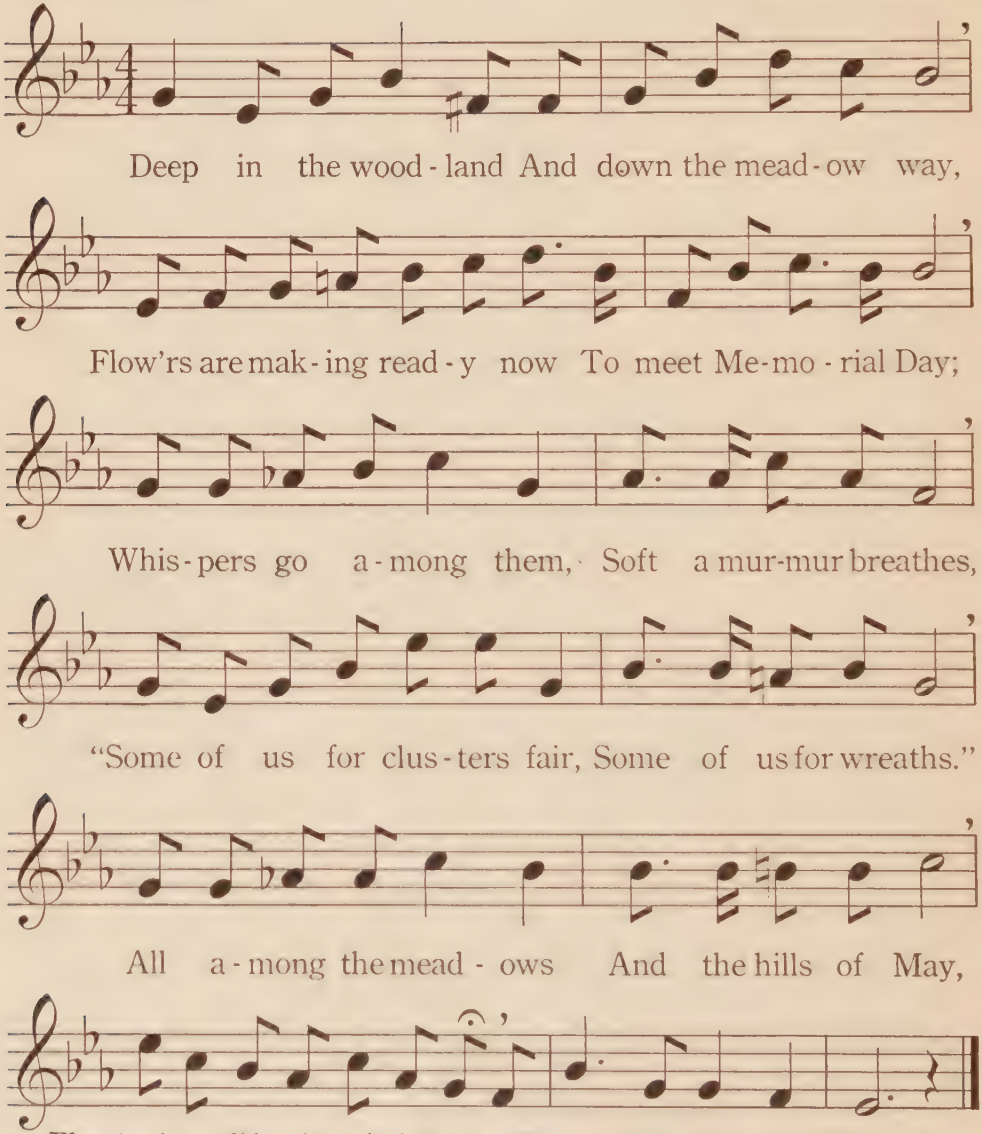
EDITH BABBITT — MARSHALL BARTHOLOMEW


Push-ing the leaves of his nest a-way, A
The wood mu-si-cians a-woke with a start, Each
rob-in sang at break of day, "Cheer-i-ly! cheer-i-ly!
hast-'ning to take his own mer-ry part; "Cheer-i-ly! cheer-i-ly!
cheer-i-ly, Oh!" Brush-ing the dews of the dawn a-side, His
cheer-i-ly, Oh!" Till all the coun-try from glen to hill Was
call sped car-ol-ing far and wide,
with the cho-rus of hope a-thrill;
"Cheer-i-ly! cheer-i-ly! Cheer-i-ly! cheer-i-ly, Oh!"

Memorial Day

Rote Song

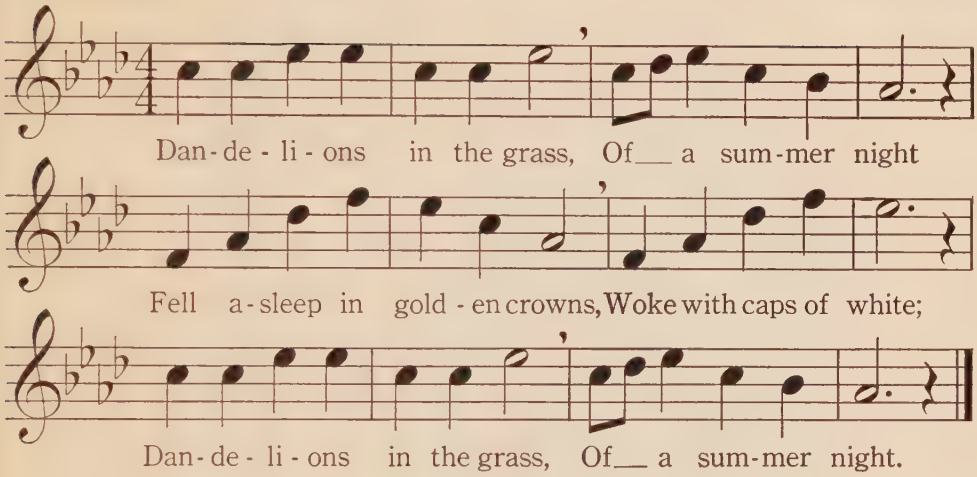
NANCY BYRD TURNER R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN


Deep in the wood-land And down the mead-ow way,
Flow'rs are mak-ing read-y now To meet Me-mo-rial Day;
Whis-pers go a-mong them, Soft a mur-mur breathes,
"Some of us for clus-ters fair, Some of us for wreaths."
All a-mong the mead-ows And the hills of May,
Flow'rs have lift-ed up their hearts To greet Me-mo-rial Day.

Fairy Work

Reading Song

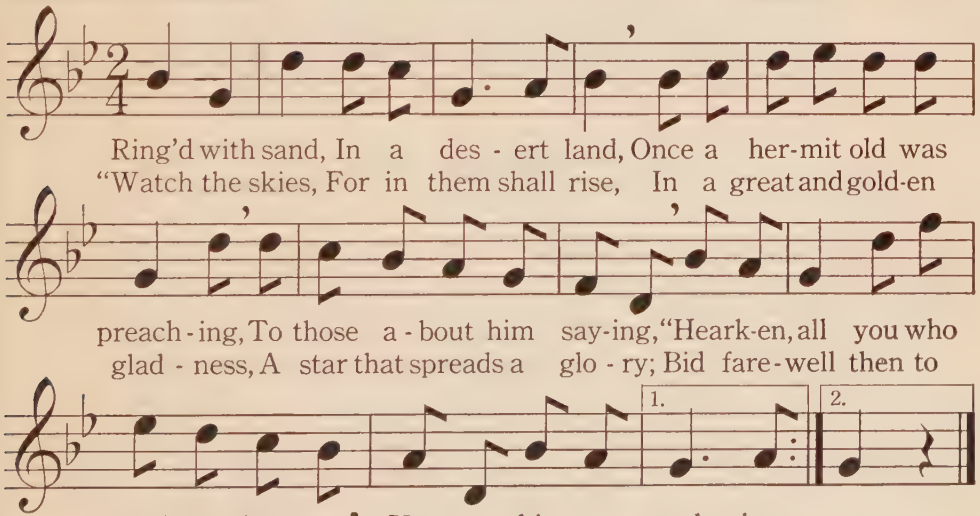
ALDIS DUNBAR PAUL AMBROSE


Dan-de-li-ons in the grass, Of__ a sum-mer night
Fell a-sleep in gold-en crowns, Woke with caps of white;
Dan-de-li-ons in the grass, Of__ a sum-mer night.

Legend

Reading Song

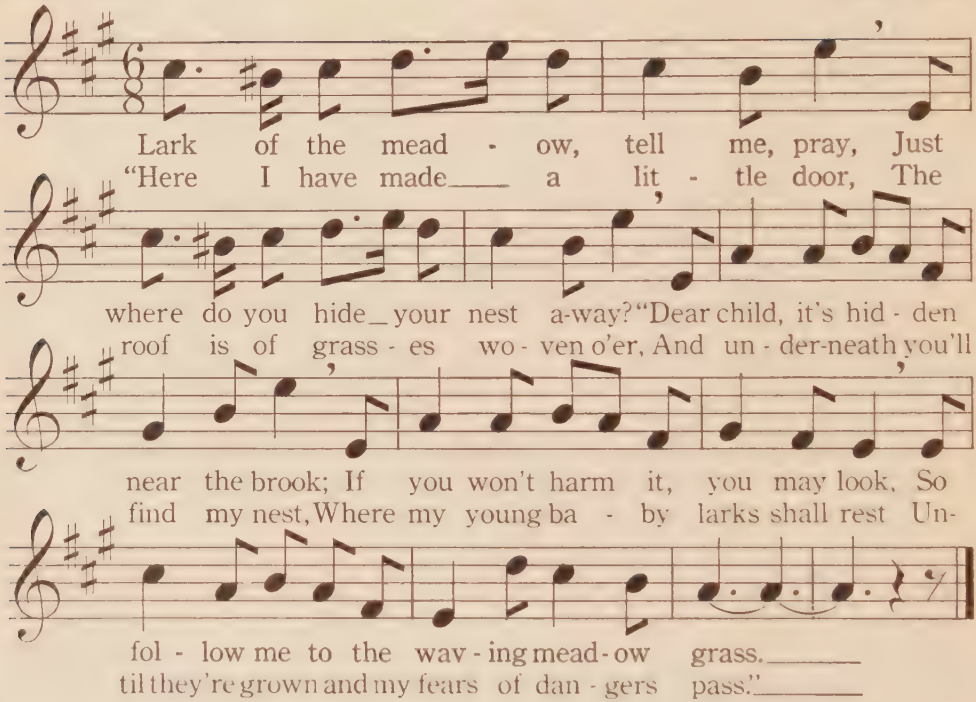
FREDERICK H. MARTENS CONSTANTIN SHVEDOFF


Ring'd with sand, In a des-ert land, Once a her-mit old was
"Watch the skies, For in them shall rise, In a great and gold-en
preach-ing, To those a-bout him say-ing, "Heark-en, all you who
glad-ness, A star that spreads a glo-ry; Bid fare-well then to
1.
2.
stand be-fore me,' Un-to this my teach-ing.
sad-ness,' Wait your star with hap-py eyes."

The Meadow Lark

Rote Song

LILLIAN MOHR

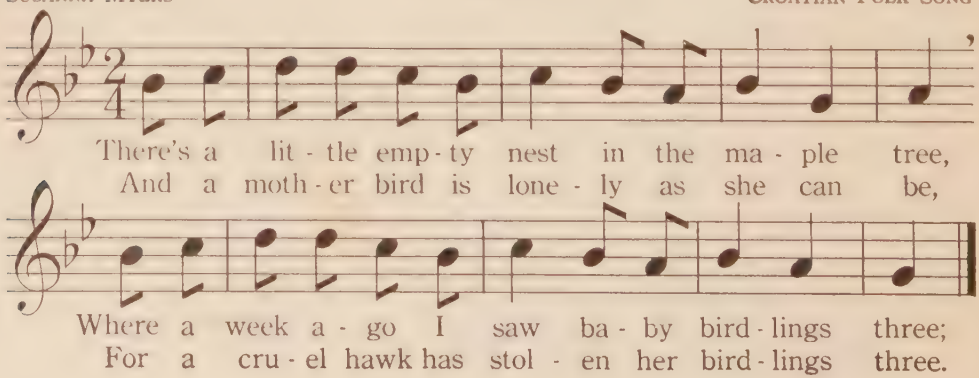
LILLIAN MOHR

Lark of the mead - ow, tell me, pray, Just
"Here I have made a lit - tle door, The
where do you hide your nest a-way? "Dear child, it's hid - den
roof is of grass - es wo - ven o'er, And un - der-neath you'll
near the brook; If you won't harm it, you may look. So
find my nest, Where my young ba - by larks shall rest Un-
fol - low me to the wav - ing mead - ow grass.
til they're grown and my fears of dan - gers pass."

The Empty Nest

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS

CROATIAN FOLK SONG


There's a lit - tle emp - ty nest in the ma - ple tree,
And a moth - er bird is lone - ly as she can be,
Where a week a - go I saw ba - by bird - lings three;
For a cru - el hawk has stol - en her bird - lings three.

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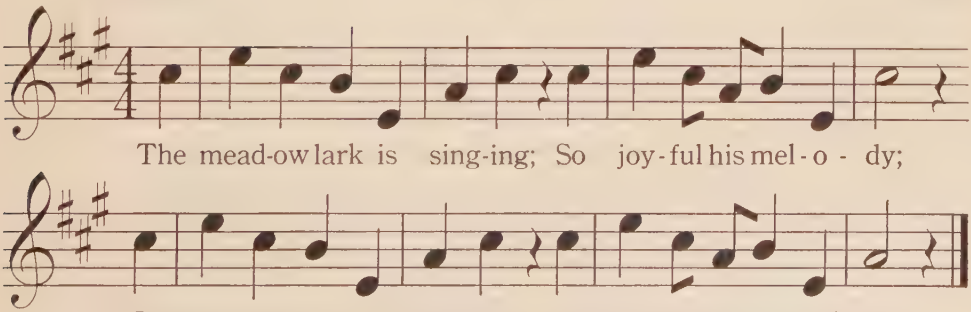
THE SONG OF THE LARK, BY BRETON

Song of the Lark

Reading Song

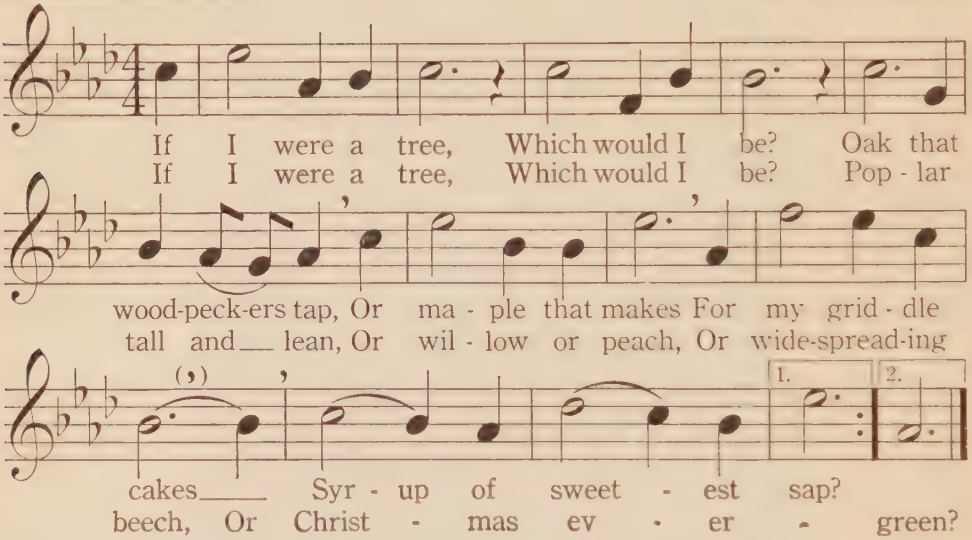
GRACE L. HOSMER GRACE L. HOSMER



If I Were a Tree

Reading Song

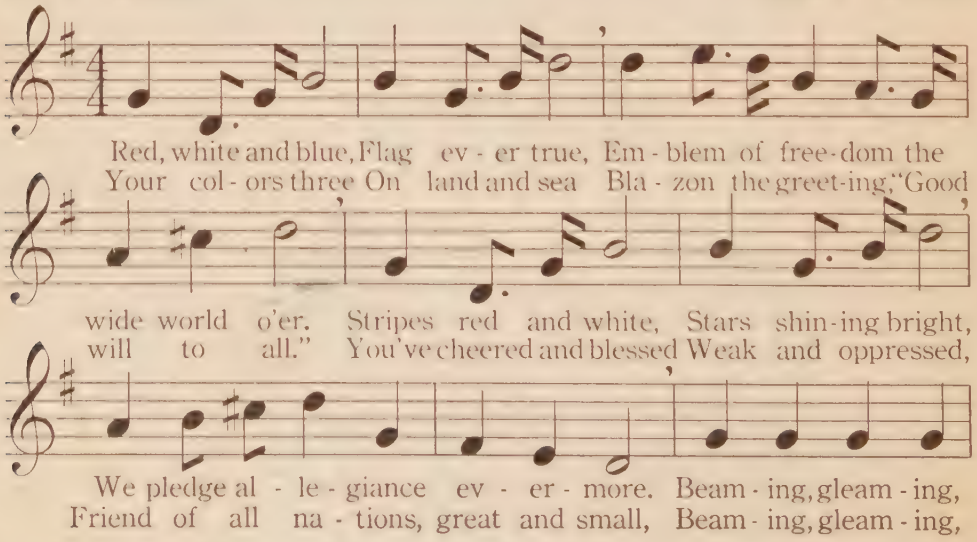
KATHARINE LEE BATES — W. OTTO MIESSNER

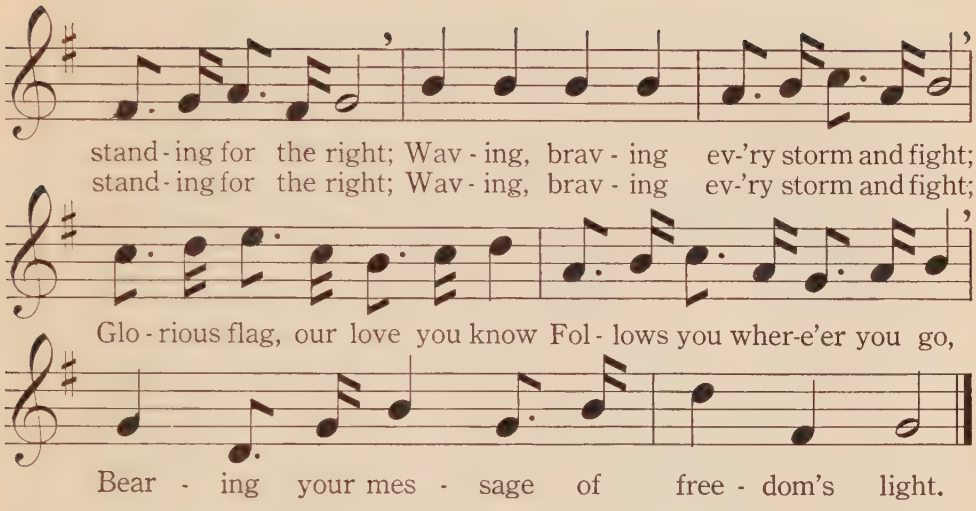

If I were a tree, Which would I be? Oak that
If I were a tree, Which would I be? Pop - lar
wood-peck-ers tap, Or ma - ple that makes For my grid - dle
tall and lean, Or wil - low or peach, Or wide-spread-ing
1.
2.
cakes Syr - up of sweet - est sap?
beech, Or Christ - mas ev - er - green?

The Message of the Flag

Rote Song

NINA B. HARTFORD — NINA B. HARTFORD

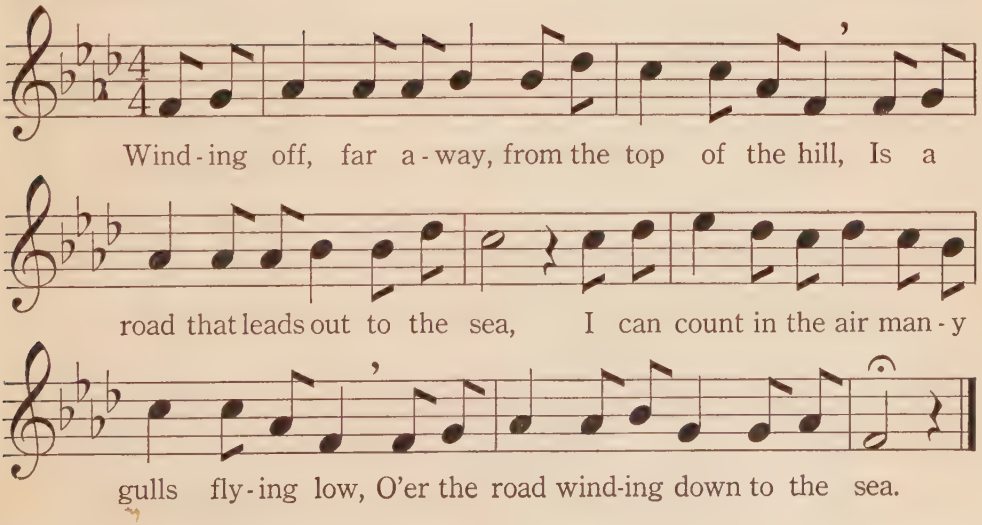

Red, white and blue, Flag ev - er true, Em - blem of free-dom the
Your col - ors three On land and sea Bla - zon the greet-ing, "Good
wide world o'er. Stripes red and white, Stars shin-ing bright,
will to all." You've cheered and blessed Weak and oppressed,
We pledge al - le - giance ev - er - more. Beam - ing, gleam - ing,
Friend of all na - tions, great and small, Beam - ing, gleam - ing,


stand - ing for the right; Wav - ing, brav - ing ev-'ry storm and fight;
stand - ing for the right; Wav - ing, brav - ing ev-'ry storm and fight;
Glo - rious flag, our love you know Fol - lows you wher-e'er you go,
Bear - ing your mes - sage of free - dom's light.

Finland

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS — FINNISH MELODY

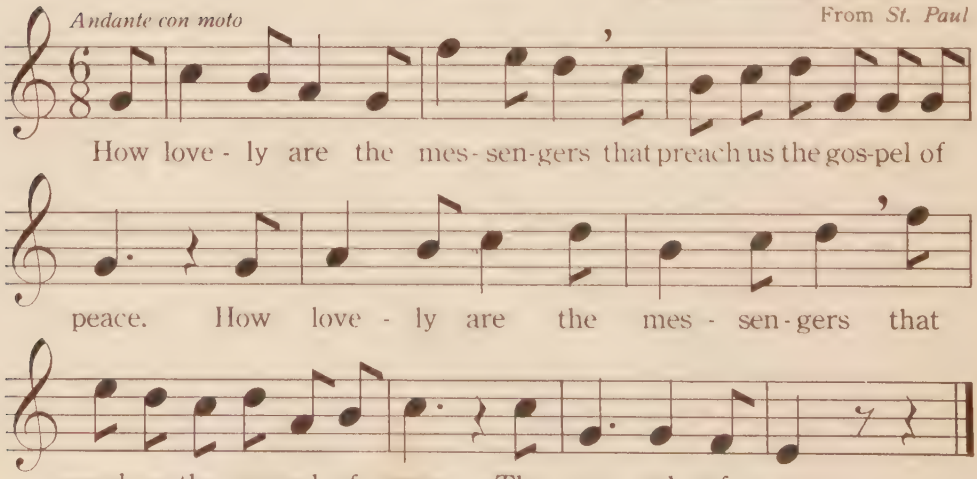

Wind - ing off, far a - way, from the top of the hill, Is a
road that leads out to the sea, I can count in the air man - y
gulls fly - ing low, O'er the road wind-ing down to the sea.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND HIS SISTER FANNY

How Lovely are the Messengers

Rote Song

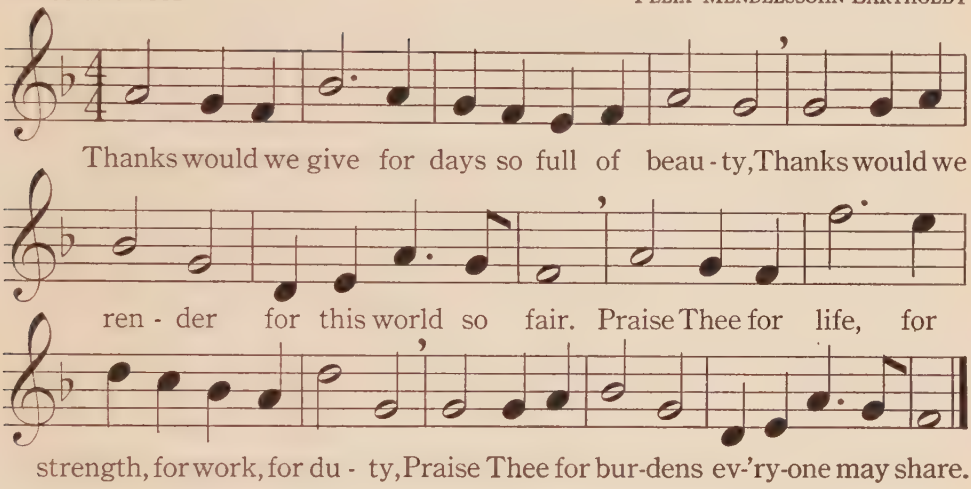
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY
From *St. Paul*


Andante con moto
How love - ly are the mes - sen-gers that preach us the gos-pel of
peace. How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that
preach us the gos-pel of peace, The gos - pel of peace.

Thanks and Praise

Reading Song

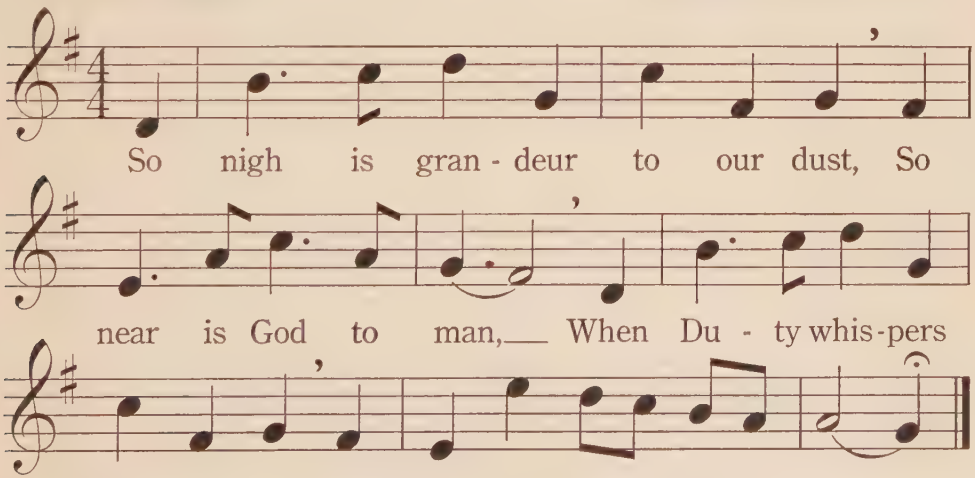
NANCY NORWOOD — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY


Thanks would we give for days so full of beau - ty, Thanks would we
ren - der for this world so fair. Praise Thee for life, for
strength, for work, for du - ty, Praise Thee for bur-dens ev-'ry-one may share.

Duty

Reading Song

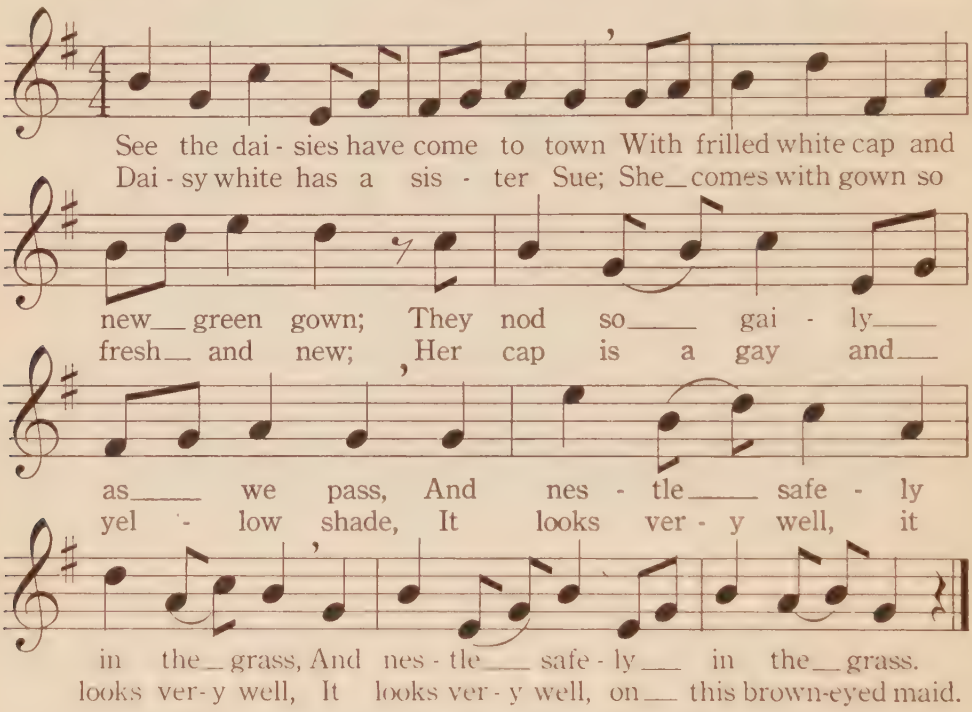
RALPH WALDO EMERSON — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



The Daisies

Reading Song

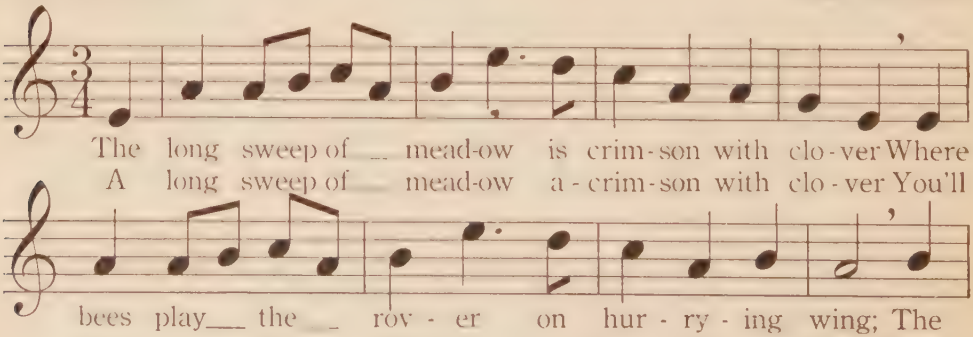
JULIA COLTON WILLARD — W. OTTO MIESSNER

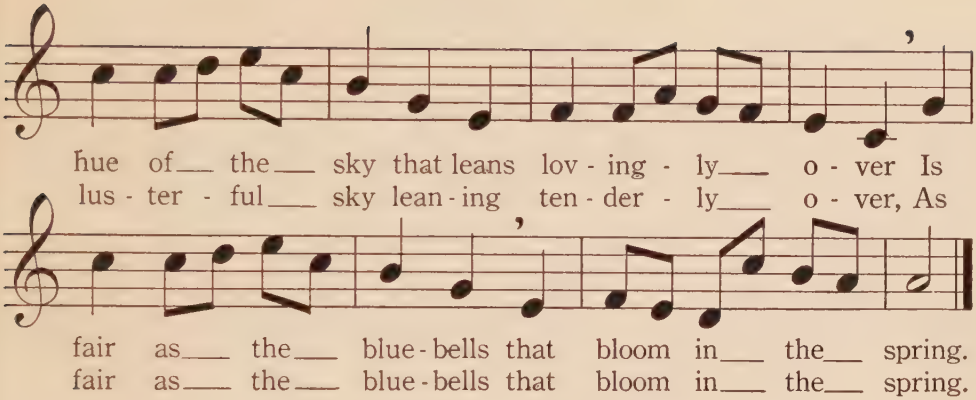

See the dai - sies have come to town With frilled white cap and
Dai - sy white has a sis - ter Sue; She comes with gown so
new green gown; They nod so gai - ly
fresh and new; Her cap is a gay and
as we pass, And nes - tle safe - ly
yel - low shade, It looks ver - y well, it
in the grass, And nes - tle safe - ly in the grass.
looks ver - y well, It looks ver - y well, on this brown-eyed maid.

Meadow Song

Reading Song

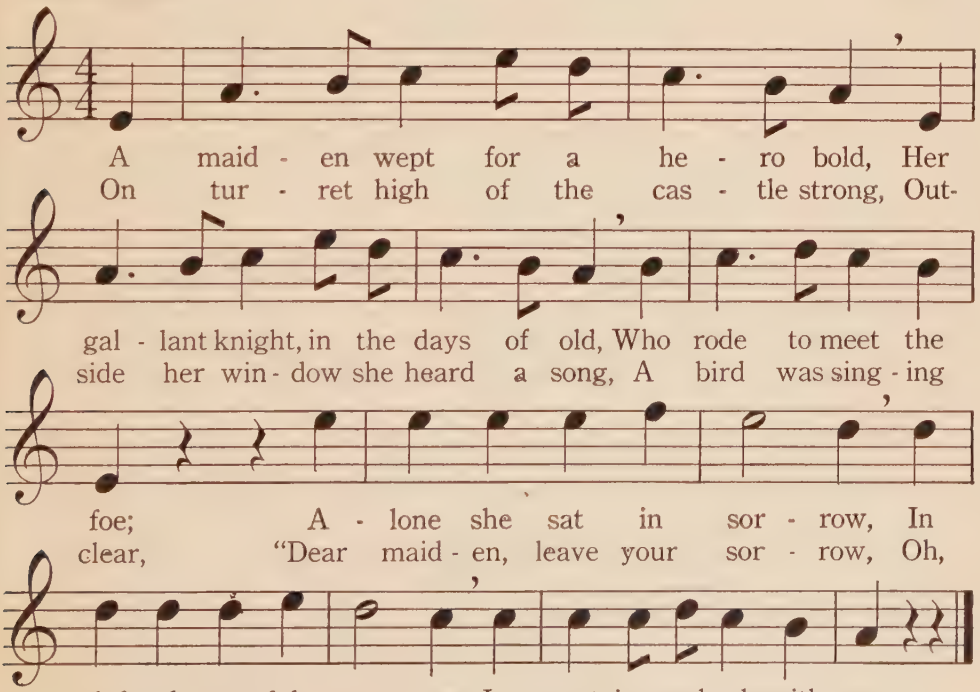
CLINTON SCOLLARD — IRISH FOLK SONG


The long sweep of mead-ow is crim-son with clo-ver Where
A long sweep of mead-ow a-crim-son with clo-ver You'll
bees play the rov - er on hur - ry - ing wing; The
find, my world rov - er, no love - li - er thing, With


hue of the sky that leans lov - ing - ly o - ver Is
lus - ter - ful sky lean - ing ten - der - ly o - ver, As
fair as the blue - bells that bloom in the spring.
fair as the blue - bells that bloom in the spring.

In Days of Old

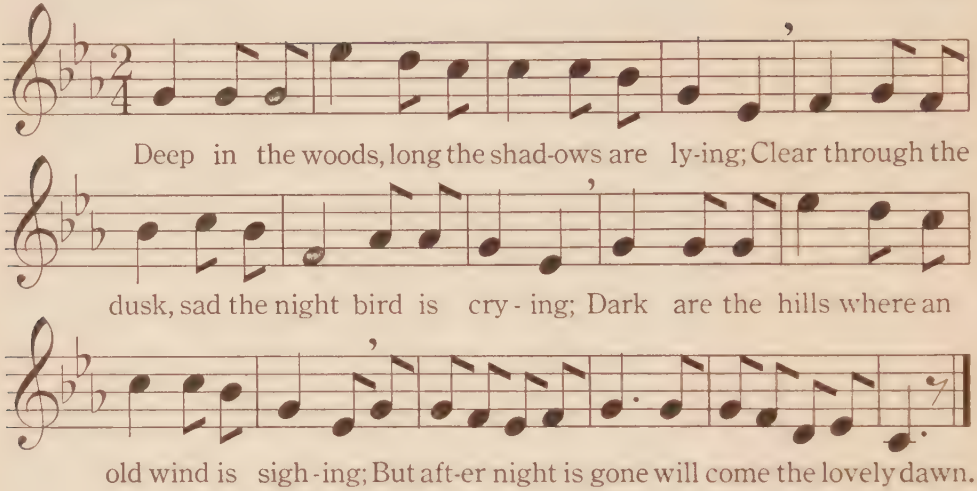
Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS — OLD ITALIAN MELODY

A maid - en wept for a he - ro bold, Her
On tur - ret high of the cas - tle strong, Out-
gal - lant knight, in the days of old, Who rode to meet the
side her win - dow she heard a song, A bird was sing - ing
foe; A - lone she sat in sor - row, In
clear, "Dear maid - en, leave your sor - row, Oh,
grief and tear - ful sor - row, La - ment - ing and pale with woe.
leave your tear - ful sor - row, Your he - ro will soon be here!"

Dusk

Reading Song

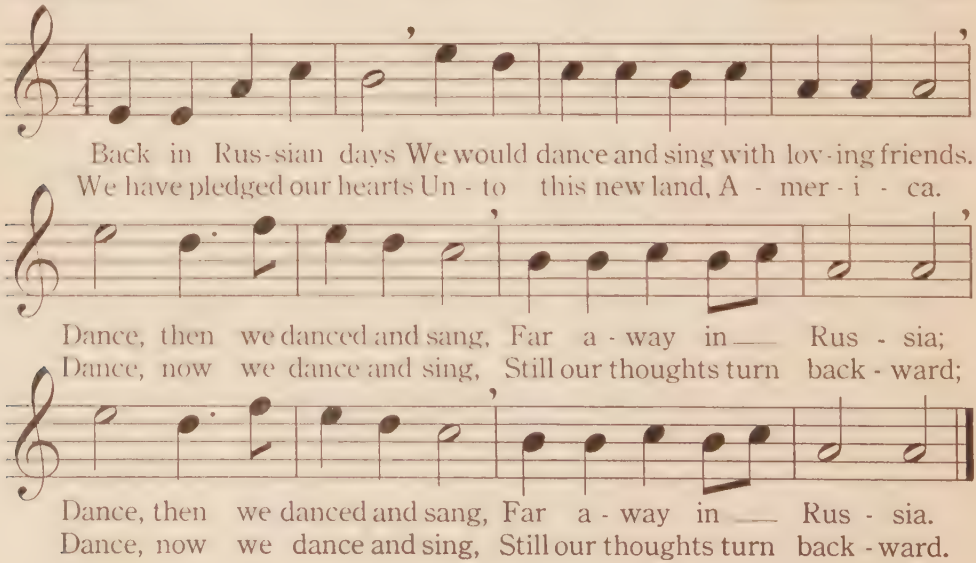
NANCY BYRD TURNER — FINNISH FOLK SONG


Deep in the woods, long the shad-ows are ly-ing; Clear through the
dusk, sad the night bird is cry - ing; Dark are the hills where an
old wind is sigh - ing; But aft-er night is gone will come the lovely dawn.

Russian Dance

Reading Song

ALICE HIRSH — RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

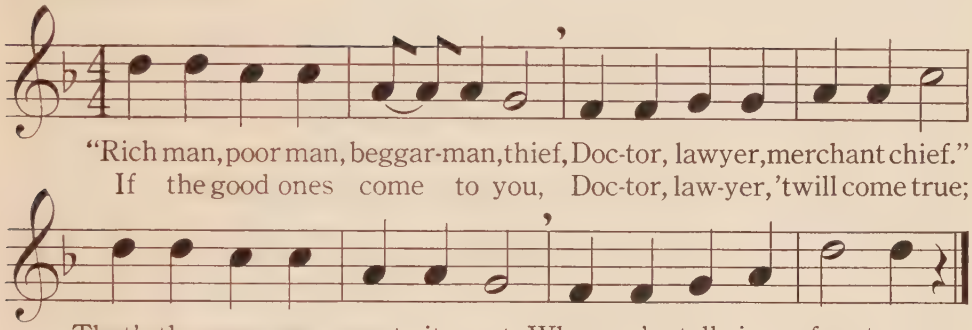

Back in Rus-sian days We would dance and sing with lov-ing friends.
We have pledged our hearts Un - to this new land, A - mer - i - ca.
Dance, then we danced and sang, Far a - way in Rus - sia;
Dance, now we dance and sing, Still our thoughts turn back - ward;
Dance, then we danced and sang, Far a - way in Rus - sia.
Dance, now we dance and sing, Still our thoughts turn back - ward.

Telling Fortunes

Reading Song

SARAH GRAMES CLARK

G. A. GRANT-SCHAEFER

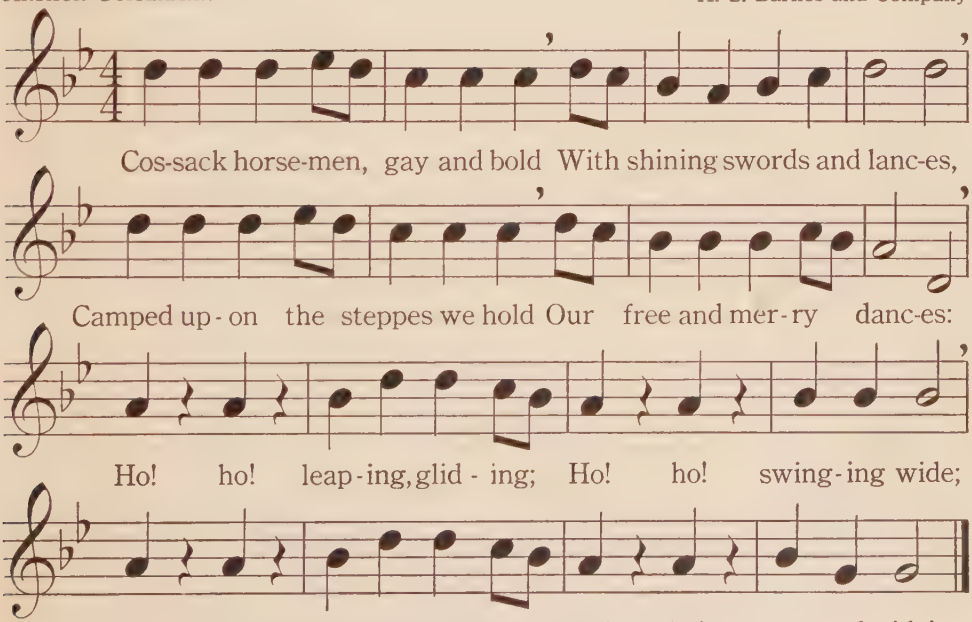

"Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief, Doc-tor, lawyer, merchant chief."
If the good ones come to you, Doc-tor, law-yer, 'twill come true;
That's the way we count it out When we're tell - ing for - tunes.
But if beg - gar - man or thief, Then we're on - ly fool - ing.

Cossack Dance

Reading Song

RUSSIAN COSSACK DANCE
Copyrighted, 1909, by
A. S. Barnes and Company

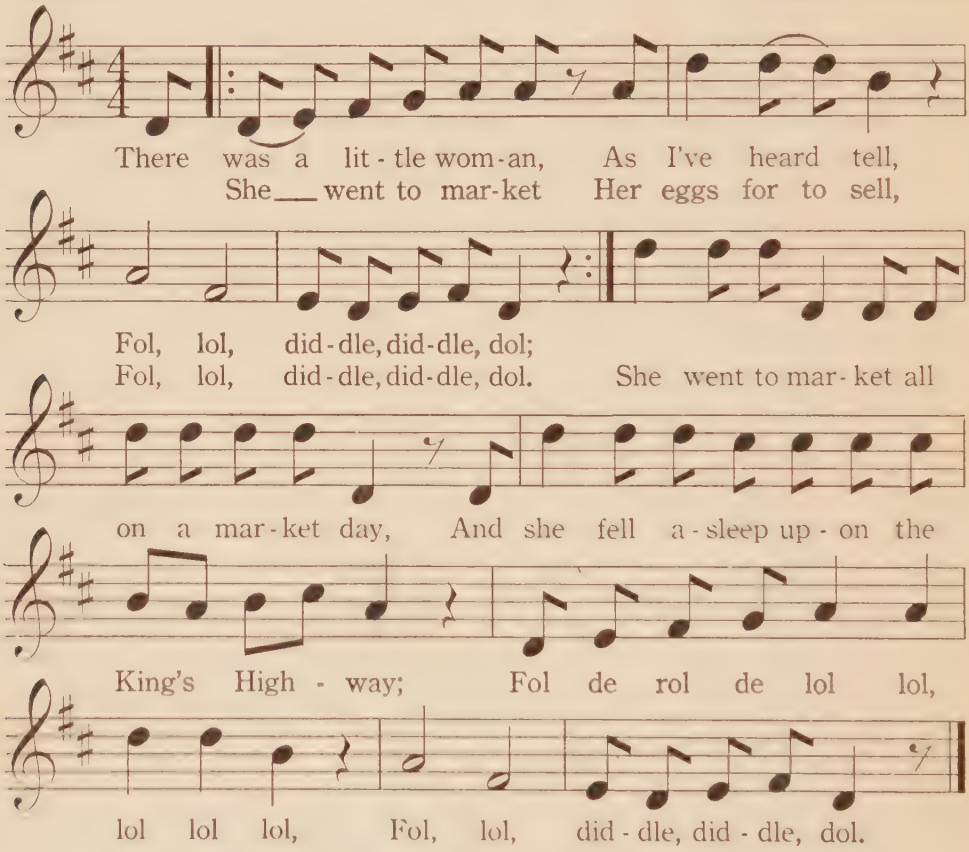
ARTHUR GUITERMAN


Cos-sack horse-men, gay and bold With shining swords and lanc-es,
Camped up - on the steppes we hold Our free and mer - ry danc-es:
Ho! ho! leap - ing, glid - ing; Ho! ho! swing - ing wide;
Ho! ho! stamp-ing, strid-ing; Ho! ho! mount and ride!

The Little Woman and the Peddler

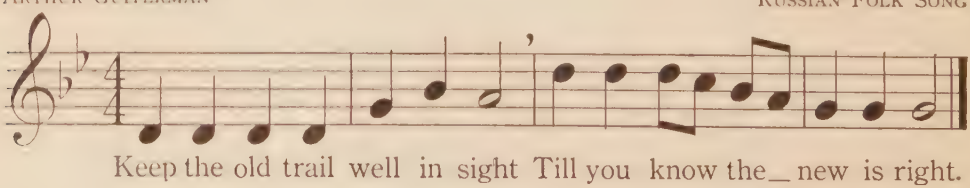
Reading Song

TRADITIONAL — ENGLISH FOLK SONG


There was a lit - tle wom - an, As I've heard tell,
She went to mar - ket Her eggs for to sell,
Fol, lol, did - dle, did - dle, dol;
Fol, lol, did - dle, did - dle, dol. She went to mar - ket all
on a mar - ket day, And she fell a - sleep up - on the
King's High - way; Fol de rol de lol lol,
lol lol lol, Fol, lol, did - dle, did - dle, dol.

The Trail

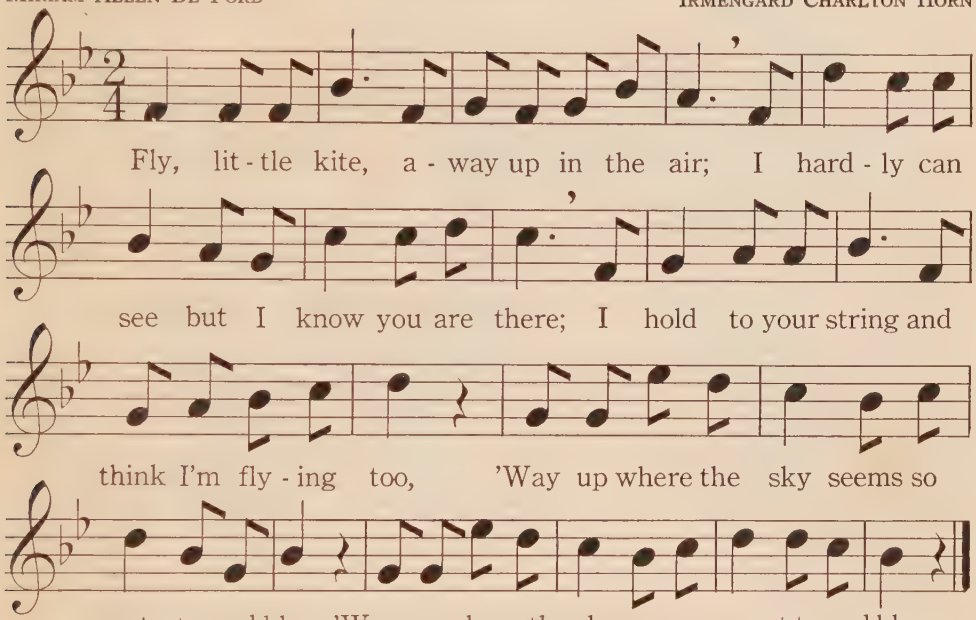
Reading Song

ARTHUR GUITERMAN — RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

The Kite

Reading Song

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

IRMENGARD CHARLTON HORN

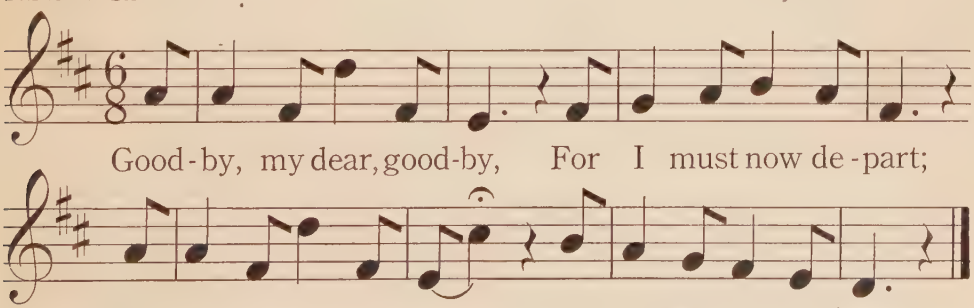

Fly, lit - tle kite, a - way up in the air; I hard - ly can
see but I know you are there; I hold to your string and
think I'm fly - ing too, 'Way up where the sky seems so
pret - ty and blue, 'Way up where the sky seems so pret-ty and blue.

Jolo Farewell

Rote Song

FOLKSONG from Jolo
Translated by
PRINCESS TARHATA KIRAM

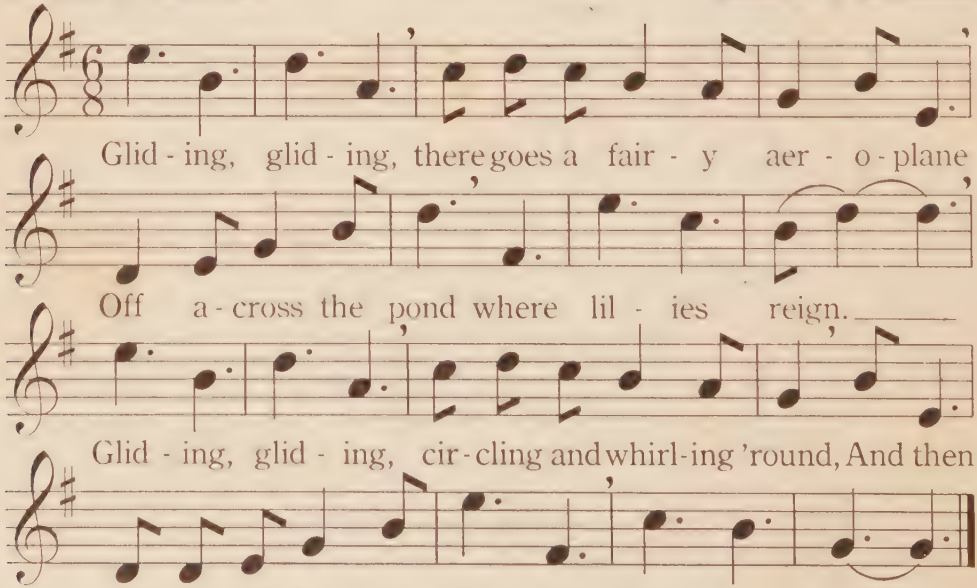
PHILIPPINE FOLKSONG
Notation by PETRONA RAMOS



Dragon-Flies

Rote Song

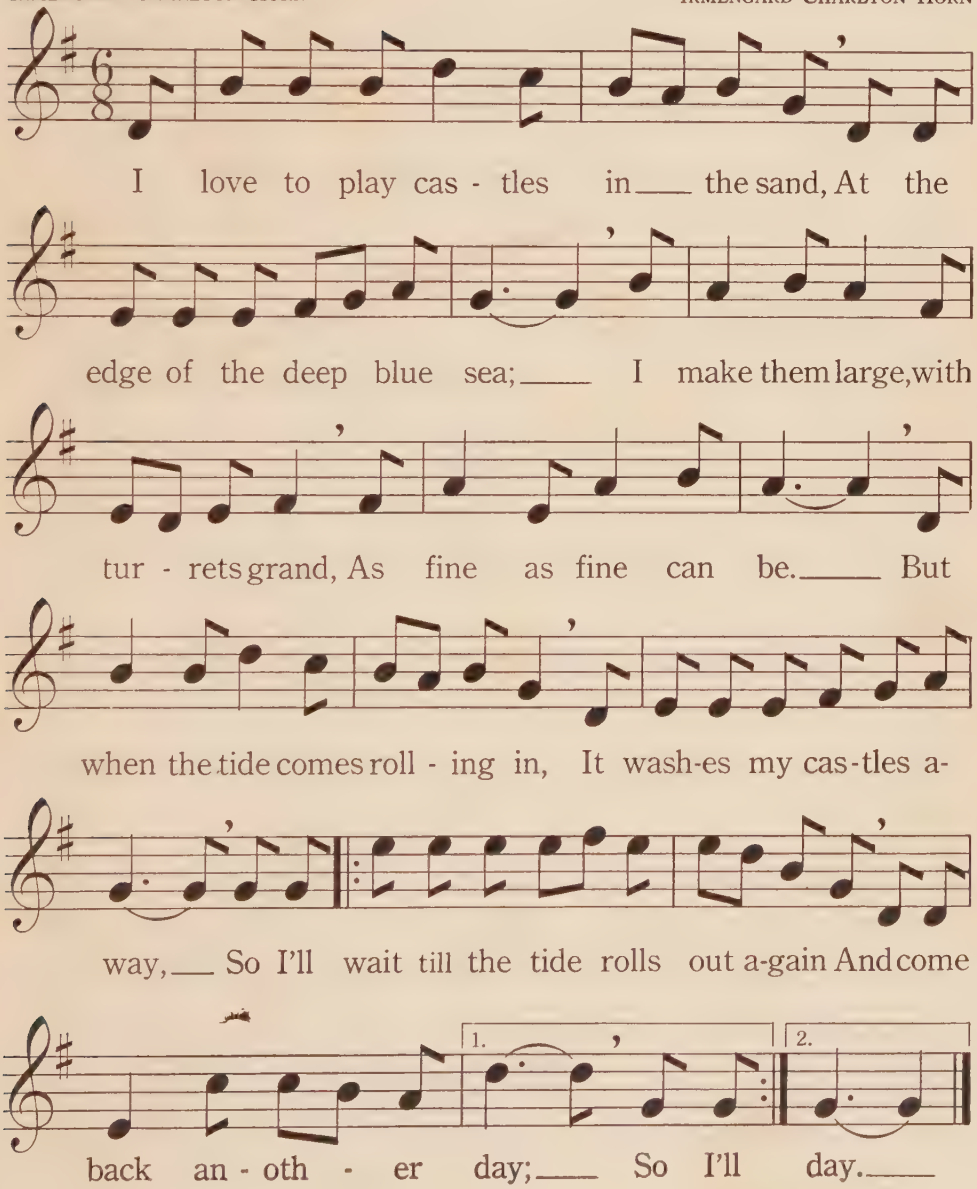
ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER


Glid - ing, glid - ing, there goes a fair - y aer - o - plane
Off a - cross the pond where lil - ies reign.
Glid - ing, glid - ing, cir - cling and whirl - ing 'round, And then
car - ry - ing all the fair - ies home a - gain.

Castles in the Sand

Rote Song

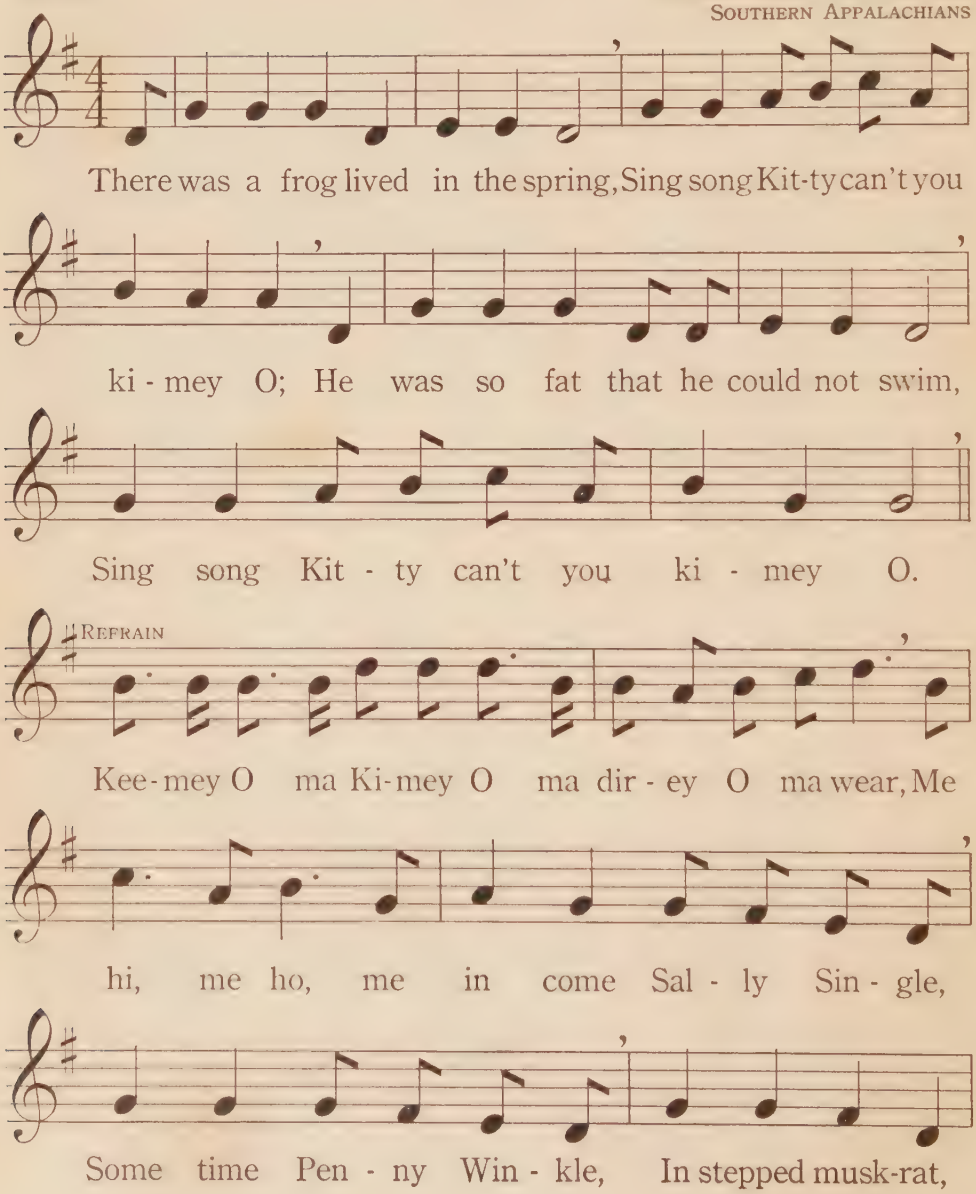
IRMENGARD CHARLTON HORN IRMENGARD CHARLTON HORN

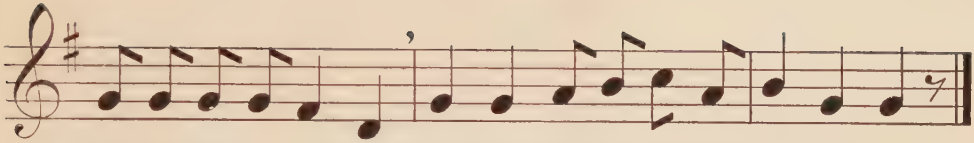

I love to play cas - tles in the sand, At the
edge of the deep blue sea; I make them large, with
tur - rets grand, As fine as fine can be. But
when the tide comes roll - ing in, It wash-es my cas-tles a-
way, So I'll wait till the tide rolls out a-gain And come
back an - oth - er day; So I'll day.
1.
2.

The Frog in the Well

Rote Song

TRADITIONAL

ENGLISH FOLK SONG from the SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS

There was a frog lived in the spring, Sing song Kit-ty can't you
ki - mey O; He was so fat that he could not swim,
Sing song Kit - ty can't you ki - mey O.
REFRAIN
Kee - mey O ma Ki - mey O ma dir - ey O ma wear, Me
hi, me ho, me in come Sal - ly Sin - gle,
Some time Pen - ny Win - kle, In stepped musk-rat,



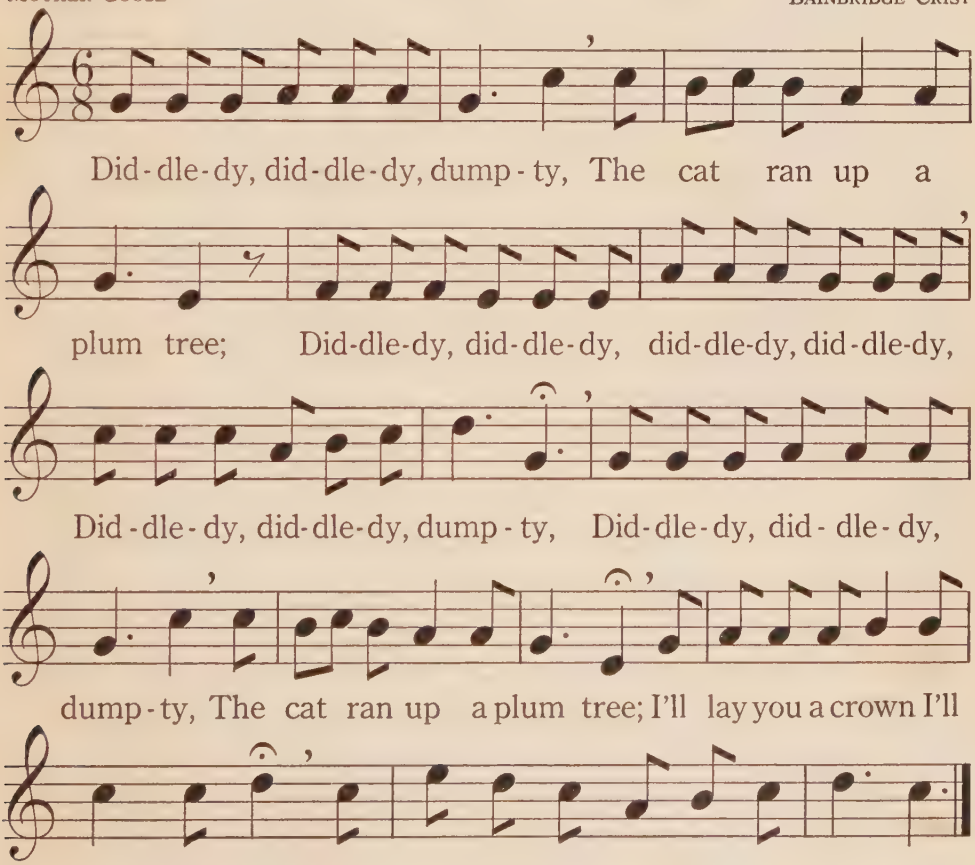
Big-ger than a big cat, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki-mey O.

Diddledy, Diddledy, Dumpty

Rote Song

MOTHER GOOSE

BAINBRIDGE CRIST



Did-dle-dy, did-dle-dy, dump-ty, The cat ran up a plum tree; Did-dle-dy, did-dle-dy, did-dle-dy, did-dle-dy, Did-dle-dy, did-dle-dy, dump-ty, Did-dle-dy, did-dle-dy, dump-ty, The cat ran up a plum tree; I'll lay you a crown I'll fetch her down; So, did-dle-dy, did-dle-dy, dump-ty.

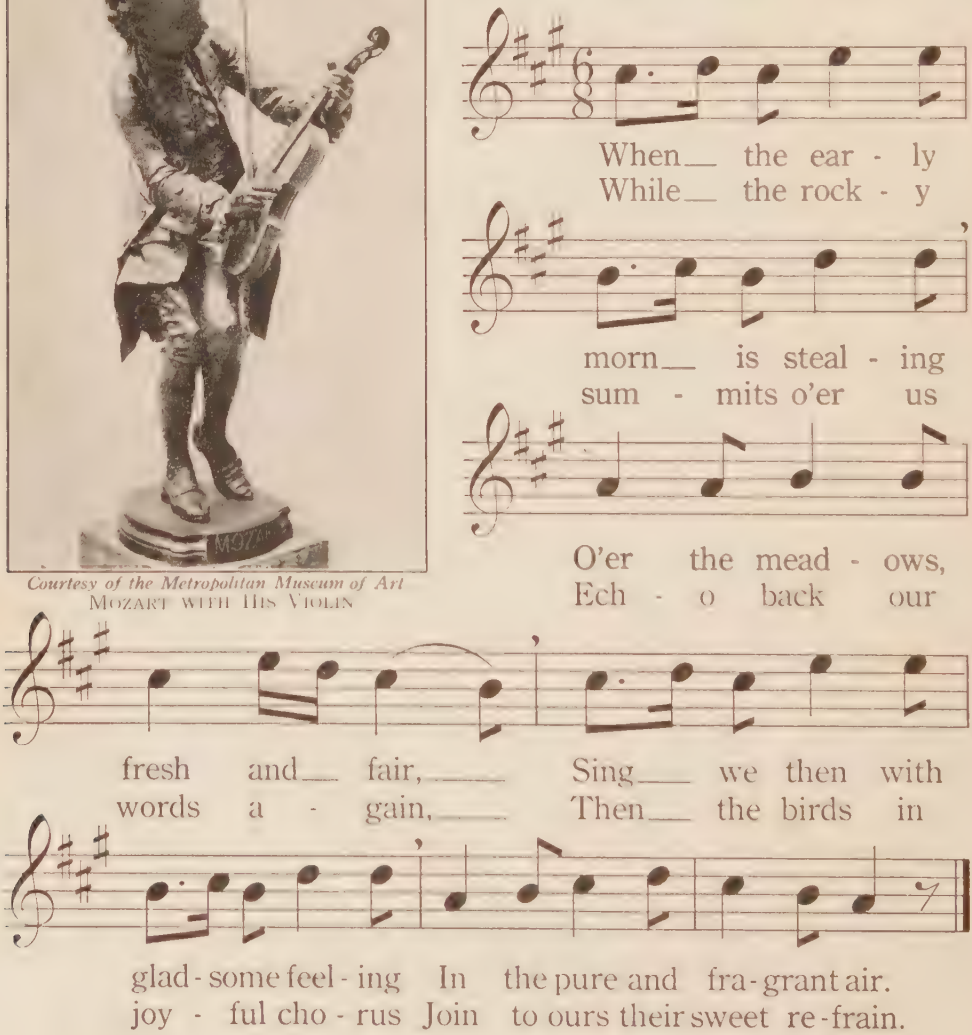
Early Morn

Rote Song

From the German

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

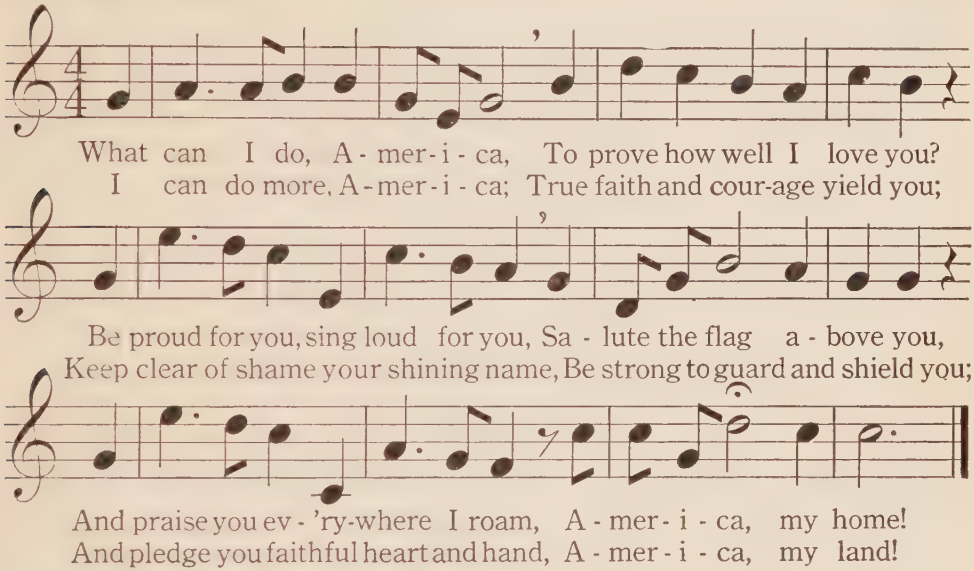
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art
MOZART WITH HIS VIOLIN

Mozart was not only an accomplished pianist, but he was also an excellent violinist. Here we see him as a little boy tuning his violin.

When the ear - ly
While the rock - y
morn is steal - ing
sum - mits o'er us
O'er the mead - ows,
Ech - o back our
fresh and fair,
words a - gain,
Sing we then with
Then the birds in
glad - some feel - ing In the pure and fra - grant air.
joy - ful cho - rus Join to ours their sweet re - frain.

What Can I Do, America?

Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER — WILLIAM LESTER

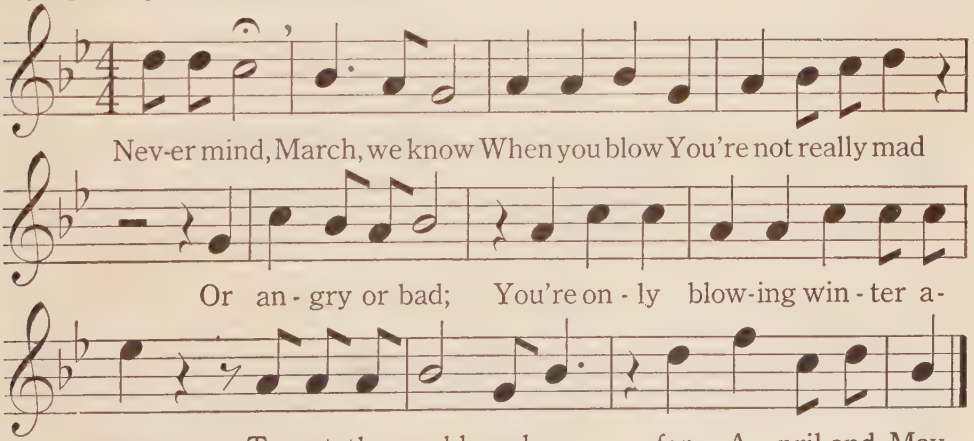

What can I do, A - mer - i - ca, To prove how well I love you?
I can do more, A - mer - i - ca; True faith and cour-age yield you;
Be proud for you, sing loud for you, Sa - lute the flag a - bove you,
Keep clear of shame your shining name, Be strong to guard and shield you;
And praise you ev - 'ry-where I roam, A - mer - i - ca, my home!
And pledge you faithful heart and hand, A - mer - i - ca, my land!

Never Mind, March

Rote Song

ANNETTE WYNNE — E. R. BLANCHET

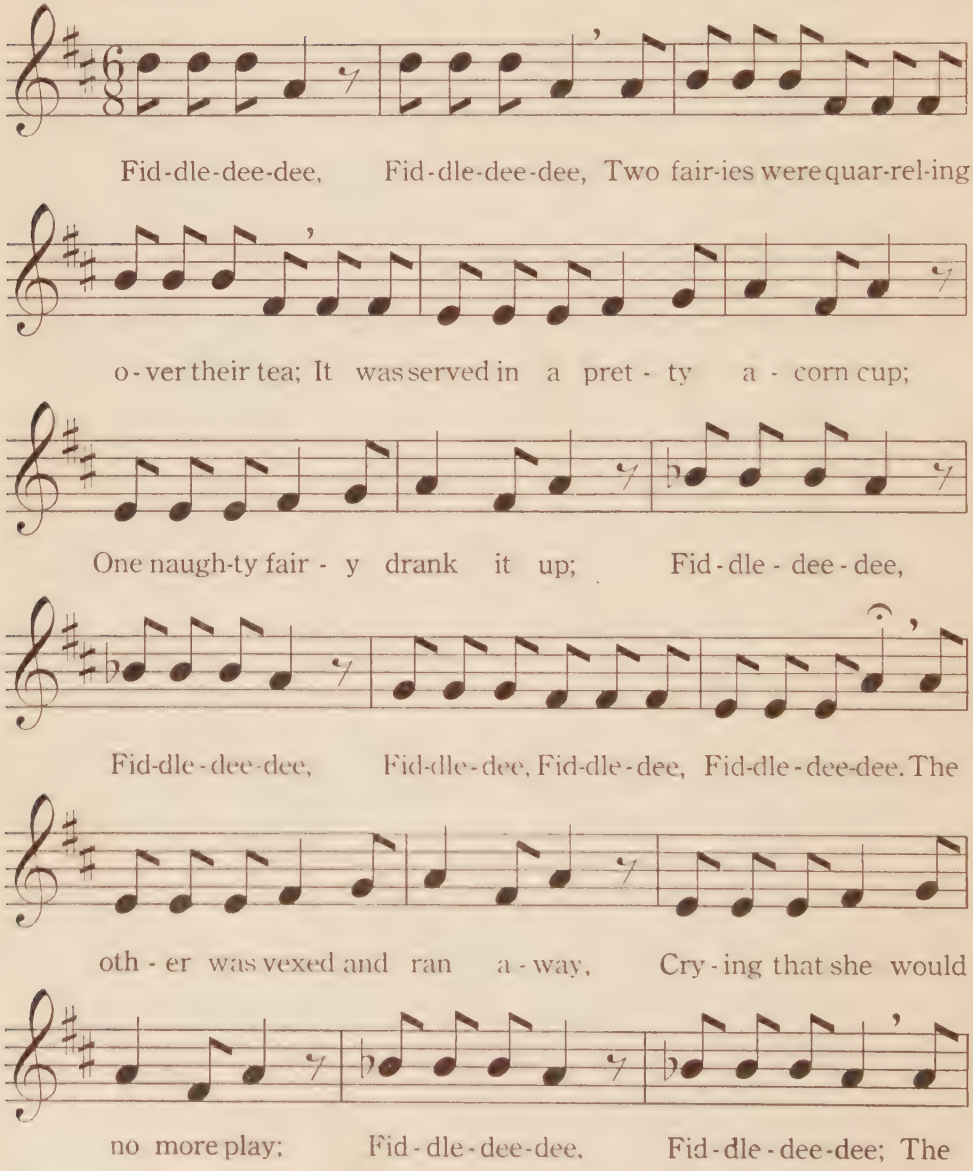
Copyrighted by F. A. Stokes Company

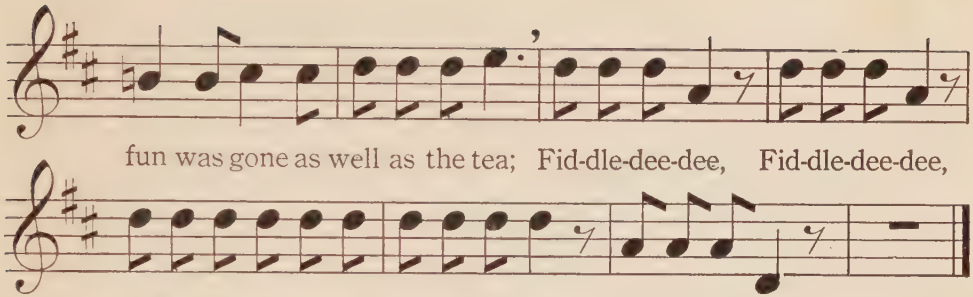

Nev-er mind, March, we know When you blow You're not really mad
Or an - gry or bad; You're on - ly blow-ing win - ter a -
way To get the world read - y for A - pril and May.

A Tea Party in Fairyland

Rote Song

KATE LOUISE BROWN JAMES H. ROGERS

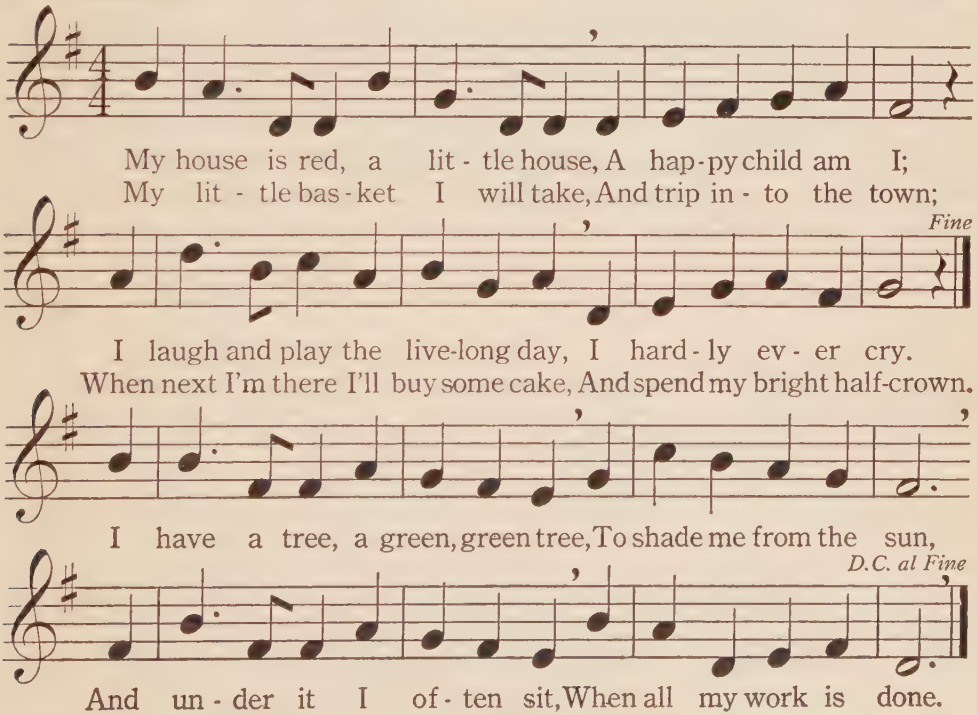

Fid-dle-dee-dee, Fid-dle-dee-dee, Two fair-ies were quar-rel-ing
o-ver their tea; It was served in a pret-ty a-corn cup;
One naugh-ty fair-y drank it up; Fid-dle-dee-dee,
Fid-dle-dee-dee, Fid-dle-dee, Fid-dle-dee, Fid-dle-dee-dee. The
oth-er was vexed and ran a-way, Cry-ing that she would
no more play; Fid-dle-dee-dee, Fid-dle-dee-dee; The



My House Is Red

Reading Song

KATE GREENAWAY HORATIO PARKER

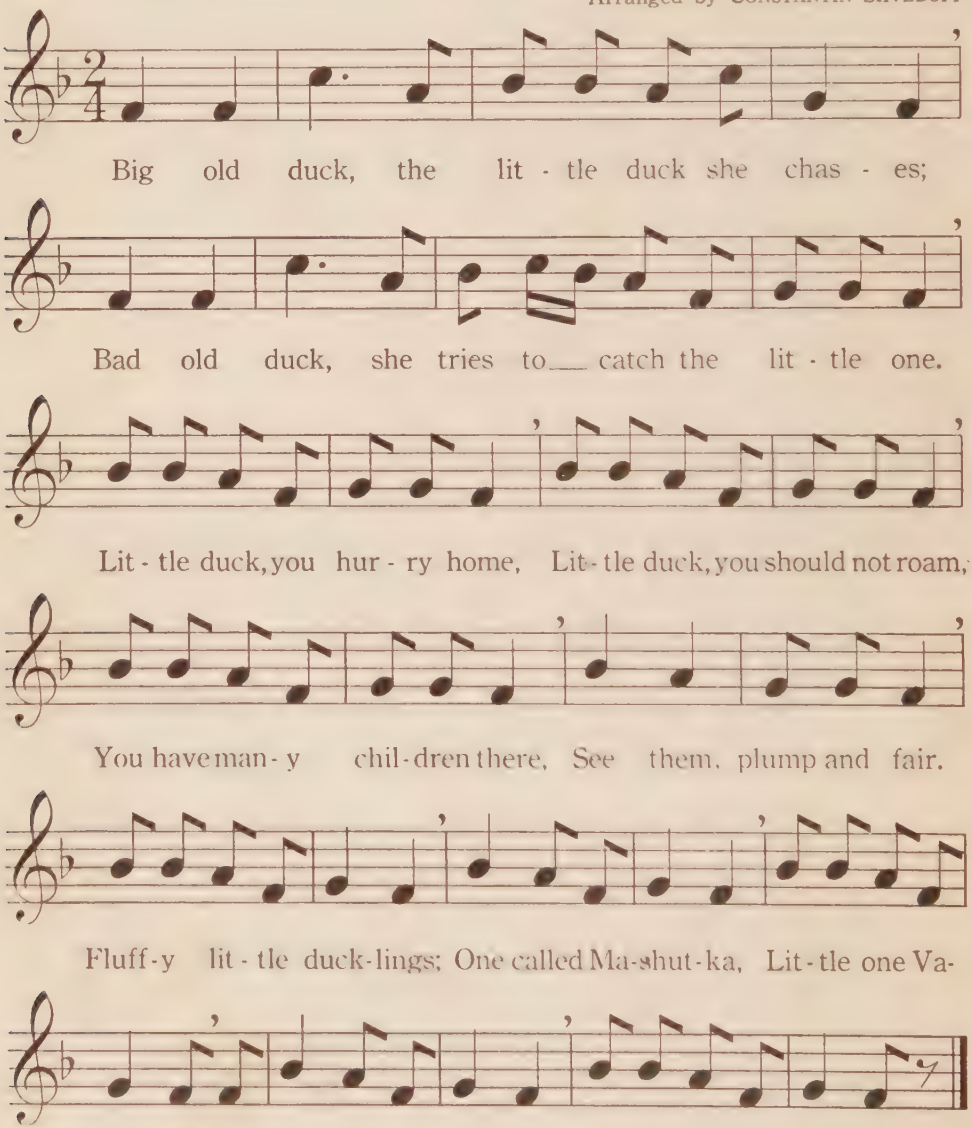

My house is red, a lit - tle house, A hap-py child am I;
My lit - tle bas - ket I will take, And trip in - to the town;
Fine
I laugh and play the live-long day, I hard - ly ev - er cry.
When next I'm there I'll buy some cake, And spend my bright half-crown.
I have a tree, a green, green tree, To shade me from the sun,
D.C. al Fine
And un - der it I of - ten sit, When all my work is done.

Big Duck and Little Duck

Rote Song

Translated from the Russian

RUSSIAN SINGING GAME
Arranged by CONSTANTIN SHVEDOFF

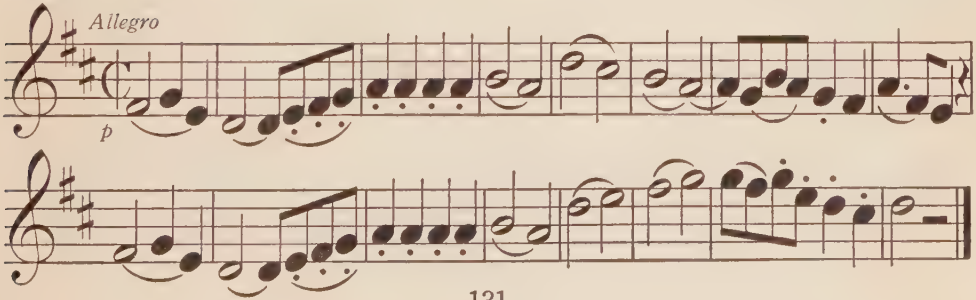

Big old duck, the lit - tle duck she chas - es;
Bad old duck, she tries to catch the lit - tle one.
Lit - tle duck, you hur - ry home, Lit - tle duck, you should not roam,
You have man - y chil - dren there, See them, plump and fair.
Fluff - y lit - tle duck - lings; One called Ma - shut - ka, Lit - tle one Va -
sus - ka, And one is I - vas - ka, Big - gest one Pa - rash - ka.

HERMAN FELBER *First Violin* | ALDO DEL MISSIER *Second Violin* | EMIL GATTERFELD *Double Bass* | THEODORE DU MOLIN *Violoncello* | ROBERT QUICK *Viola*

PRINCIPALS OF THE STRING SECTION
THE LITTLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF CHICAGO

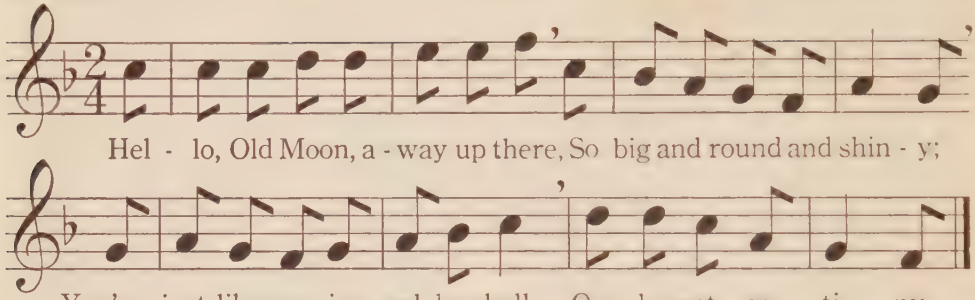
Theme from Symphony in D Major

STRINGS

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

Hello, Old Moon

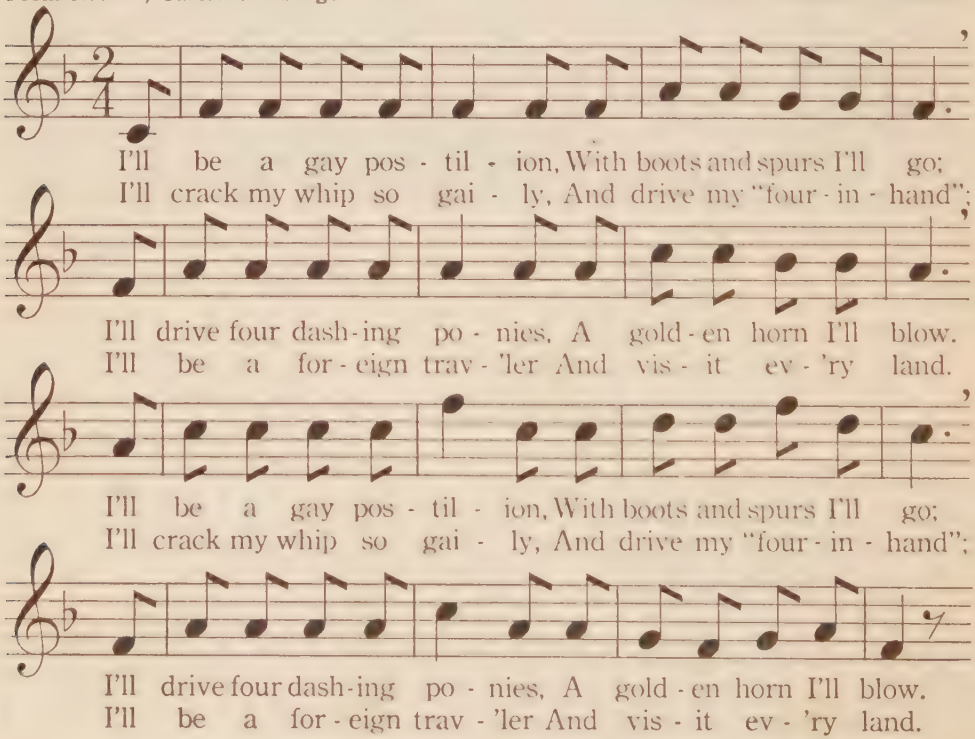
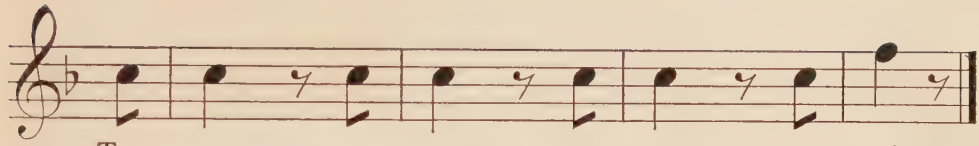
Reading Song

IRMENGARD C. HORN IRMENGARD C. HORN



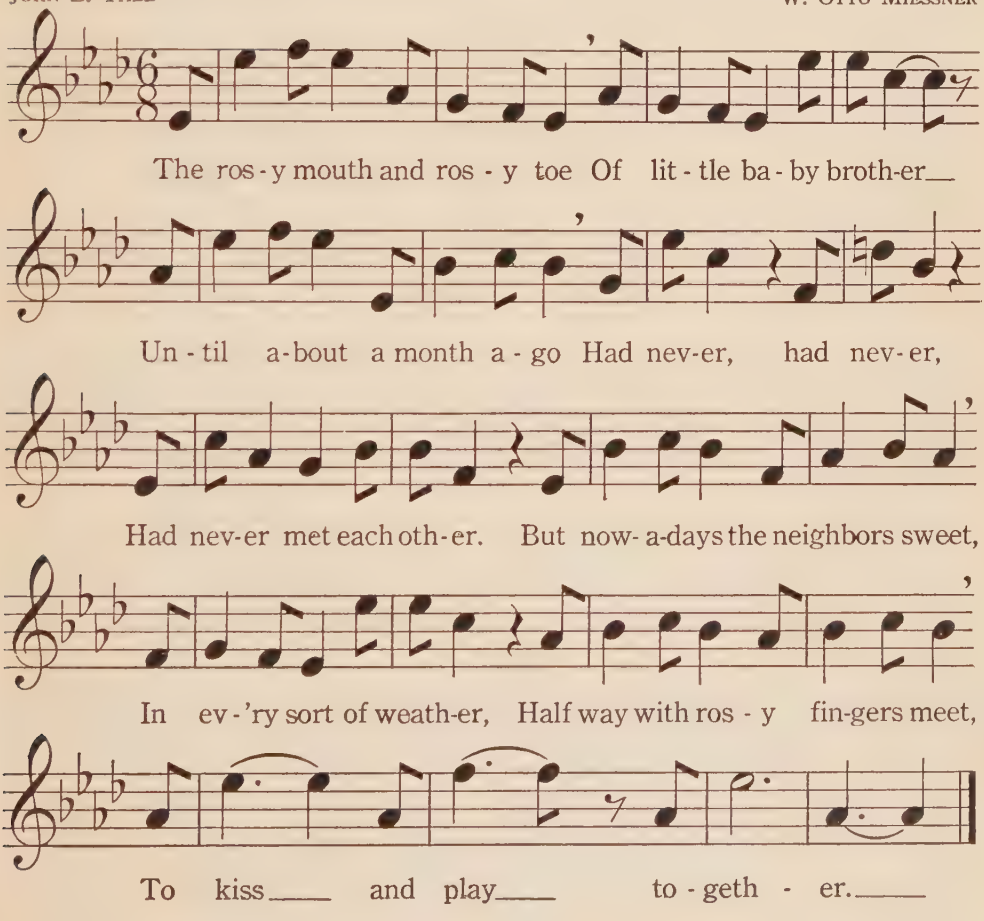
The Postilion

Reading Song

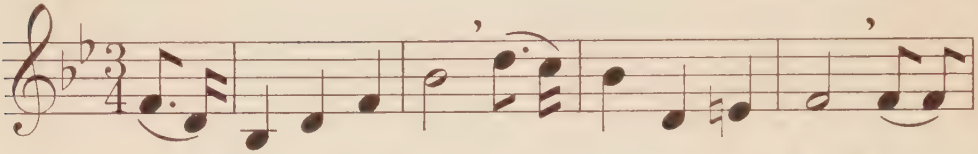
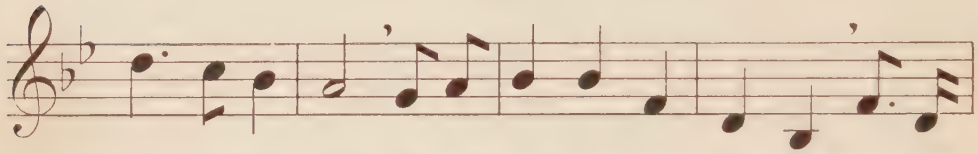
From Rounds, Carols and Songs KARL GOTTFRIED TAUBERT

I'll be a gay pos - til - ion, With boots and spurs I'll go;
I'll crack my whip so gai - ly, And drive my "four - in - hand";
I'll drive four dash - ing po - nies, A gold - en horn I'll blow.
I'll be a for - eign trav - 'ler And vis - it ev - 'ry land.
I'll be a gay pos - til - ion, With boots and spurs I'll go;
I'll crack my whip so gai - ly, And drive my "four - in - hand";
I'll drive four dash - ing po - nies, A gold - en horn I'll blow.
I'll be a for - eign trav - 'ler And vis - it ev - 'ry land.

A Bunch of Roses

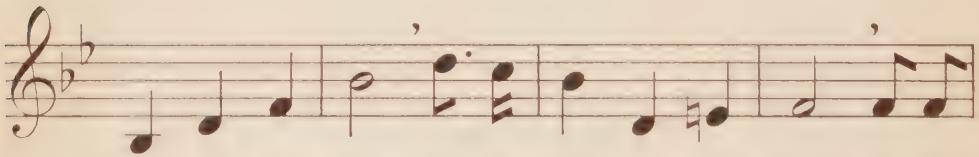
Rote Song

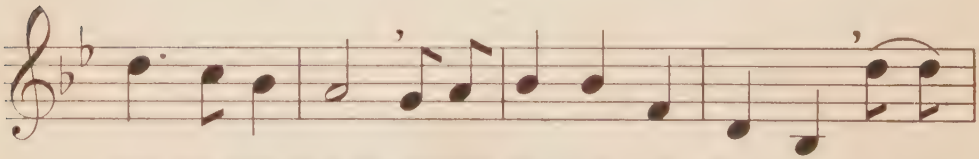
JOHN B. TABB W. OTTO MIESSNER

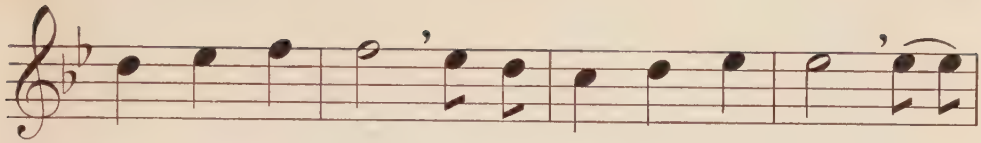

The ros - y mouth and ros - y toe Of lit - tle ba - by broth-er
Un - til a-bout a month a - go Had nev-er, had nev - er,
Had nev-er met each oth-er. But now- a-days the neighbors sweet,
In ev - 'ry sort of weath-er, Half way with ros - y fin-gers meet,
To kiss and play to - geth - er.

The Star-Spangled Banner

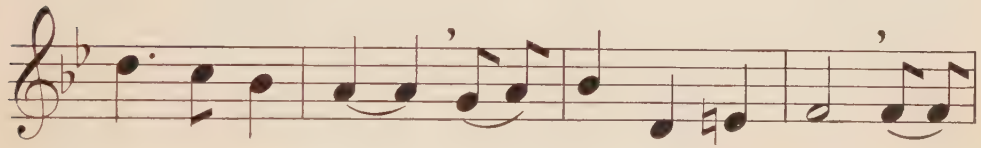
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it e'er when free - men shall stand Be -

proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleaming? Whose broad
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with

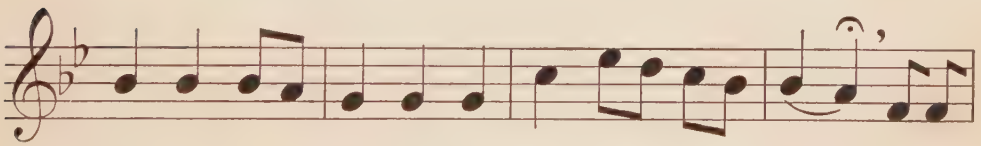
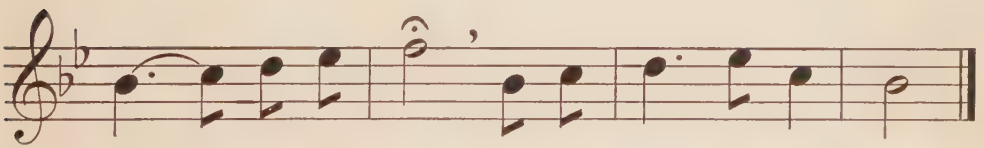


stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the

ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lan - tly stream-ing? And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
Pow'r that has made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then

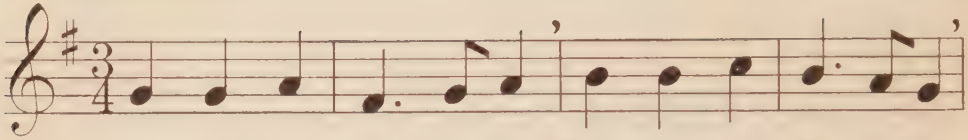
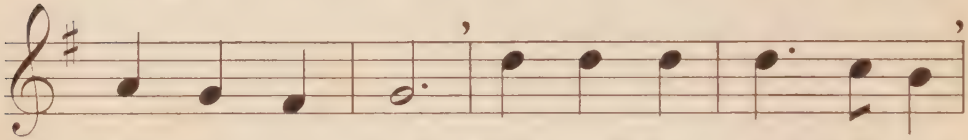
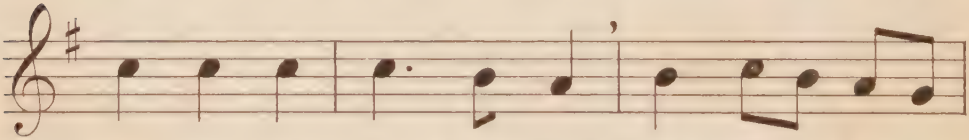
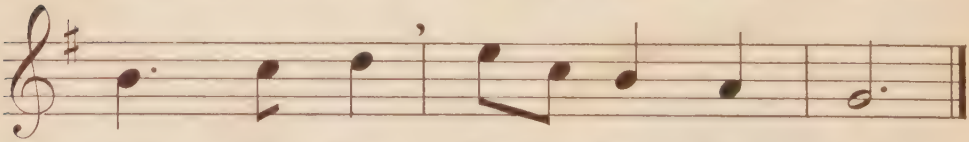


rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
con - quer we must when our cause it is just; And



proof thro' the night___ that our flag was still there. Oh,___
glo - ry re - flec-ted now shines on the stream. 'Tis the
this be our mot - to: "In___ God is our trust!" And the

say, does that Star-Span-gled Ban - ner_ yet__ wave O'er the
Star-Span-gled Ban-ner, oh, long may_ it___ wave O'er the
Star-Span-gled Ban-ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the

land___ of the free and the home of the brave?
land___ of the free and the home of the brave!
land___ of the free and the home of the brave!

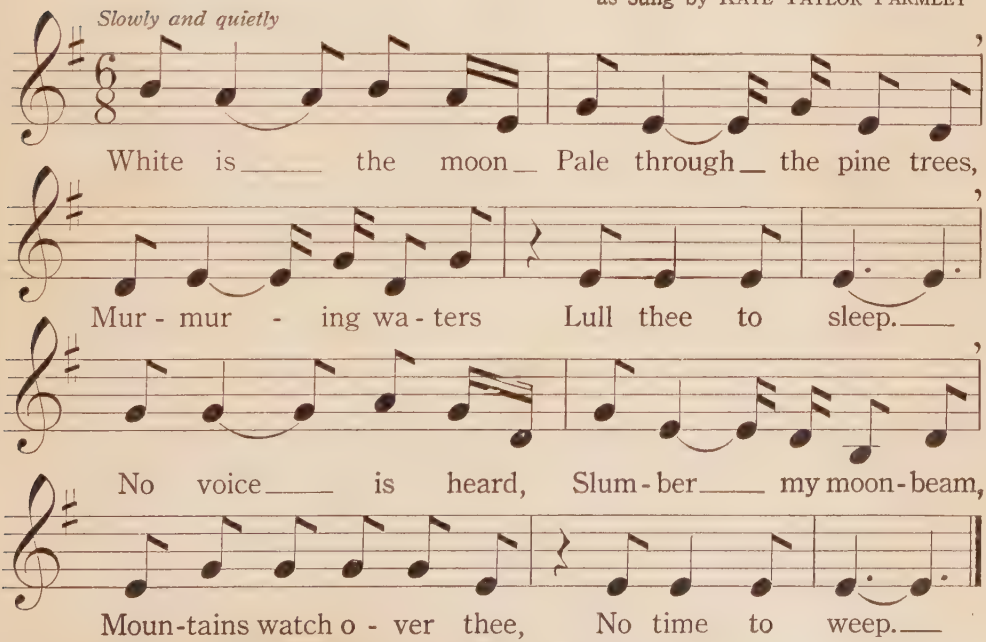
America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died,
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,
Sweet Free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake,
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright

Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry
Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with
Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their
With Free-dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us

moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
by Thy might, Great God, our King.

My Moonbeam

Rote Song

EARLY INDIAN TUNE
as sung by KATE TAYLOR PARMLEY*

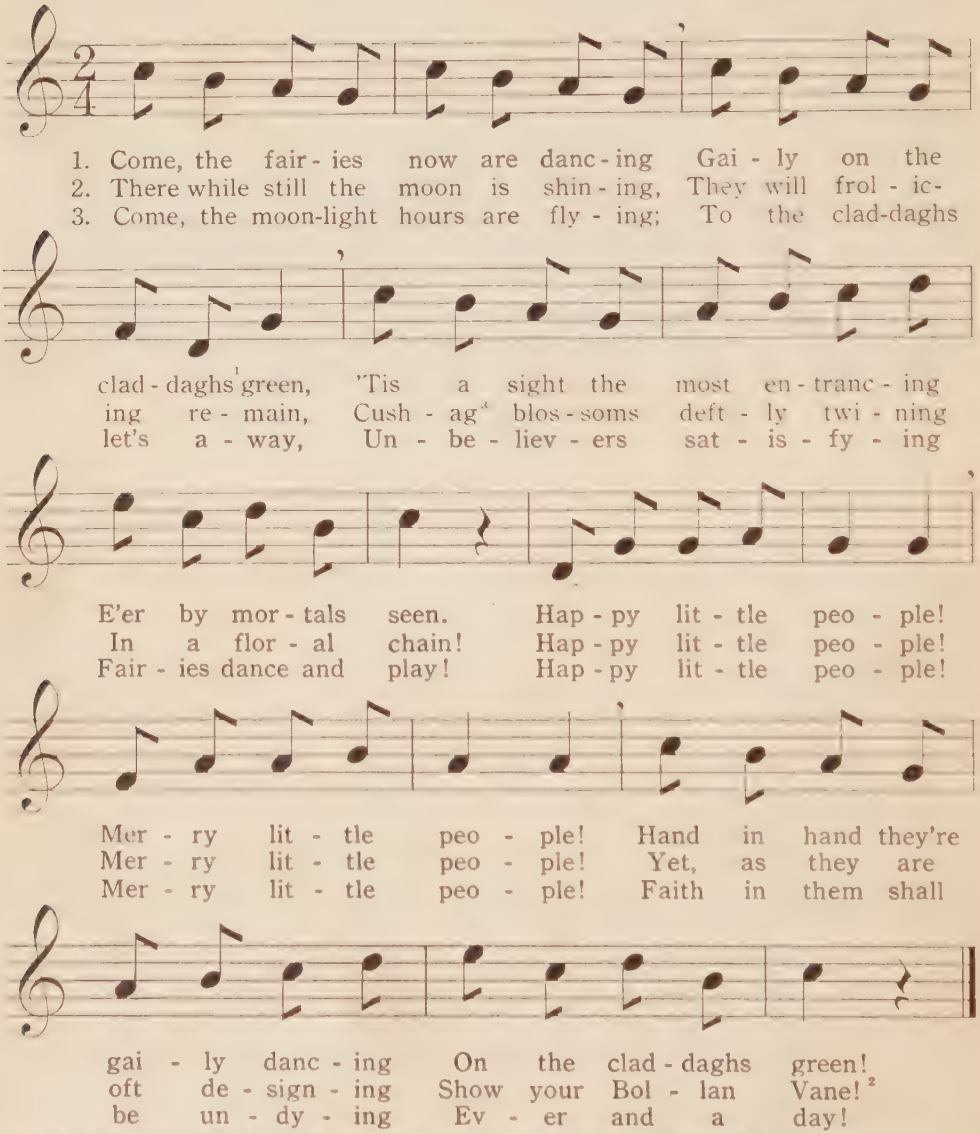
Slowly and quietly

White is the moon Pale through the pine trees,
Mur - mur - ing wa - ters Lull thee to sleep.
No voice is heard, Slum - ber my moon - beam,
Moun-tains watch o - ver thee, No time to weep.

* From the Texas Centennial Edition of The Music Hour, One-Book Course.

The Fairies' Dance

Reading Song

EDWARD OXENFORD

Air, "JUAN Y JAGGAD KEEAR"
MANX NATIONAL SONG

1. Come, the fair - ies now are danc - ing Gai - ly on the
2. There while still the moon is shin - ing, They will frol - ic-
3. Come, the moon-light hours are fly - ing; To the clad-daghs
clad - daghs[1] green, 'Tis a sight the most en - tranc - ing
ing re - main, Cush - ag[3] blos - soms deft - ly twi - ning
let's a - way, Un - be - liev - ers sat - is - fy - ing
E'er by mor - tals seen. Hap - py lit - tle peo - ple!
In a flor - al chain! Hap - py lit - tle peo - ple!
Fair - ies dance and play! Hap - py lit - tle peo - ple!
Mer - ry lit - tle peo - ple! Hand in hand they're
Mer - ry lit - tle peo - ple! Yet, as they are
Mer - ry lit - tle peo - ple! Faith in them shall
gai - ly danc - ing On the clad - daghs green!
oft de - sign - ing Show your Bol - lan Vane![2]
be un - dy - ing Ev - er and a day!

[1] Claddaghs: meadows near a river [2] Bollan Vane: Mugwort, a specific preventive of the evil influence of the fairies. [3] Cushag: Ragweed.

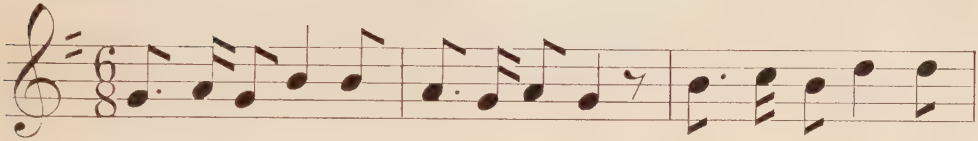
From *Manx National Songs*. By permission of Boosey Hawkes Belwin Inc., New York.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

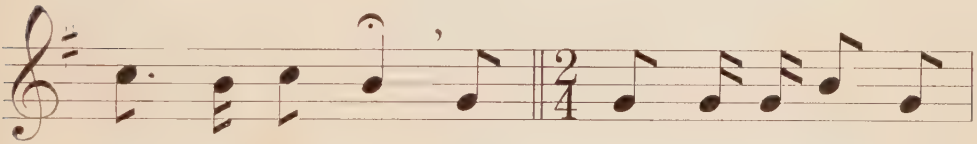
Rote Song

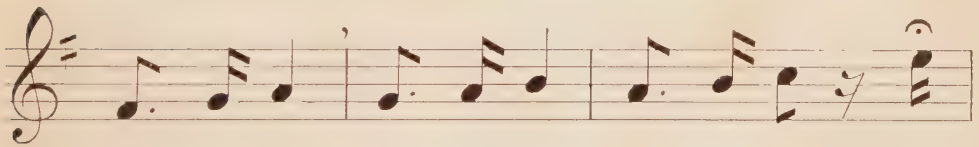
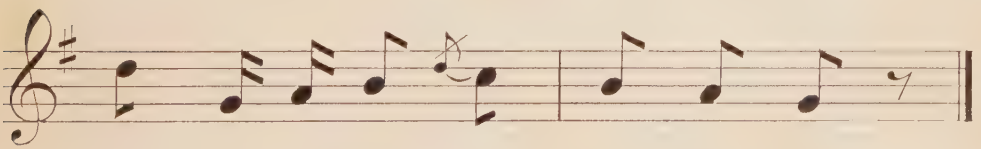
I. NATHAN

OLD ENGLISH SONG



1. Where are you go-ing, my pret-ty maid? Where are you go-ing,
2. Shall I go with you, my pret-ty maid? Shall I go with you,
3. What is your for-tune, my pret-ty maid? What is your for-tune,
4. Then I can't marry you, my pret-ty maid? Then I can't marry you,

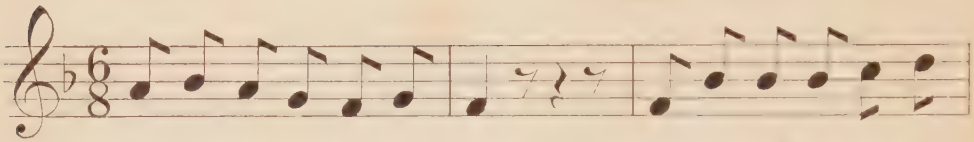
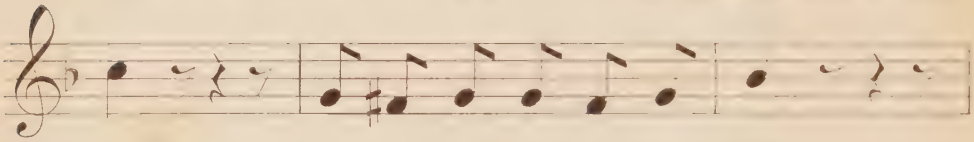


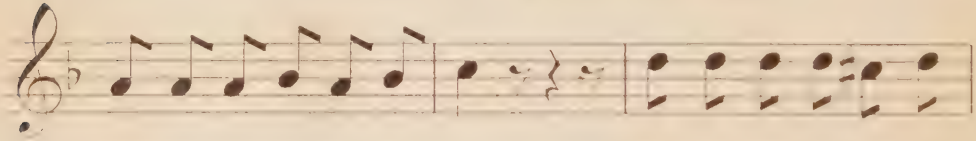
my pret-ty maid? I'm go-ing a-milk-ing,
my pret-ty maid? Oh, yes, if you please, kind
my pret-ty maid? My face is my for-tune,
my pret-ty maid? 𝄾 No-bod-y asked you,

sir, she said, sir, she said, sir, she said, I'm
sir, she said, sir, she said, sir, she said, Oh,
sir, she said, sir, she said, sir, she said, My
sir, she said, sir, she said, sir, she said, 𝄾

go-ing a-milk-ing, sir, she said.
yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.
face is my for-tune, sir, she said.
No-bod-y asked you, sir, she said.

Sleep and Rest

Rote Song

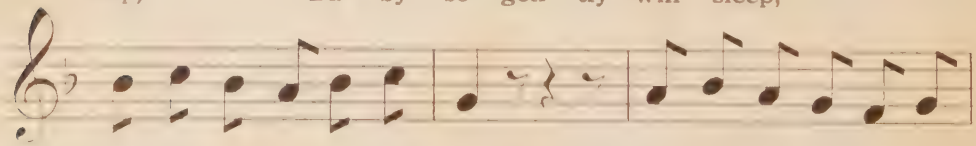
From the original German

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Written for one of his own children

1. Sleep, O my darl-ing, and rest, Birds are a-sleep in their
2. Lis-ten, no sound can be heard, Through the house noth-ing has
3. Who is so hap-py and blest Noth-ing but pleas-ure and

nest, Gar-den and mead-ow are still,
stirred, Lit-tle gray mouse is not near,
rest, Free from all la-bor and care,

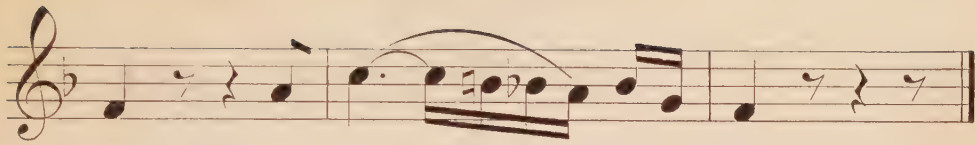


Bees hum no more by the rill. In through the win-dow so
Cel-lar and kitch-en are clear, On-ly my ba-by so
Lov-ing ones guard-ing thee e'er? Moth-er her vig-il will

bright Shines the moon's sil-ver-y light;
bright Ly-ing a-wake in the night;
keep, Ba-by so gen-tly will sleep;



Nes-tle your head on my breast; Sleep, O my darl-ing, and



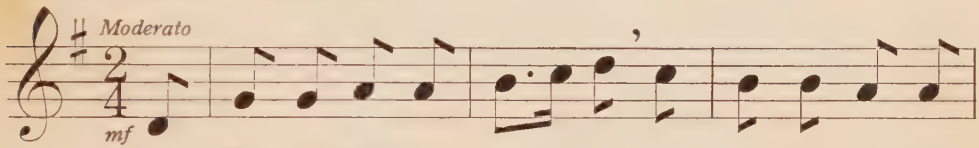
rest; O, sleep, _____ and__ rest.

The Young Musician

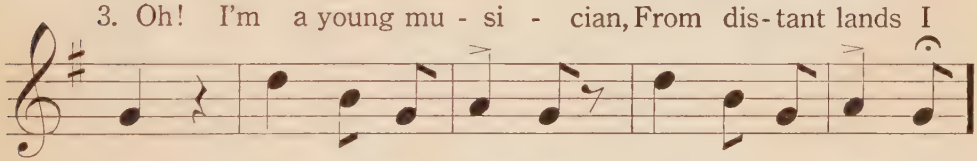
Rote Song

From the German by ELEANOR SMITH

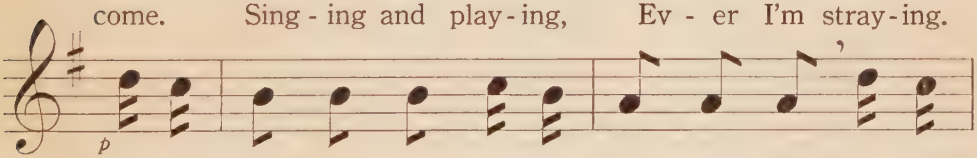
GERMAN FOLK SONG



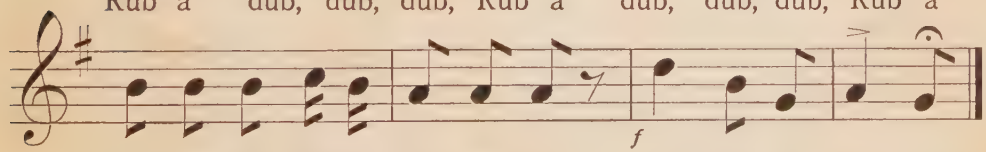
1. Oh! I'm a young mu - si - cian, From dis-tant lands I
2. Oh! I'm a young mu - si - cian, From dis-tant lands I
3. Oh! I'm a young mu - si - cian, From dis-tant lands I



come. Sing - ing and play - ing, Ev - er I'm stray - ing.
come. Sing - ing and play - ing, Ev - er I'm stray - ing.
come. Sing - ing and play - ing, Ev - er I'm stray - ing.



Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, Hm, hm,
Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, Toot, toot,
Rub a dub, dub, dub, Rub a dub, dub, dub, Rub a

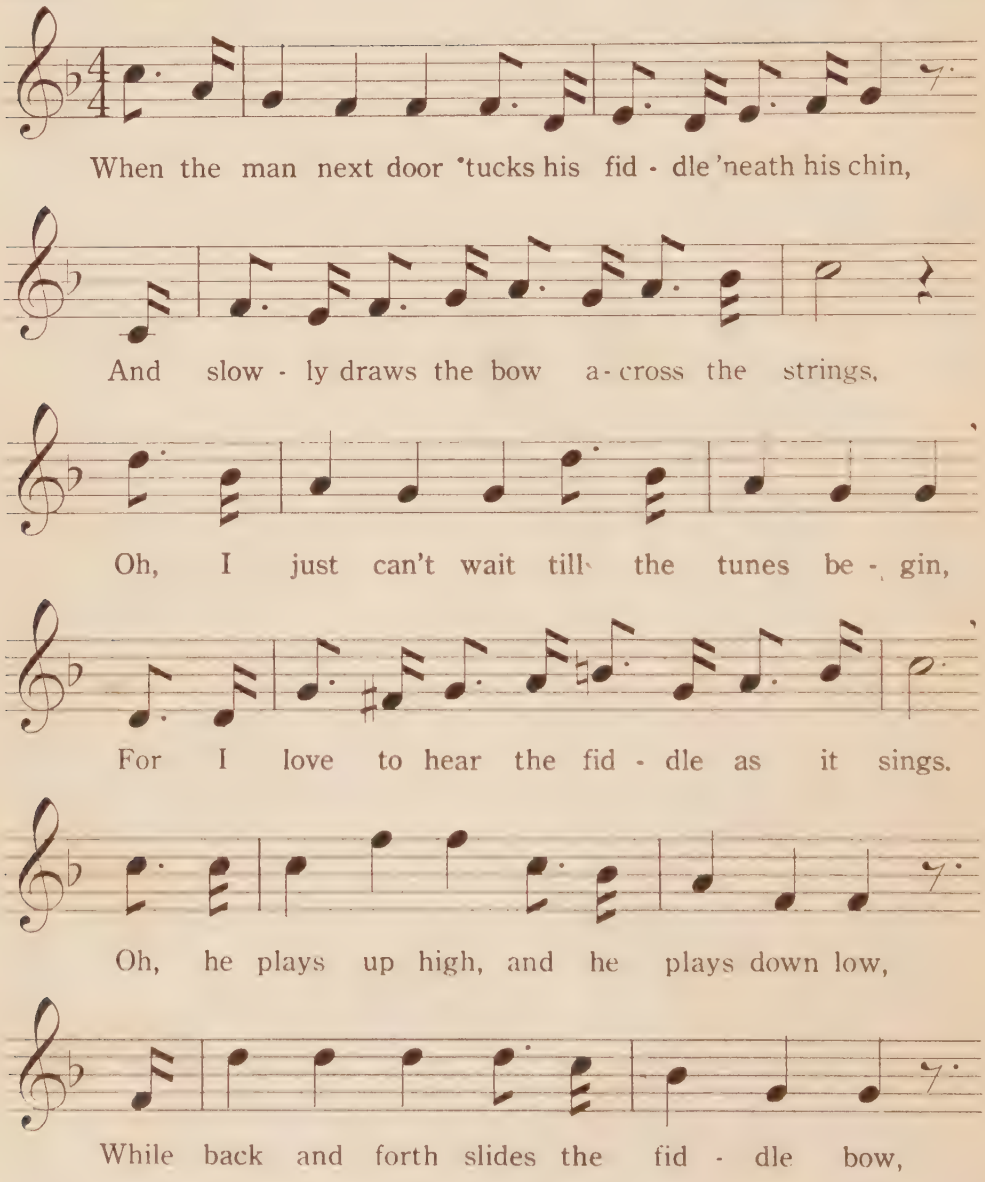


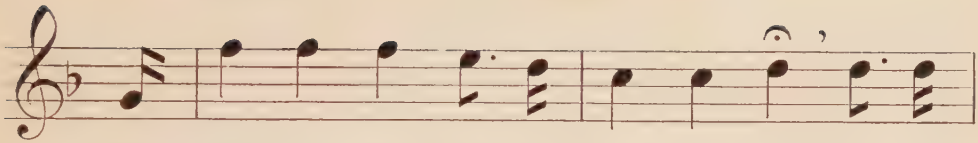
hm, hm, hm, Hm, hm, hm, hm, hm, Fid - dle is say - ing.
toot, toot, toot, Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot, Trom - bone is say - ing.
dub, dub, dub, Rub a dub, dub, dub, Bass drum is say - ing.

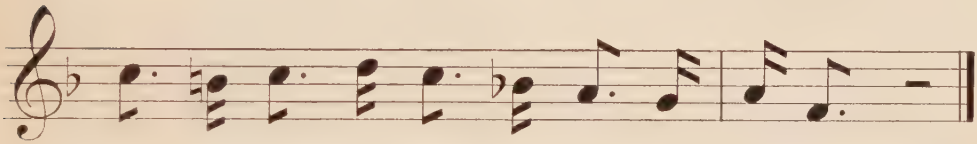
Fiddle Song

Rote Song

MARION CLAYTON MARION CLAYTON

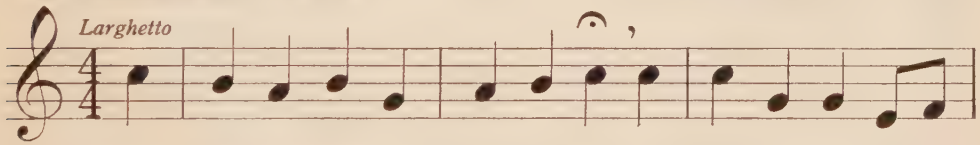
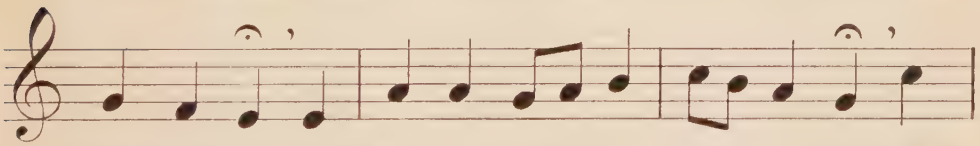

When the man next door 'tucks his fid - dle 'neath his chin,
And slow - ly draws the bow a - cross the strings,
Oh, I just can't wait till the tunes be - gin,
For I love to hear the fid - dle as it sings.
Oh, he plays up high, and he plays down low,
While back and forth slides the fid - dle bow,



There's not a tune that he does - n't know, And he

makes the sweet - est mu - sic on his fid - dle.

With All Thy Hosts

Reading Song

First stanza: From "THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO" — JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
Second stanza: EDA LOU WALTON — From "THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO"

With all Thy hosts, O Lord, we sing, And thanks and praise to
For peace and beau - ty are Thy ways, O Lord of Hosts, and

Thee we bring, For Thou, O long ex - pect - ed guest, Hast
these the days, When praise un - to Thy throne shall ring, And

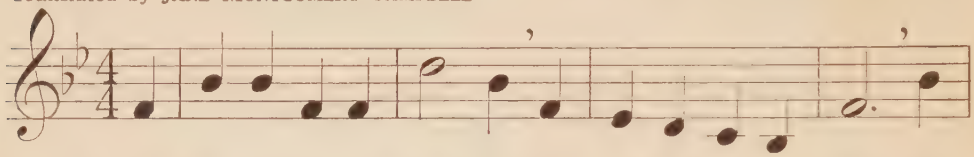
come at length to make us blest.
mer - cy to all man - kind bring.

We Plow the Fields and Scatter

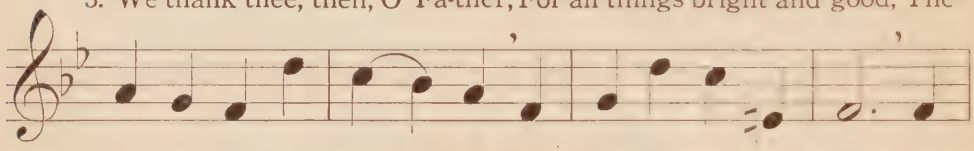
Reading Song

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS
Translated by JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL

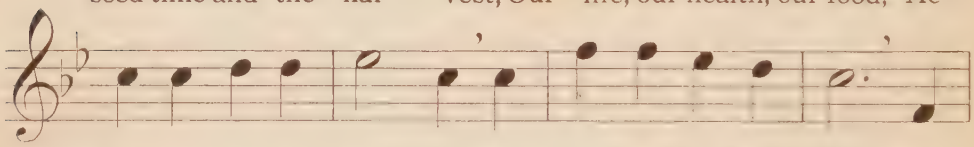
JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULTZ, 1800



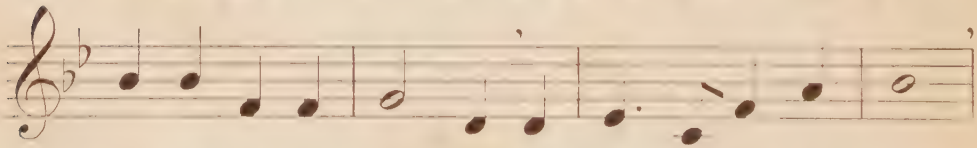
1. We plow the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But
2. He on-ly is the Mak-er Of all things near and far; He
3. We thank thee, then, O Fa-ther, For all things bright and good, The



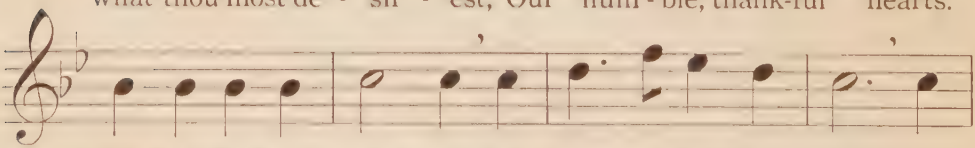
it is fed and wa-tered By God's al-migh-ty hand; He
paints the way-side flow-er, He lights the eve-ning star; The
seed-time and the har-vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac-

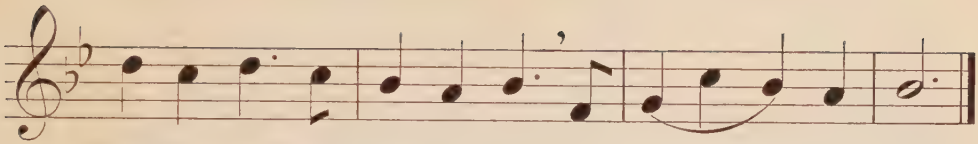


sends the snow in win-ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The
winds and waves o-bey him, By him, the birds are fed; Much
cept the gifts we of-fer, For all thy love im-parts, And



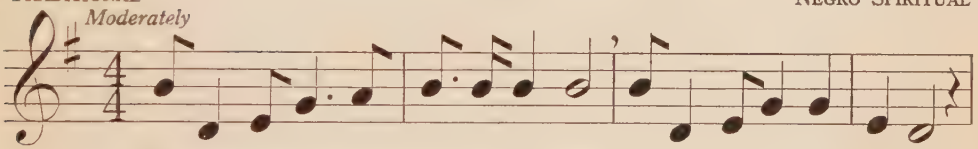
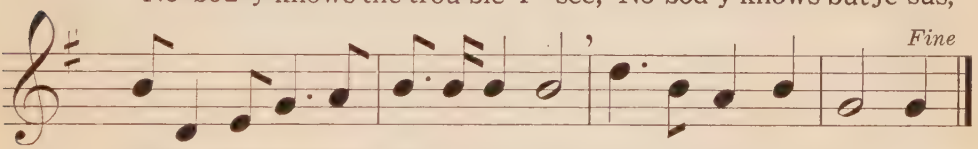
breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain.
more to us, his chil-dren, He gives our dai-ly bread.
what thou most de-sir-est, Our hum-ble, thank-ful hearts.

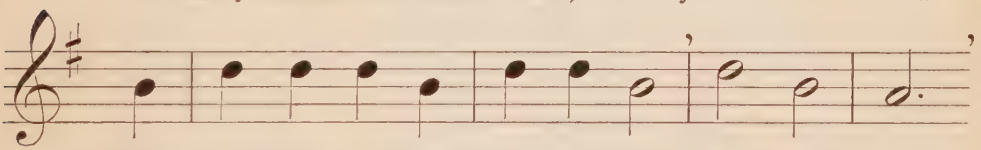


All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove; Then

Nobody Knows the Trouble I See

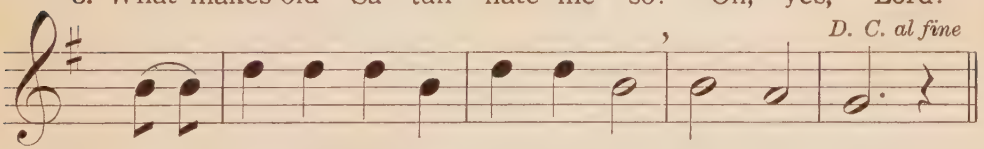
Rote Song

TRADITIONAL

NEGRO SPIRITUAL





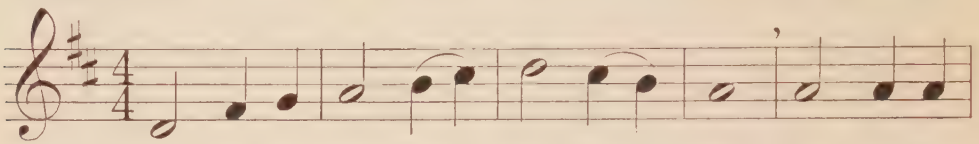
1. Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord!
2. Al-though you see me goin' 'long so, Oh, yes, Lord!
3. What makes old Sa-tan hate me so? Oh, yes, Lord!

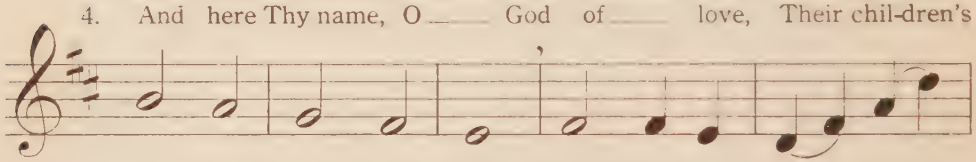


Some-times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord!
I have my trou-bles here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord!
'Cause he got me once and let me go, Oh, yes, Lord!

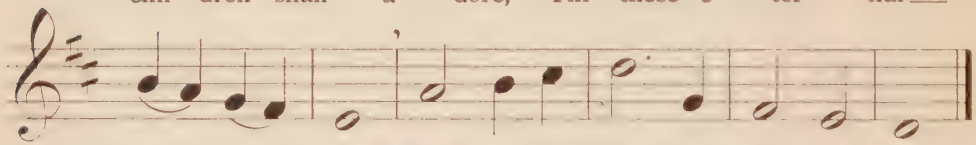
O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

Reading Song

LEONARD BACON, 1838 — JOHN HATTON, 1793

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled
2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the prayer; Thy bless-ing
3. Laws, free-dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil-dren's



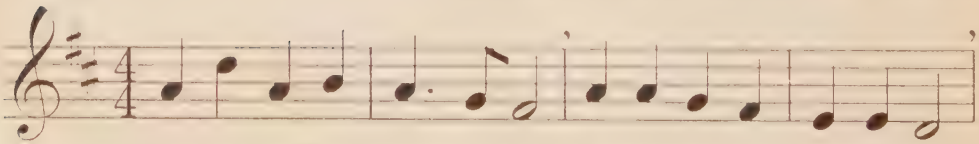
fa-thers cross'd the sea; And when they trod the
came, and still its power Shall on-ward through the
ex-iles o'er the waves; And where their pil-grim
chil-dren shall a-dore, Till these e-ter-nal



win-try strand, With prayer and psalm they wor-shipped Thee.
a-ges bear The mem-'ry of that ho-ly hour.
feet have trod, The God they trust-ed guards their graves.
hills re-move, And spring a-dorns the earth no more.

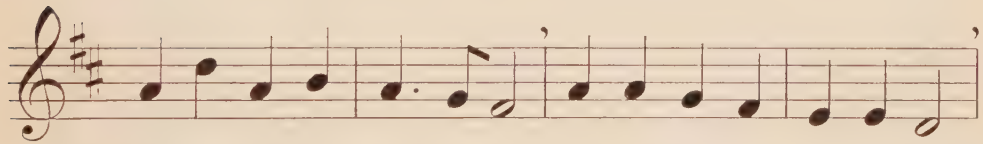
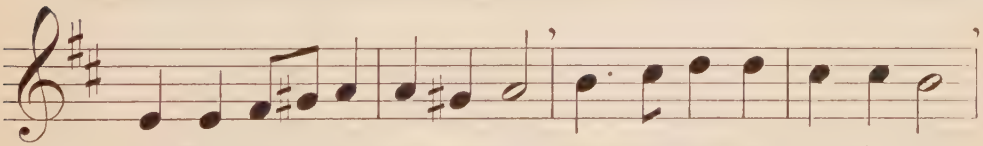
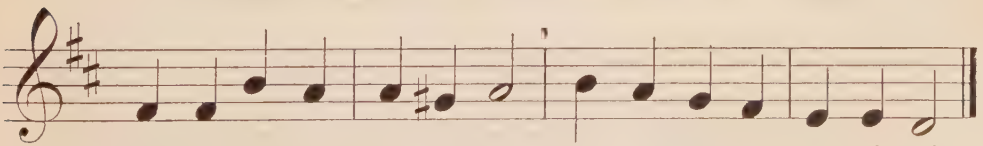
On the First Thanksgiving Day

Reading Song

ANONYMOUS — Arranged from JAKOB HINTZE, 1678
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

On the first Thanks-giv-ing Day Pil-grims went to church to pray,

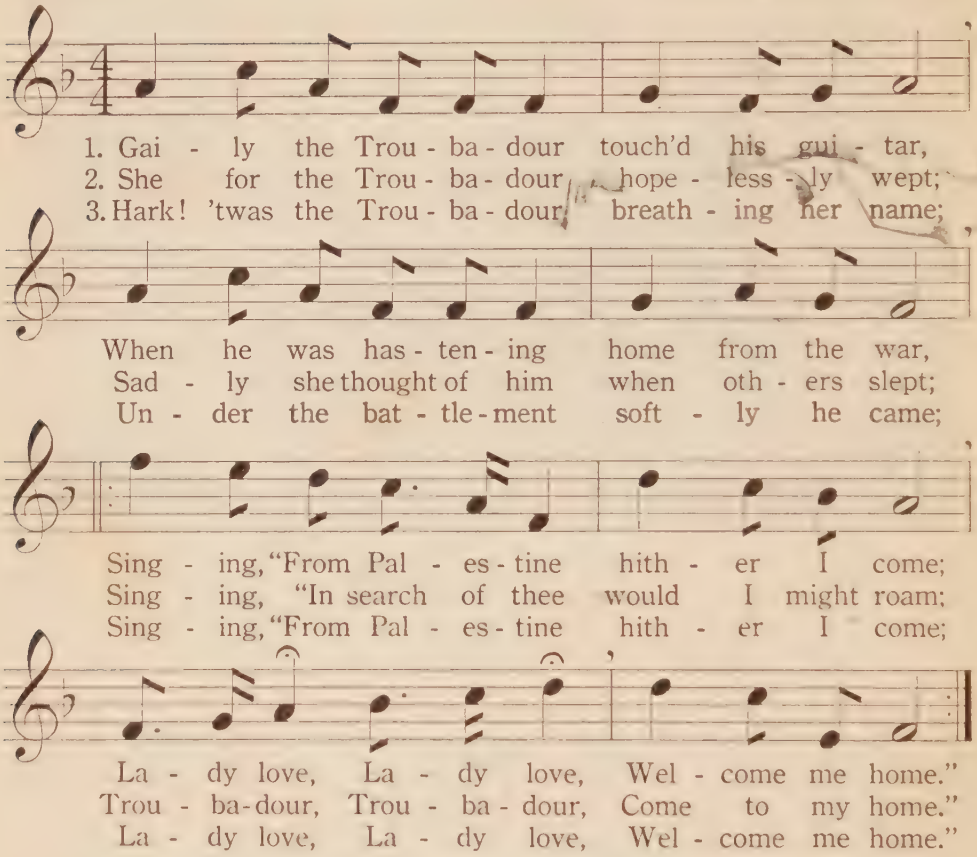
Courtesy of the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

The original painting hangs in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts



Gaily the Troubadour

Rote Song

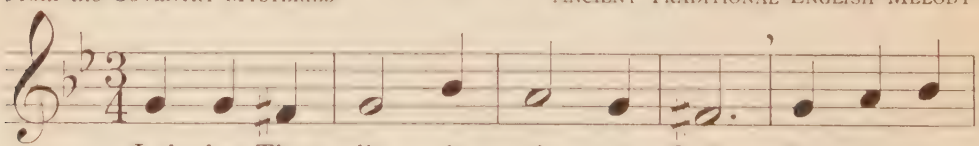
TRADITIONAL — EARLY AMERICAN FOLK SONG

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba - dour touch'd his gui - tar,
2. She for the Trou - ba - dour hope - less - ly wept;
3. Hark! 'twas the Trou - ba - dour breath - ing her name;
When he was has - ten - ing home from the war,
Sad - ly she thought of him when oth - ers slept;
Un - der the bat - tle - ment soft - ly he came;
Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine hith - er I come;
Sing - ing, "In search of thee would I might roam;
Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine hith - er I come;
La - dy love, La - dy love, Wel - come me home."
Trou - ba - dour, Trou - ba - dour, Come to my home."
La - dy love, La - dy love, Wel - come me home."

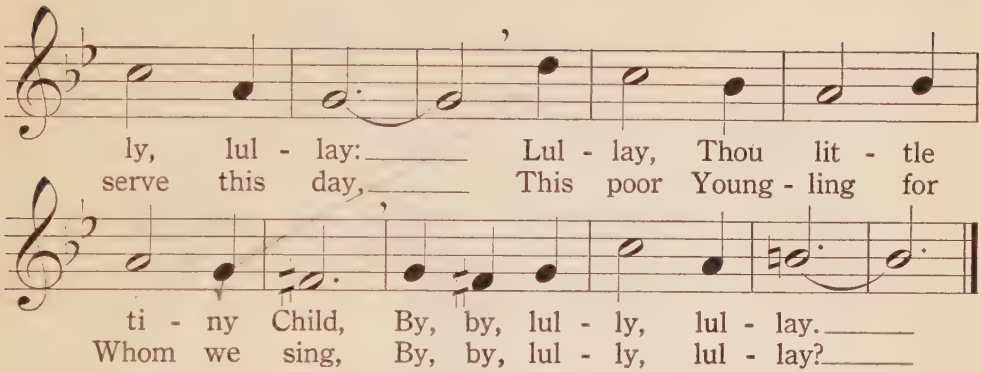
Lullay, Thou Little Tiny Child

The Coventry Carol

Rote Song

From the COVENTRY MYSTERIES — ANCIENT TRADITIONAL ENGLISH MELODY

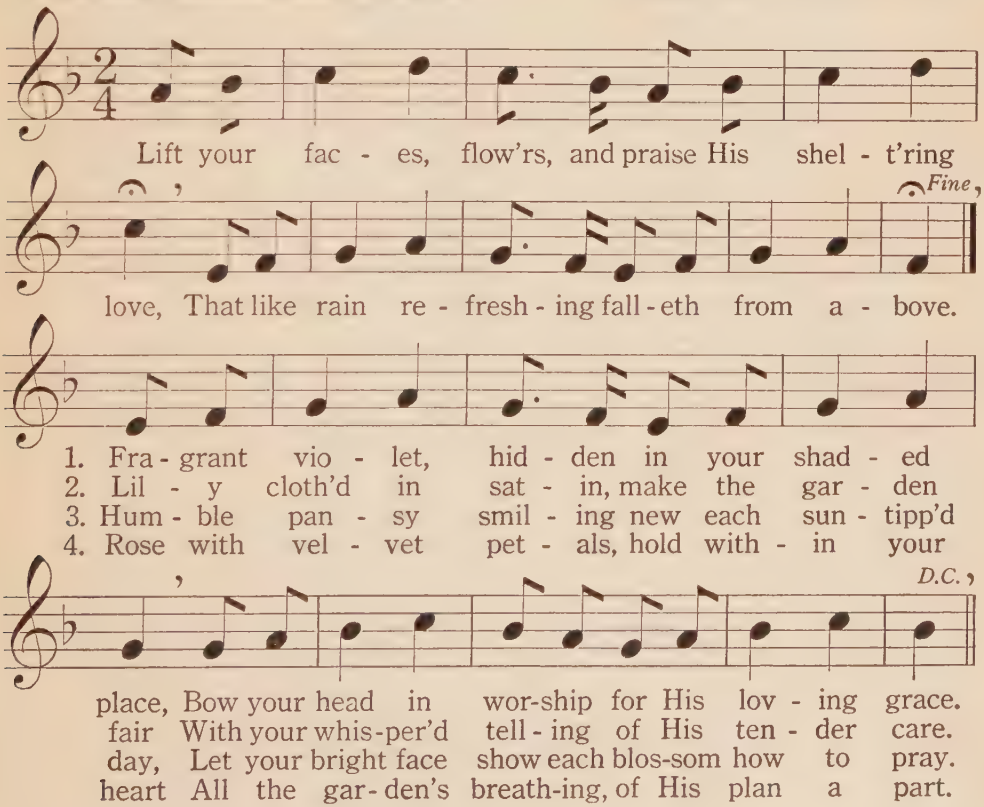



ly, lul - lay: Lul - lay, Thou lit - tle
serve this day, This poor Young - ling for
ti - ny Child, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay.
Whom we sing, By, by, lul - ly, lul - lay?

Carol of the Flowers

Rote Song

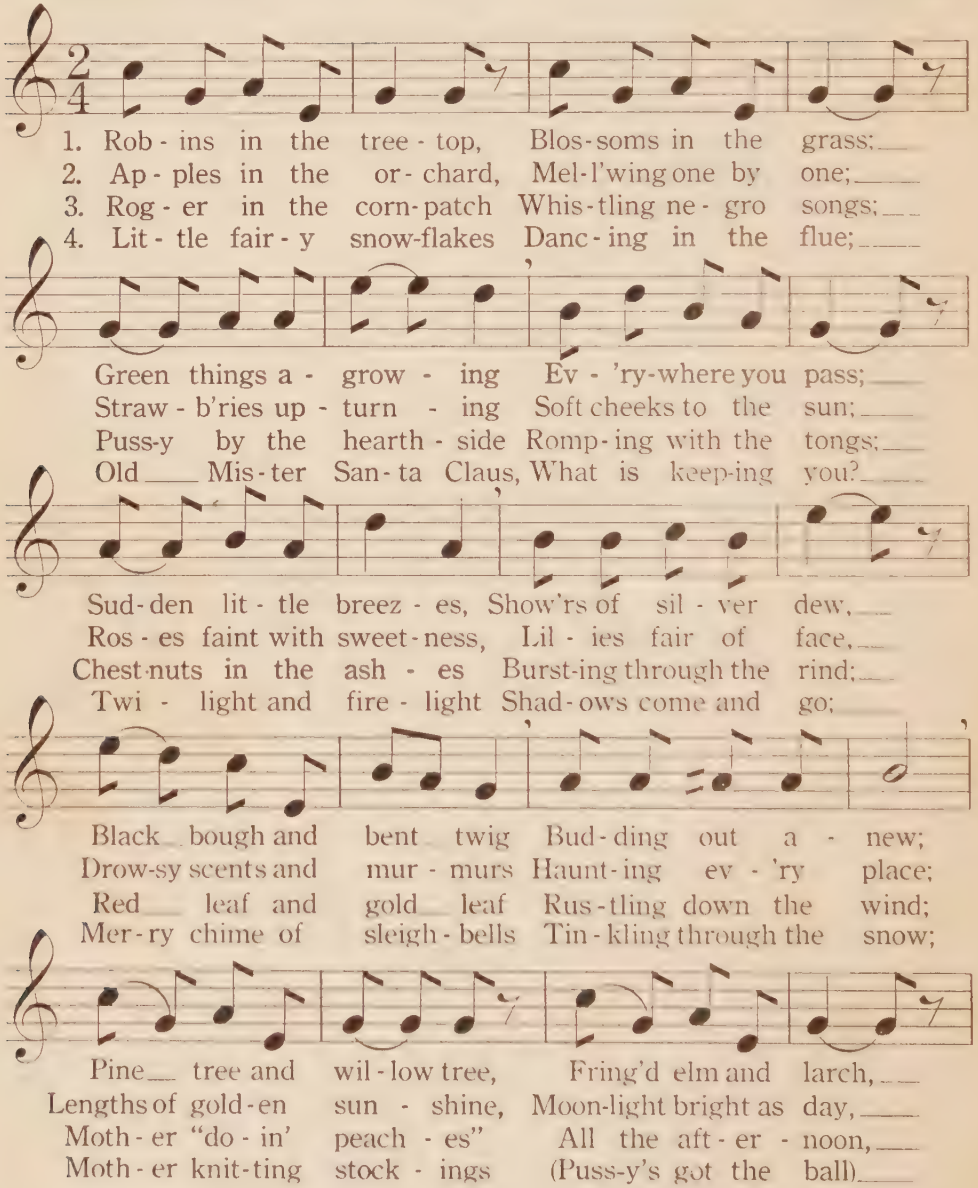
Paraphrased by ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE — FRENCH FOLK SONG from GASCONY

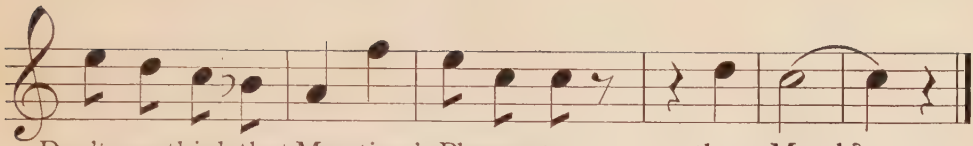

Lift your fac - es, flow'rs, and praise His shel - t'ring
Fine
love, That like rain re - fresh - ing fall - eth from a - bove.
1. Fra - grant vio - let, hid - den in your shad - ed
2. Lil - y cloth'd in sat - in, make the gar - den
3. Hum - ble pan - sy smil - ing new each sun - tipp'd
4. Rose with vel - vet pet - als, hold with - in your
D.C.
place, Bow your head in wor-ship for His lov - ing grace.
fair With your whis-per'd tell - ing of His ten - der care.
day, Let your bright face show each blos-som how to pray.
heart All the gar - den's breath-ing, of His plan a part.

Marjorie's Almanac

Reading Song

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH — HENRY HADLEY


1. Rob - ins in the tree - top, Blos - soms in the grass;
2. Ap - ples in the or - chard, Mel - l'wing one by one;
3. Rog - er in the corn - patch Whis - tling ne - gro songs;
4. Lit - tle fair - y snow - flakes Danc - ing in the flue;
Green things a - grow - ing Ev - 'ry - where you pass;
Straw - b'ries up - turn - ing Soft cheeks to the sun;
Puss - y by the hearth - side Romp - ing with the tongs;
Old Mis - ter San - ta Claus, What is keep - ing you?
Sud - den lit - tle breez - es, Show'rs of sil - ver dew,
Ros - es faint with sweet - ness, Lil - ies fair of face,
Chest - nuts in the ash - es Burst - ing through the rind;
Twi - light and fire - light Shad - ows come and go;
Black bough and bent twig Bud - ding out a - new;
Drow - sy scents and mur - murs Haunt - ing ev - 'ry place;
Red leaf and gold leaf Rus - tling down the wind;
Mer - ry chime of sleigh - bells Tin - kling through the snow;
Pine tree and wil - low tree, Fring'd elm and larch,
Lengths of gold - en sun - shine, Moon - light bright as day,
Moth - er "do - in' peach - es" All the aft - er - noon,
Moth - er knit - ting stock - ings (Puss - y's got the ball)

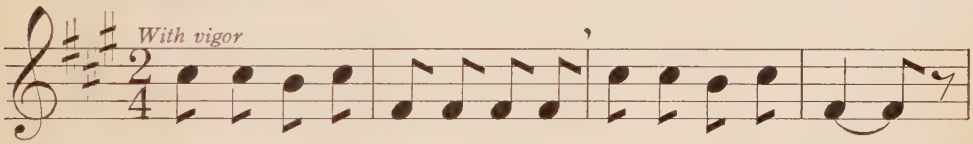


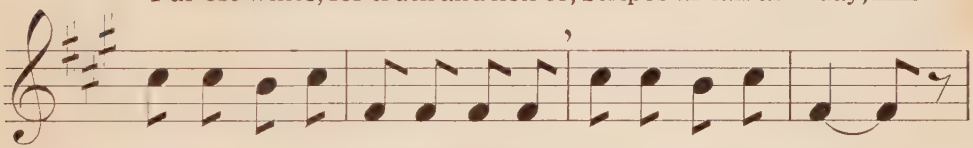
Don't you think that May-time's Pleas-ant-er than March?
Don't you think that sum-mer's Pleas-ant-er than May?
Don't you think that au-tumn's Pleas-ant-er than June?
Don't you think that win-ter's Pleas-ant-er than all?

Song to the Flag

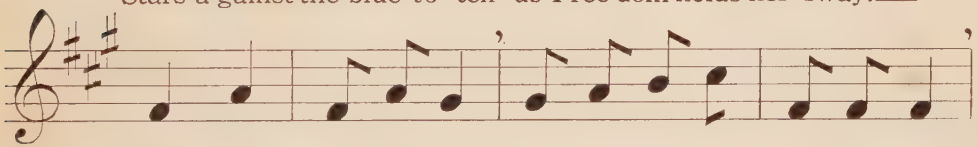
Reading Song

From the French
by ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

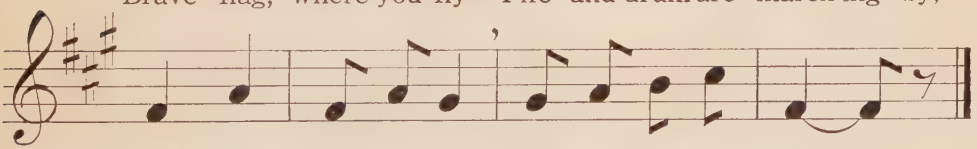
FRENCH FOLK SONG
from Brittany

High a-bove us free-dom's em-blem Flut-ters in the wind,
Pur-est white, for truth and hon-or, Stripes as fair as day;



And the red of he-roes' brav-'ry In its folds is signed.
Stars a-gainst the blue to tell us Free-dom holds her sway.



Brave flag, wav-ing bright, Though your he-roes sleep to-night,
Brave flag, where you fly Fife and drum are march-ing by;

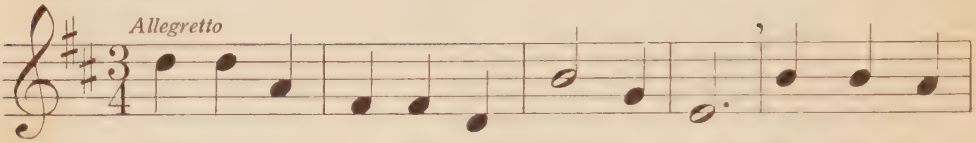


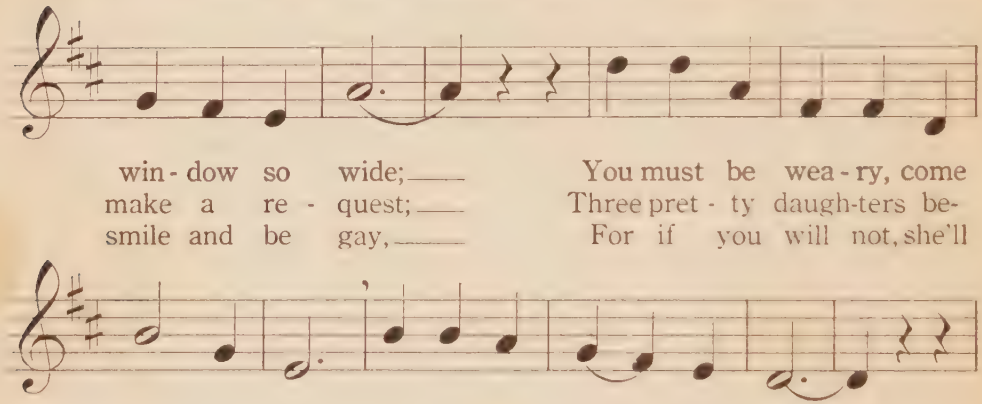
Brave flag, we will raise Voic-es in your praise.
Brave flag, we will stand Broth-ers, hand in hand.

The Cavaliers

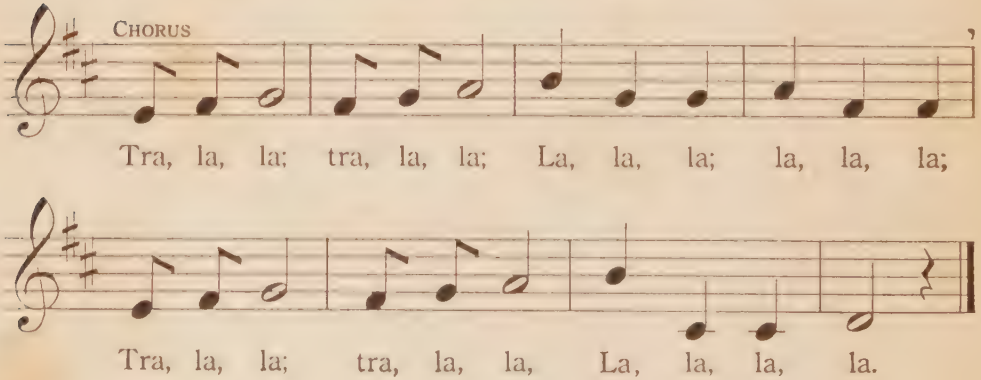
Reading Song

English version by
MARION BERGMAN

CZECHOSLOVAK FOLK SONG

1. Tell us, young men, why you stand out - side, There 'neath our win - dow so wide;— You must be wea - ry, come
2. We did not come here to sit and rest, We came to make a re - quest;— Three pret - ty daugh-ters be-
3. O, John, take heed and be sure to choose, One who can smile and be gay,— For if you will not, she'll



rest, in - side, And by our fire - side bide.—
long to you; One of them we came to woo.—
scold and fret All through the long,— long day.—



Tra, la, la; tra, la, la; La, la, la; la, la, la;

Tra, la, la; tra, la, la, La, la, la, la.

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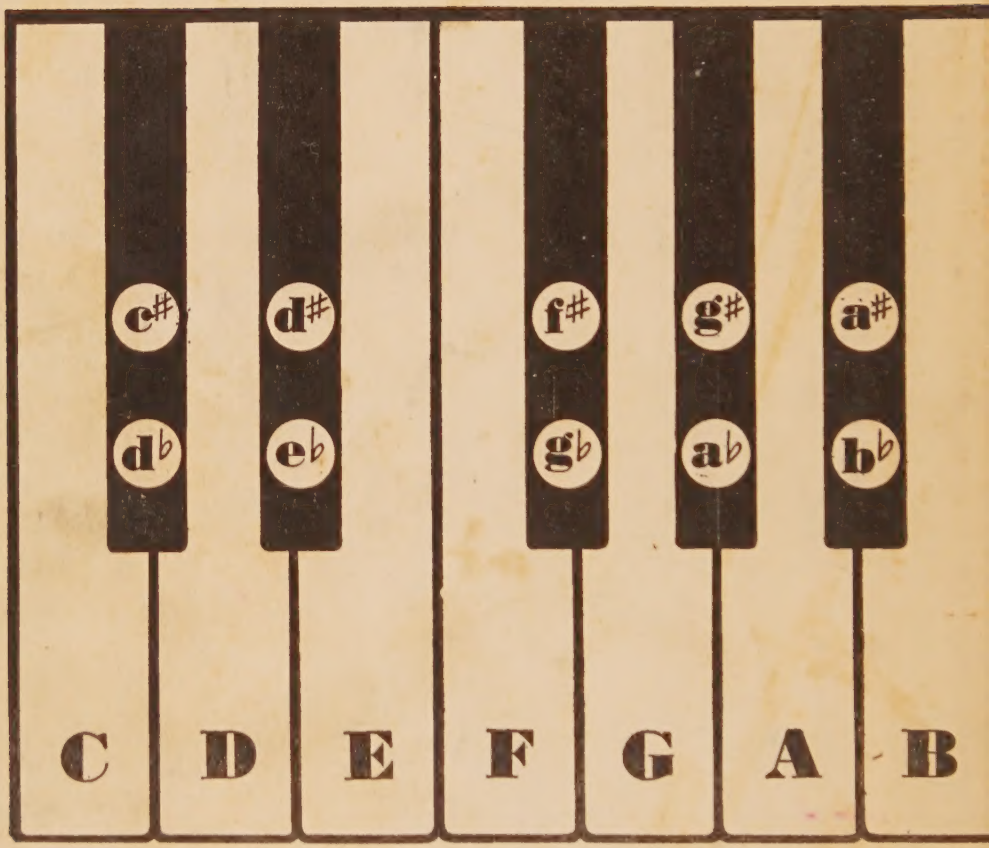
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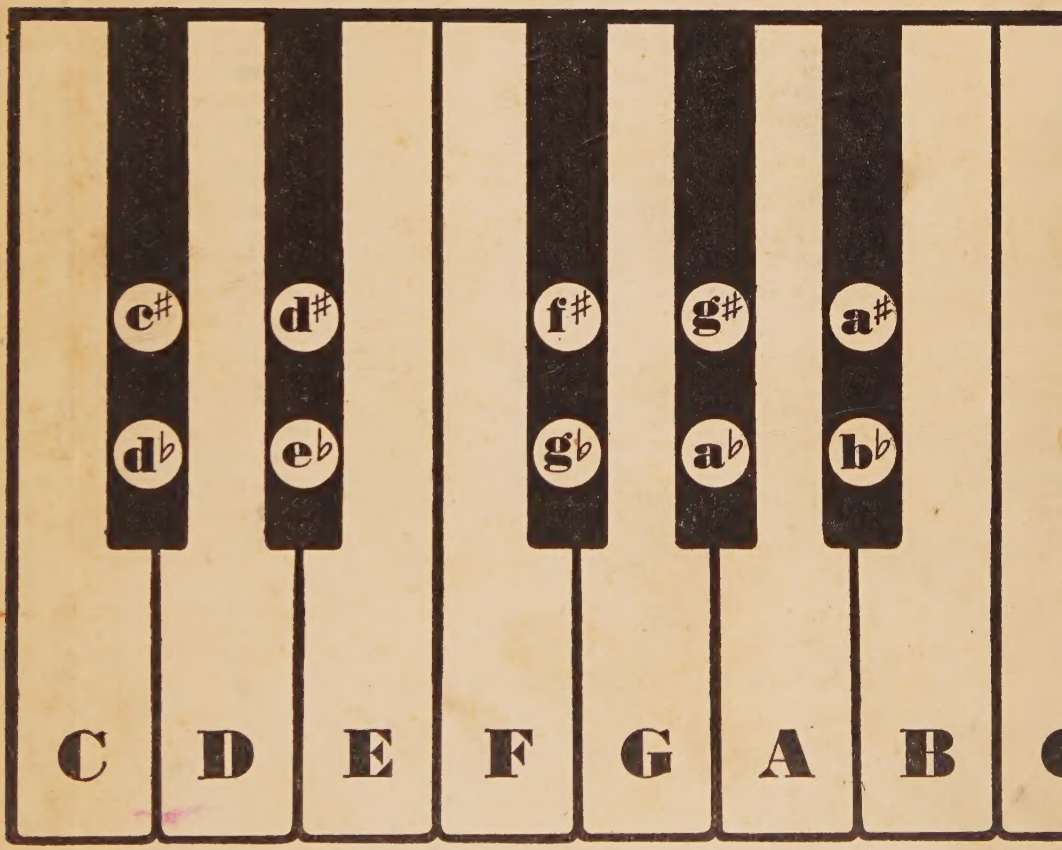
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